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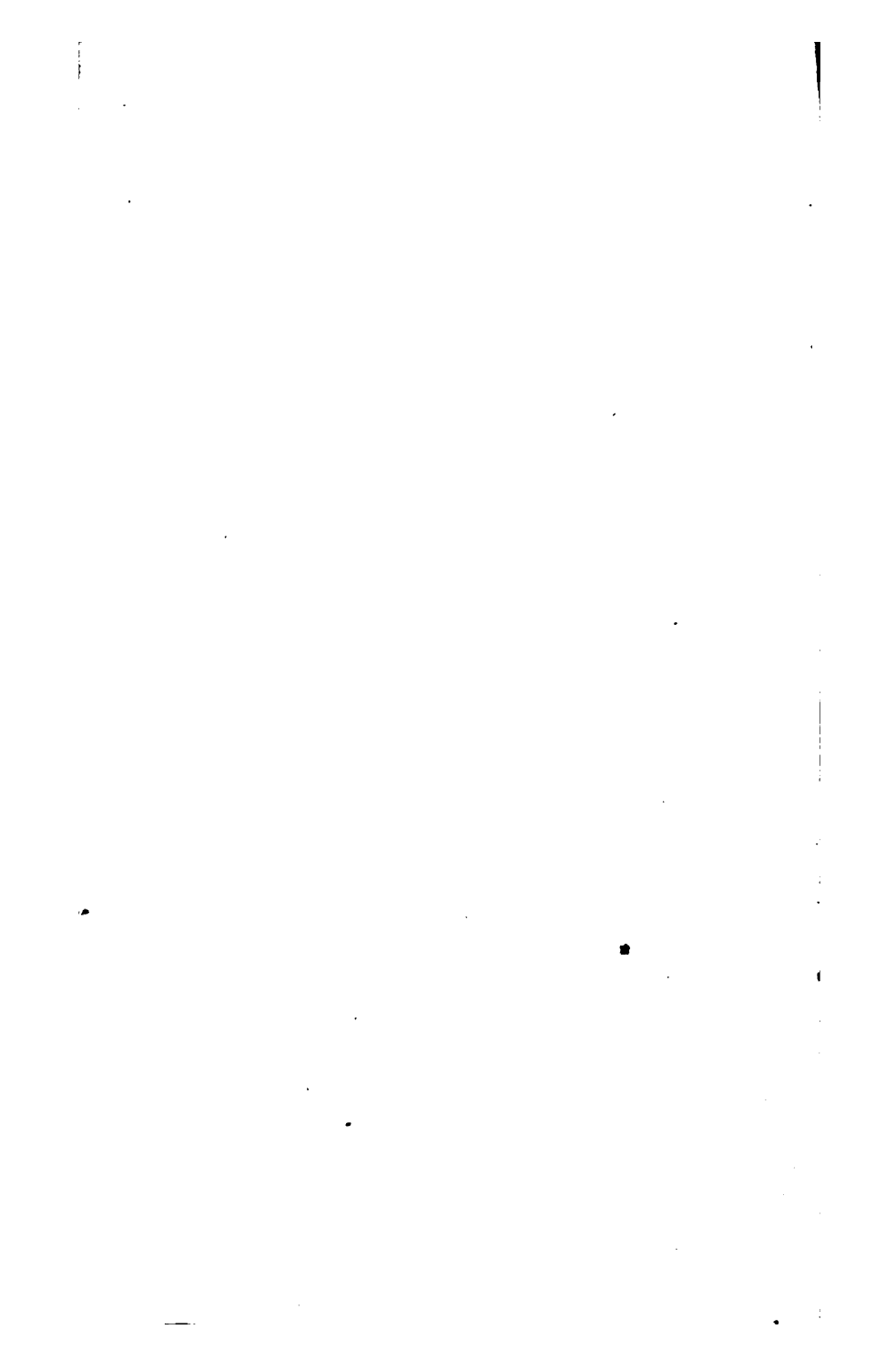
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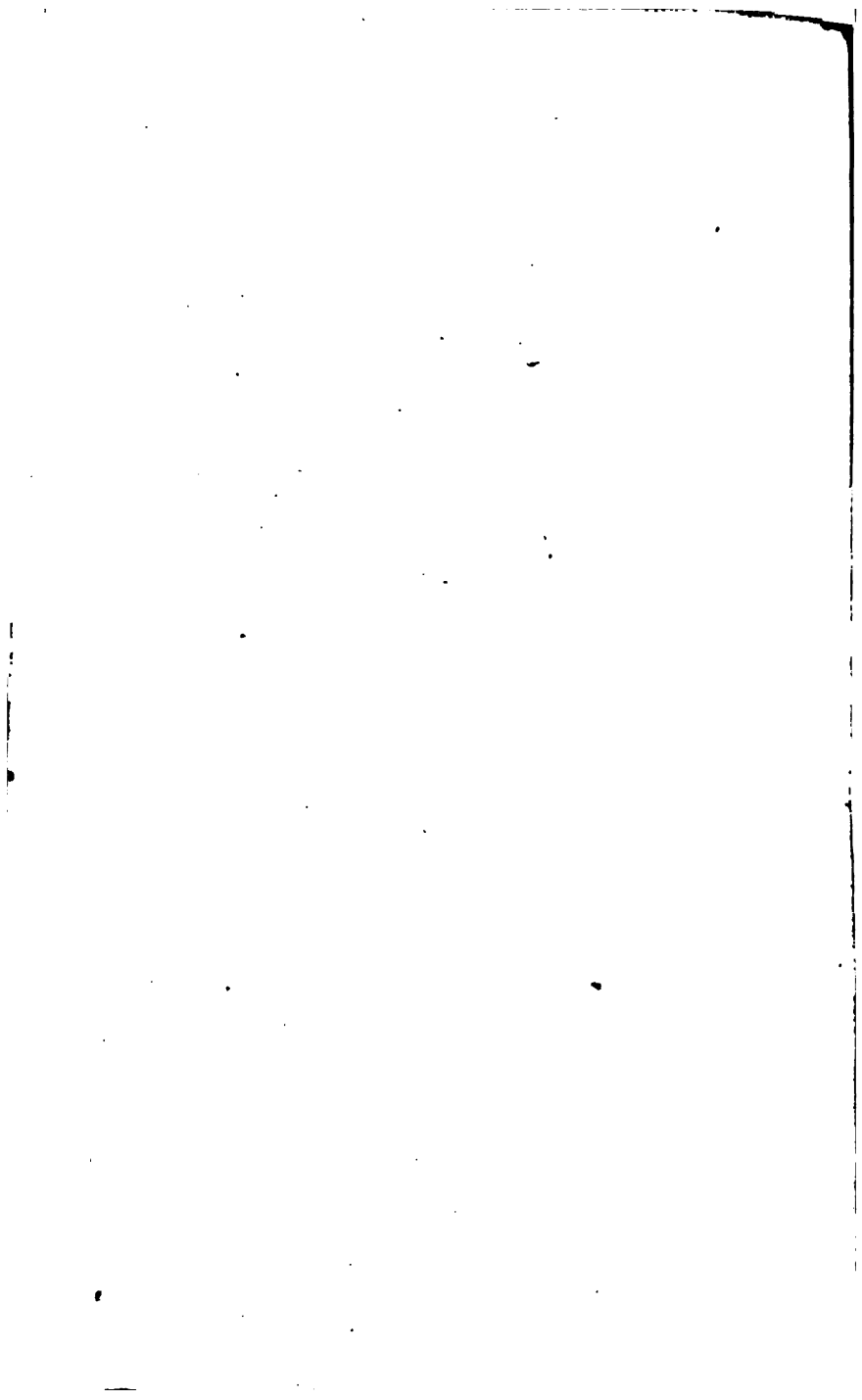
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1



PETER SCHLEMIHL IN AMERICA.



PETER SCHLEMIHL

IN

5-35-31

A M E R I C A .

(By George Wood)

"I persuade myself that the ridiculing of the errors and extravagances of mankind is not acting contrary to the general conduct of the saints, and that the censures for so doing are no less directed against the great doctors of the Church—as St. JEROME, in his letters and writings against Jovinian and Vigilantius—TERRULLIAN in his *Apologicæ* against the follies of idolatry—St. AUGUSTINE against the monks of Africa, whom he calls the *Hairy*—St. IRENEUS against the Gnostics—St. BERNARD and the other Fathers of the Church, who, having been the imitators of the Apostles, ought to be imitated by Christians in all succeeding ages; since, whatever may be said, *they alone constitute the true models of the present times.*"

PASCAL, Prov. Lett., XI.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY CAREY AND HART.

1848.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by
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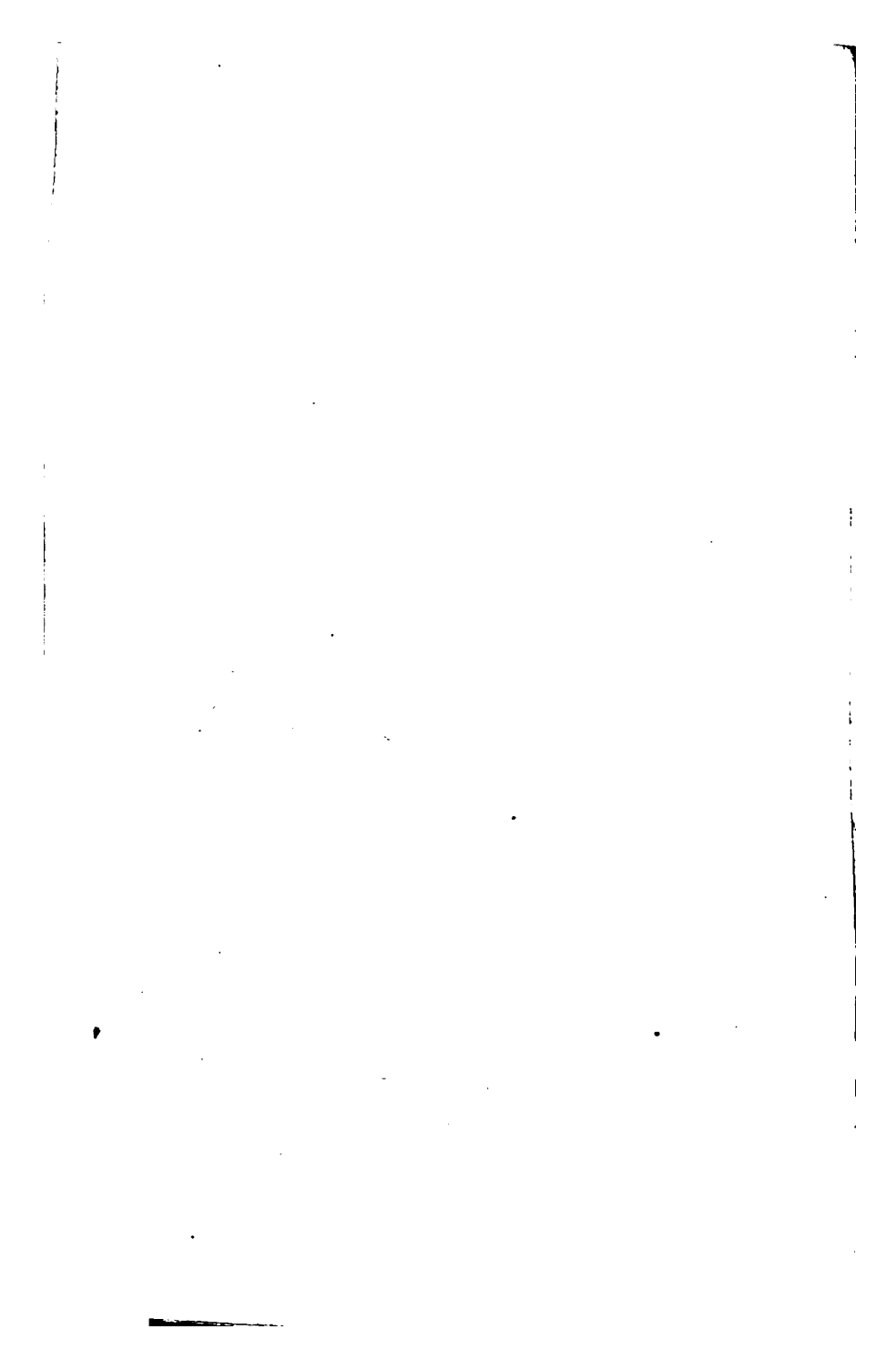
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BUT what's this to the purpose? you will say:
Gent. reader, nothing; a mere speculation,
For which my sole excuse is—'tis my way.
Sometimes *with* and sometimes without occasion,
T' write what's uppermost without delay;
This narrative is not meant for narration,
But a mere airy and fantastic basis
To build up common things with common places.

"But why then publish?"—There are no rewards
Of fame or profit, when the world grows weary.
I ask in turn—why do we play at cards?
Why drink? why read?—To make some hour less dreary.
It occupies me to turn back my regards
On what I've seen or pondered sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream
To swim or sink—*I have had at least my dream.*

BYRON'S DON JUAN, Canto XIV.



PETER'S LETTER TO HIS FRIENDS.

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TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE,

WHO MET FOR THE LAST TIME AT THE "ROUND TABLE" ON THE  
3D MAY, 1845, IN THE CITY OF \_\_\_\_\_.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—The following pages were commenced about a year since, and have been written to beguile the solitude of a city away from all the pleasant associations of early friendships, and a home endeared by the recollection of unnumbered happy hours. I have been compelled to look in upon myself for society and occupation, which, till recently, have always been supplied from the pleasant circles by which it has been my happiness to be surrounded—a conjuncture which must be felt to be understood.

When I began Peter Schlemihl in America, I had no thought of extending the story beyond three numbers for some magazine. A distinguished literary friend read the story when it had reached the second number, and on being told it would be wound up in the third and *last*, he remonstrated against such merciless dispatch of my *dramatis personæ*, and urged me to make a book of it. The idea seemed, at the moment, an impossibility: but finding pleasure in the labor, I continued to write, and found the work grew under my hands. The publication of the series was commenced in the *Knickerbocker*, but the restrictions necessarily imposed by the requirements of a monthly magazine were not at all fitted for the license of one accustomed to take seven leagues at a step; and with mutual kindness and no lack of friendship on the part of the "*Old Knick.*," the series was discontinued. But the advice of those whose opinions I respect, and the solicitation

of those I love, induced me to resume my labor, and changing my plan, the work has reached its present shape.

It has been my purpose to present, in a form likely to attract attention, topics of general interest. In doing so, I have suppressed many things which would have given brilliancy to the coloring, and added depth to the shadows, and so have brought out in stronger relief the several subjects I have attempted to portray. I have been guilty of no exaggeration—I have not, to use the saying of an old author, either “dug out hell, or blackened the face of the devil”—the public will not bear the whole truth. There are some scenes and subjects which, had they been written out, the outline, as it lay in my mind, would have been filled up.

\* \* \* \* \*

To you, my dear friends, these pages will come with an interest few, beside yourselves, can find in their perusal. They will remind you of one who has been made happy by the unvarying manifestations of your friendship—the growth of many years.

As a *family* we are never more to meet. The light of our home circle has been hid from our eyes. She whose smiles cheered, whose wit enlivened, and whose sympathies sustained us, sustains, enlivens and cheers us no longer. “Her sun has gone down while it was yet day;” but we hope to meet at OUR FATHER'S table in heaven, thence to go out no more forever. Our Journey of Life must soon terminate: to some of us the way will be dark and solitary—a pilgrimage renewed and sustained with no kind auspices.

That we may meet, an unbroken circle, is the first wish, as it will be the *last* prayer, of

PETER SCHLEMIHL.

May 1, 1848.

## INTRODUCTION

BY THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

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"THE Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl," by Adalbert Von Chamisso,\* was first introduced to English readers in 1824, illustrated by the plates of Cruikshank. The story thus told was in those days ascribed to La Motte Fouqué, and for a while attracted great attention. From that time, Peter has been invisible, until he was recalled to the world's regard by the translation of William Howitt, two years since. But as there may be many readers to whom this "Wonderful History" is unknown, and as we have every reason to believe that the veritable Peter is on this side of the Atlantic, it may not be amiss to give the reader some outline of his wonderful history, corrected in such manner as to present what we are assured are the real facts in the case, and which the license of authorship has in some points varied from the verities as existing in the life and adventures of our real Peter Schlemihl. Chamisso relates with great beauty and grace the interview of Peter with the rich Mr. Thomas John; the reception of the poor student by that *millionaire*; his meeting, in the train of his friends and servitors, the Gentleman in Black, who is caricatured as a "still, thin, lanky, longish, oldish man, dressed in an old French gray taffety coat."

\* Recently reprinted by Carey & Hart in an octavo volume, edited by Frederic H. Hedge, entitled "The Prose Writers of Germany."

Now that the Gentleman in Black may be somewhat given to masquerades of various sorts, we may well imagine, but we do not believe in any such sort of descriptions as that given by Chamisso. The wonderful pocket of the Gentleman in Black is very justly described as being singularly capacious; but though we can readily believe it may have contained English plasters, if need be, to apply to a lady's finger, wounded accidentally by a thorn, or of a telescopic glass to help the vision of Mr. Thomas John's guests, we yet find ourselves compelled to pause and hesitate as to the possibility of its capacity, when we are asked to believe Chamisso's narrative that the Gentleman in Black really did draw from his pocket, in compliance with the request of the lovely girl who asked him "whether he had not, perchance, a tent by him," "canvas, poles, cordage, iron work, in short everything which belongs to the most splendid pleasure-tent;" and our power of credence is altogether surpassed when he is represented as pulling "three beautiful great black horses with saddle and caparison—three saddled horses!—out of the same pocket from which already a pocket-book, a telescope, an embroidered carpet twenty paces long and ten broad, a pleasure-tent of equal dimensions, and all the requisite poles and irons, had come forth!" We are assured by *our* Peter that the facts of his private history, as stated by Chamisso, are in the outline fairly given; that he did sell his shadow to the Gentleman in Black for the purse of Fortunatus, but that when he did so he had not a single stiver in his pocket, and his last hope of employment had failed him in the arrogance with which Mr. Thomas John had treated him; that the purse is fittingly described as "a tolerably large, well-sewed Corduan leather purse, with two stout strings," into which, as often as he plunged his hand, gold pieces could be drawn out in any number that might be desired; that the loss of his shadow caused him all the inquietudes, and far more, than are sketched by Chamisso; that his admiration of Fanny and love for Mina are but poor portraiture of the power of grace over his own unhappy destinies; that the desire of the Gentleman in Black to get the *substance*, having possessed himself of his *shadow*, is all



very judiciously narrated; but that he, Peter, should throw into a deep well the Corduan purse which had cost him so much, is altogether a mistake, or a poetical license, as the reader will hereafter see. Indeed, nothing could have been more absurd than such a course of conduct; for what is a man without money? The method by which our Peter became *invisible* is related by Chamisso in a way more improbable than need have been; but the buying of the seven league boots is perfectly true, and also the surprise attending his first essay at the use of them.

MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1846, p. 115.

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# PETER SCHLEMIHL

II

## A M E R I C A .

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### CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Julia Smith gives her first grand party—Description of Mrs. Smith and her guests—Mrs. Smith's early history—Mr. Smith's courtship—Marries Mrs. Smith, and removes to Babylon the Less.

It was past 3 o'clock on the night of the 1st of December, 18—, that Mrs. Julia Smith, the ambitious lady of Mr. John Smith, received the *congé* of the last guest of a very large party of those who formed the self-constituted aristocracy of the great city of Babylon the Less. The varnished and conventional smile of society had vanished from her fair face, and she stood in the centre of one of her splendid suite of rooms, gazing with an honest expression of wretchedness at the spots and puddles of spermaceti which had descended from her numerous candelabras and brackets, to the great injury of her rich carpets and damask-covered sofas and chairs, and to the utter ruin of many of the fine dresses worn by her "dear five hundred fashionable friends."

The party was the result of long-matured plans, and was the first she had given since Mr. Smith had, at her entreaty, purchased their splendid house situated on Grosvenor Square, of all the neighborhoods of Babylon the Less, deemed the most select; and which had been fitted up with every luxury which taste had suggested, and which money could procure. Her husband was at the moment bowing out the last of their guests, and she dreaded the moment of their meeting. It had been *her* desire to rank with the "upper ten thousand" which had led him into all the expenditures and sacrifices of his own tastes and simple habits, all of

which had the point of culmination in this her first party, and which she had hoped would have been the bright apex of her ambition.

Mr. Smith entered with a look of utter disgust and weariness of the position he had been compelled to sustain. "Well, my dear, this is the brilliant party, that was to have been! I should say it has been a *splendid* failure, but for the strange eclipse, which shed its disastrous twilight upon us all, before your party had but commenced their supper."

"My dear," replied the lady, in tones which deprecated his anger, "who would have believed so many lamps could have diminished in light so rapidly? They were lighted entirely too soon."

"But," said Mr. Smith angrily, "there were your candles pouring down streams of lava in all directions; surely they must have been made of lard instead of wax."

"No, dearest, the candles were of the best of spermaceti, and such as is everywhere used," replied Mrs. Smith.

"And too," exclaimed the irritated gentleman, "how infernally hot your house has been! I believe the devil himself has been heating the furnaces."

"My dearest husband," said Mrs. Smith, "I am distressed to see you so unhappy. The rooms have been overheated. Patrick, with his usual stupidity, thought he must give our guests a warm reception, and this is the cause of all our mishaps."

"To have *roasted* your friends was, to be sure, bad enough," said Mr. Smith, with a most cruel sneer, "but to have *basted* them with spermaceti was indeed to 'snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.'"

"Alas! my love, have mercy upon me!" cried out Mrs. Smith. "I am not to blame: why make me to feel myself in fault? It was all in consequence of the mischief of those Misses Van Tromp, who went about fanning themselves, as if they were dying for fresh air, and begging those young fops of theirs to draw down the upper sashes, which of course occasioned a draught of air, and set the candles a-running. Surely 'twas no fault of mine; and though I regret the injury done my guests, yet they must have seen who was to blame, and that I was the greatest sufferer."

"Excepting myself, if you please," said Mr. Smith. "It was, to be sure, quite a scene, and was not without its good hits; and I would not have objected to have been one of the sufferers anywhere else but here."

"My dear, what could have set them all dripping so near the same moment?" inquired the wife.

"Why," said Mr. Smith, "the same cause usually produces the same effects. There was no miracle wrought to save us this evening, and so the same current of air which filled one cup of your candelabras full, filled all; and it would have been as impossible to have escaped a hail-storm as this shower of grease. Mont Morris came up to me soon after the flood had subsided, and the sperm had cooled; while I was expressing my regret at his misfortunes, seeing his shoulders all white with sperm, which he bore with his usual kindness and good humor, Mrs. Vandam tapped him on the elbow as she was passing, and said with a sneering laugh, 'My dear General, you wear your epaulets this evening.'"

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Smith, "she was well repaid for her ill nature; for when all seemed safe, and the servants had repaired the mischief by new candles, one had been overlooked, and she was standing under it, when down came a stream of spermaceti spangling her beautiful dress with spots."

"Yes!" said Mr. Smith; "and do you know how she repaid me for the glance of satisfaction she doubtless saw my face must have expressed? She whispered to a lady near me, and quite a *stage aside* it was too, 'I verily believe this is a contrived affair to compel us to renew our dresses at his fine store. It has the merit of novelty, and I shall certainly patronize him.'"

"Alas! my dear, she is so cynical, don't mind her. She is but one of the many."

"Yes," said Mr. Smith, "but when the many are in a like condition, they feel alike. And at your supper too, I was compelled to hear the gibes and jests on all sides; and among them was that Coryphæus of fashion, as he deems himself no doubt, gazing down the tables as if he were looking through a tunnel, and turning to Mont Morris, exclaimed, in a voice quite too loud for the sensitiveness of my ears this evening, 'This is truly a most remarkable specimen of the *chiáro oscuro*—quite in the style of Rembrandt!'"

"Oh! Heavens!" exclaimed the wife, in an agony of feeling, "what would I give for lamps which never burn dim!"

"Let me tell you," said Mr. Smith, in tones harsh, cold, and so *very* slow, "till you shall find them, I swear to you, that this is the last party you shall ever give in any house of mine." And so saying, he bade her good night, leaving poor Mrs. Smith seated on a sofa in the utmost wretchedness. She sighed deeply, as she recalled the scenes of the evening. All the disagreeables which had met her husband's eye and ear had been observed and heard by her, and she too had been compelled to suffer many things of the sort; and there was not wanting a sprinkling of those "d—d

good-natured friends," as Byron calls them, who never leave you in ignorance of your misfortunes, and whose bland tones of sympathy convey the most stinging satire, and are the severest of trials to a lady's self-possession, when passing through a fiery ordeal like that which had overwhelmed Mrs. Smith. After a short time, she rose and stood before one of her splendid mirrors, and there contemplated her entire person, as faultless in shape as in costume. And she felt all was not lost. If she had failed of the success she had hoped for, yet it was not an *entire* failure. There were some incidents which she could recall with satisfaction. She again scanned her figure, and felt that if it was not faultless, yet it was attractive, and that its attractions had been acknowledged by some whose approval was worth possessing.

Her figure was indeed eminently graceful; her hair dark and luxuriant; and her clustering curls beautifully relieved the fairness of her skin; and though her nose was somewhat too aquiline, her mouth and teeth were perfect, her tones musical and clear, and her eyes were liquid and bright; nor least of all, she knew their power, and how and when to use them. Her step and movements had been often remarked upon by foreigners and those capable of judging, to be eminently Castilian; and that which she appreciated most of all, was the air of repose, which was never for a moment disturbed, though it had been so severely tried this evening. She had seen the impressions made by her address on her visitors, and had been encouraged and sustained. Though she had seen but little of the society of the circles she had now gathered around her, yet there was nothing which would indicate anything of newness in her present position. She received her visitors with ease and quietness; there was no attempt to play the hostess; indeed, she addressed herself to the self-love of such as she sought to win, by rather seeming to seek their support than to afford it. And especially was this manifested toward those whom she regarded as the true aristocracy of the city. For though she had heretofore been but a "looker-on in Vienna," yet she had come to the conclusion that the true arbiters of fashion were not those who deemed themselves such, but they were of those old and well-established families who combined the possession of wealth with high moral and intellectual qualities, and whose sons and daughters were inspired with sentiments of respect for the good and the true, in whom the real power of society rested.

Such were Colonel Worth and his lady, and their lovely daughter Grace. In receiving this family, Mrs. Smith evinced that degree of pleasure and her sense of the honor thus conferred, which was marked and effective, and of which they felt the value in

contrast with the Van Tromps, and other vulgar rich folks, who were, as matters of course, present at her party. And when, during the evening, the satirical sayings of these groups of ill-bred and over-dressed belles and their beaux reached the ears of the Worths, and they were impelled by their true politeness and truthful feelings to sustain her by their attentions, the look and manner of Mrs. Smith told them of her gratitude, and of her high appreciation of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted them to pay her these attentions. But especially was Mrs. Smith flattered by the marked manners of Mr. De Lisle, a gentleman eminent for his literary attainments; a man rarely in society, for it had but few attractions for him, and whose tastes led him to the retirement of his library and the pursuit of his profession. Indeed, she had not expected him, and he had been induced to come, from his high regard for the talents, industry and integrity which had always distinguished Mr. Smith; and it was to manifest these sentiments that he, contrary to his custom, had accepted Mrs. Smith's invitation.

Mr. De Lisle was distinguished for symmetry of form—a face perfect in its profile—a forehead high and bold, over hanging eyes of deepest hazel, which flashed with light in earnest conversation. His hair was dark, thick, and naturally inclined to curls—his voice was susceptible of every inflection, and at all times rich in its tones; and there was in his smile, so said the ladies, something especially fascinating. Tall and erect, he wore the aspect of one conscious of his high superiority, living apart from the pursuits and passions of men, in the serene atmosphere of noble thoughts and aspirations. Though nearly thirty-five years of age, he was still unmarried, and an object of special interest to ladies of a particular age; in fact, ladies of all ages felt themselves flattered by his attentions. The Van Tromps, to make themselves agreeable to him, had attempted to be witty by calling his attention to the mishaps their thoughtlessness, if not their malice, had been the chief cause of inflicting on the party.

Mr. De Lisle listened very coolly, and showed his disapprobation by leaving them and addressing himself to Mrs. Smith, who saw this movement with the sincerest satisfaction. She received Mr. De Lisle with quiet courtesy; and when he attempted, as he did rather awkwardly, some commonplace compliment on the splendor of her rooms and of her party, she looked her thanks, and at once avowed her deep consciousness of the cause of the merriment evinced by the Van Tromps, and expressed her gratitude for the kindness and forbearance of her guests generally. Her looks were eloquent; and the grace and melody of the voice were not unfelt; and he was flattered by the frankness and con-

fidence with which she treated him. He found he was addressing a sensible woman, whose fine sense and admirable self-possession, (and, let it be whispered, whose apparent trustfulness had flattered his self-love,) so charmed him, that he retained his place near her till supper was announced. He retired immediately after supper; but in doing so, said in a low tone of voice, "that he should soon do himself the pleasure of calling on her, when he could gratify his own wishes without infringing on the rights of others, as he feared he had done on this evening."

Many of the guests had expressed to each other their admiration of their charming hostess, and asked where did she get manners so rarely attained in their perfection, even in the circles in which they are best appreciated.

Now Mrs. Smith was born in a country village, and was an only child of honest and industrious parents, who were possessed of a fine farm in ———. She was ever indulged, and had been educated to dance and to sing by those strolling amateurs of these city accomplishments, who come like comets into the spheres of our country villages, and having *starred* it for awhile, depart never to reappear. At the age of eighteen, she married Mr. Smith, then a young man, who had been teaching the village school for six months, to aid him in completing his professional studies. The grace and loveliness of this village Dryad proved irresistible; and yet he was a man of the most inflexible firmness of purpose and resolution of soul, which had already surmounted great difficulties in the attainment of the objects of his highest hopes. Though so young and so artless, Julia was not without an instinctive perception of the power of grace, as well as of the

"infectious sigh, the pleading look,  
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,  
But full of guile;"

if that be guile which incites a young girl to provoke the love she feels in the throbbings of her own bosom.

The master and the pupil soon became unconsciously engaged in a struggle of no ordinary strength; he to overcome his desires by his ambition, and she to win him whom all the girls of the village acknowledged as the handsomest teacher they had ever had, though he was so silent and so cold. He became conscious of her fascination, but what could he do? There was no safety but in flight, yet his poverty compelled him to remain. Twice a-day did this syren present herself before him as a scholar, so quiet and so gentle, and all unconscious of her power over him—so thought the master. Julia on her part became conscious of her wish to please him, by the greater care she took in her dress,



and in the wearing of her hair in rich tresses, which were beautiful in contrast with her white neck and shoulders, which now naturally became visible as the costume of winter was exchanged for that of spring and summer. She found, too, that her pens required mending more frequently than ever before, and that her sums would not so readily prove as they had once done; indeed, her difficulties in her studies seemed to increase, and she became more dependent than ever on the aid of the teacher.

There were but a few girls older than herself, and the feelings which distracted the master in his studies stimulated Julia in hers, so that she was ahead of all others, and it became necessary to hear her recitations by herself. And how unequal was the contest! The master, all unconscious of her wiles, and believing that every feeling in his heart was the sole prompting of his wishes, and that all he saw so attractive was the loveliness of girlhood; but so it was, that at last he thought the pinnacle of the temple was not to be compared with the temptations to which he was subjected. There sat this sweet girl, just ten feet from him, on a little bench, and at a table apart by herself; she has twice rubbed out a slate full of figures, and now a third time she has tried to do the sum, and it will not prove; she lays down her pencil—she looks perplexed; her white finger is running over the lines on the slate; 'tis all in vain; and now at last she looks up to the master with a look full of timidity, helplessness and entreaty. What can he do but go at once to her aid? The blush is on her cheek: she almost whispers, so low are the tones of her voice: "It won't prove!" The sum was in the rule of *Double Position*. The master, on looking over it, at once discovered the error. Now, when speaking to Julia, the thunders of the pedagogue were hushed into the softest tones of his voice: it was not "You must do this and that," but it was "Are we not wrong here?" "Suppose we try it so and so." On this occasion, he said, "My dear Julia, we must first add and then multiply; you see you have reversed the rule." The neck of Julia even was suffused with the warmth of her blushes, for it was the first time he had ever used an endearing appellation. First, it had been, "Miss Jones," then "Miss Julia;" now it was "my dear Julia." Nor was the master entirely unconscious of the bewitching inflections of her voice, as she was going through the verbs, though he did not observe that all her errors occurred in those rules which required the repetition of words, which the spirit of mischief must have devised and put there for the very purpose of enticing poor pedagogues; and there were instants, too, when her eye would gaze upon him, as if the rules in grammar were hid by thoughts which lay behind them; and when

she recovered herself, her beautiful eyes fell upon a bosom so lovely, as irresistibly to carry the master's heart along with them.

But though these were fearful moments, they were not the only ones. While all the boys and girls were out at play during the hour of recess, there sat his scholar busy with her slate. He would walk up and down, restless, anxious to go and seat himself beside her, and yet determining he would not; and so he would go to a window to look out on the sports of the children; but the least rustle of her dress, or the creaking of her shoe, became to him more audible than the uproar of the whole school. In spite of himself, he must go and see what she was doing, and whether she needed his aid, as it must be said she often did. It was no task to seat himself beside her; and there lay her soft white hand so innocently idle, that it seemed impossible not to take it up and to press it. "Now this is something gained," thought the young girl, and it was; for though she knew nothing of the science of Mesmerism, and had never heard of Perkins' Tractors, she felt that there lay some secret power in hands when pressed, and that they had a tendency to become inseparable.

The little bench was very long for one, and rather short for two; and it became almost a matter of necessity for the master, when working out her sums, to place his arm round the waist of his pupil, merely to get it out of the way. I have thought it would be a subject worthy of some scholar capable of mastering so occult a subject, to determine whether the *necessity* of the *tournure* has not its final cause in furnishing the support which is so very convenient and indeed indispensable at such times. Coleridge, in his Table Talk, has said that the final cause in furnishing man with a nose was to afford him the pleasure of taking snuff; but I must leave all such questions to those astute philosophers who have in all ages delighted in the creation of the universe out of its "Vestiges," and who have written huge tomes on subjects which have less to do with human happiness than either of the subjects referred to.

Whatever may be said on the question of the final cause, the *tournure* has certainly a wonderful charm, and its cause and influence lie in the very depths of physiology and psychology. In order to appreciate this assertion in all its verities, we should be compelled to go into a very long and difficult disquisition; but we will just hint at one or two things. President Day, in his work on the Will, lays down the plain proposition "that every change implies an adequate cause." Now though the *modistes* of Paris may not have understood the reach of their inventions, nor the adequate cause which was inducing this wonderful change

in the curve lines of a lovely lady, yet they were conscious of an impelling necessity which found its solution in this inimitable invention. We deem this necessity to be the desire to attain the *beau idéal* of female loveliness. Now Miss CATHERINE BECKER, in a very able article on Fatalism, (Bib. Rep., Oct. '39,) says: "The object of desire does force and impel, as a producing cause of desire. Men can no more help desiring objects of good before their minds than a wedge can help being impelled or driven." So long, therefore, as its power is felt in inducing "desire" in the heart of man, the *tournaure* will be worn with increasing witchery, until men shall have no more power over their wills than a wedge under the blows of Hercules. Another reason for its perpetuity is found in the extreme difficulty of finding the precise form fitting to accomplish these ends; but now our Julia's was what the late Casimer Perier so successfully maintained in the policy of France, the *juste milieu*, so rarely reached and as difficult of due adjustment by our fashionables as is a "judicious tariff" by our politicians. To return to the master and his pupil: their sums were soon solved; but there were looks which remained unexplained by language, very much to the pupil's unhappiness.

We have all read of the stupidity of the ostrich when pursued, but this is nothing in comparison with one in the condition of the master. All the school were lookers-on, and though he thought he had kept the secret of his soul in its deepest recesses, they all knew it, and watched the progress of the courtship, as they called it, with the deepest interest. The trees were climbed which grew near the school-house, by the boys; and the girls with the utmost stealthiness hoisted up the little children to the windows to get a peep, and so report the progress of events. Indeed, the whole village was in a state of intense excitement as to the result.

And now May had come in all its beauty, its softness, and its inspirations, and the master missed his scholar from her seat; and though the day was bright and beautiful, he was restless and irritable. Nor did he recover his sobriety of manner while the week was thus passing, and no Julia Jones. He inquired, "Is Miss Jones ill?" No one had seen her; no one knew anything about her. He fully believed he should see her at meeting; but her seat was unfilled. Until now he had restrained himself from ever calling at her father's house: this would be changing their relations; and when all other barriers had been prostrated, this stood firm. And Miss Julia well knew it. She knew his term would end in the next month, and something must be done to make him change his position. The master said, "She must be ill!" and it was his duty to go and inquire. Prudence said "No!" but his heart was lightened as he conceded so much to his wishes

as to say he would go after school. He set out as soon as the school was dismissed ; and yet he was strangely moved on his way out of the village to the farm, about a mile's distance, and sometimes paused as if to return. But he went on ; and reaching the homestead, he knocked at the door, while his heart was knocking at his breast-bone ; and when the door opened, there stood Julia, dressed in all the attractiveness which Swiss muslin can be made to wear—and who has not owned its power ? His look spoke his joy and admiration, and her smiles and welcome were full of sweetness. The parents received him quietly and kindly ; and he talked with the father while he looked at the daughter, as she sat attentively engaged in sewing near the window. She looked as if interested in all they spoke of, but spoke not ; her time was not yet. The father was a sensible man, and glad to find one with whom he could converse on topics ranging beyond his farm ; the mother was occupied with the supper, which was excellent, and so admirably conducted that he felt quite at home among them.

It was near seven when they rose from the supper-table. The air was soft and warm ; the moon, near the full, was seen ascending through the trees, and in the west lay heaps of crimson clouds. Julia, stepping out on the green, pointed to a hill near the house, from which she said she loved to look at these beautiful sunsets. It was as natural as it was necessary for the master to invite his pupil to show him the spot. She threw a slight shawl over her arm, and with her pretty white bonnet held by the strings, was ready in a moment to go. They reached the hill ; the scenery was beautiful ; but beyond was a bolder hill, and before this was ascended, the twilight had faded away, and the moon and stars were shining. It was certainly a very dangerous position to be placed in, and the master should have thought of it at the time ; but he did not, for he was talking of the stars ; the discoveries of Herschel ; the nebular theory of La Place ; of the binary stars, and stars with complementary light, and of the glorious Universe, which, though so vast and magnificent, was yet all unconscious of its grandeur ; " this," said he, " is the prerogative of the Soul ; and though they (he and Julia !) were but as atoms in its infinity, yet they could comprehend the Creator." It is certain he was very eloquent, and Julia seemed as if she had been following his flight with untiring attention ; and looking up to the man in the moon, who took his usual liberty of casting his brightest beams into the sweet face so fondly gazing upon his, and shedding a flood of light upon her white dress, which looked as if made of threads of silver, in tones soft and sweet, she said : " I

wonder if the beings who inhabit these worlds above us are as bright and beautiful as we picture them ?”

She paused ; and I will venture to say that the Earl of Rosse, with his famous telescope, if he had at that instant taken in the range of the nebulae in the Sword of Perseus, would not have seen anything half so bright as the face of this lovely girl. The master, quite beside himself, exclaimed, “ Nothing in heaven can be more beautiful than the angel I hold in my arms !” And following the admirable rules given by Hamlet to the players, “ he suited the action to the word and the word to the action, and so o’er-stepped not the modesty of nature.”

Now if any of my fair readers should think the modesty of Julia was impinged upon, and that, being alone on that “ heaven-kissing hill,” she cried out to the stars for help, I can assure them, that though the stars once fought in their courses against Sisera, and if there be any truth in the theory of Pythagoras, caused sad discord in the harmonies of heaven, they went on singing and shining, undisturbed by any outcry, which was the last thing Julia thought of making. Indeed, I have been assured by some young friends of mine, who were assisting Professor Olmstead in some observations at the Observatory of Yale, that they all remarked at the time, that the stars were winking at each other very knowingly ; and, moreover, that that good-natured gentleman, the man in the moon, wore even a more smiling aspect than usual. We shall not go on with the scene. It opened with the master’s accustomed energy and earnestness. This much is certain, they did not return till near nine o’clock ; a very late hour, thought the parents, for their only child to be out in the night air ; and when their steps were heard, they were very slow. At the gate the master took his leave of Julia, who entered the house with a buoyant step and beaming countenance, though she said she was weary, and would immediately retire—and did so.

The next afternoon the master came, avowed his love for Julia, and asked their consent to an immediate union. Her parents, taken by surprise, asked for some months’ delay, but the master could brook no such delay. They then appealed to Julia, to whom so great a step must, they were sure, require time for thought ; but, like most young ladies similarly situated, she had been thinking a great while ; and though she did not share in the eagerness of the master, and felt a real shrinking from the consummation of her own wishes, yet, as most young ladies do, took a very common-sense view of the subject—“ It must come sooner or later ; it would be wisest and safest and best ; there would be no slips between the cup and the lip ; she should be settled for life,” and so she reconciled to herself and her loving parents their

compliance with the wishes of the master. So soon as the preparations could be made, they were married; and Mr. Smith felt, perhaps, more truly than ever did Mark Anthony in the arms of the fatal Cleopatra, that if he had lost the world, he was content to lose it.

But soon the necessity of effort led Mr. Smith to the city of Babylon the Less, leaving his beautiful wife with her parents until he could, in some way, provide for her. He was eminently successful in obtaining business in the Broadway of that great city. Here his tact and energy soon wrought wonders, and the shop became the favored resort of the fashionables of that city. Fortune seemed ready to repay him for the sacrifices Ambition had made to Love. His young wife soon rejoined him, and they became, at first, the happy tenants of a small house in L'Esperance Place.

The only gift received from her parents was a large and beautifully-bound family Bible, in which, on those most interesting of all leaves to a young married couple in that best of books, and which usually separate the Old and New Testaments, under its proper head, was inscribed, in the fair and flowing hand of her husband, the marriage of John Smith to Julia Jones, June 20, 18—. This, then, was the sole library with which Mrs. Smith commenced her married life; and shall I tell the whole truth?—it was a book she never opened, except to read the entry already quoted; she would then musingly turn over to the next page, and think of the names and the order of succession it would best please her to see filling up its two blank columns—blanks, alas! never to be filled.

At that time, it did not suit Mr. Smith to form any family acquaintances, being wholly absorbed in business; and Mrs. Smith did not desire the society of such as would have been her friends. She felt her husband would rise to affluence, and she was willing to bide her time. As she had little or no society, she sought, from such books as she could obtain, to acquaint herself with the character and conduct of the circles into which she hoped, one day, to be admitted. But this she found a difficult task; such conflicting presentations of society led her into mazes of difficulty; and she was left to herself to find out the true from the false. Some authors, she found, had written *à la stairs*, whose scenes were of necessity the mere creations of fancy; and those writers who were members of the circles they pictured, seem to delineate society as it *should be* rather than as she felt it *was*. Still, however, she gleaned some hints, and these she treasured up; and, of all things, sought to acquire that serenity of features so eminently possessed by Talleyrand, and could almost have

been willing to have the Duchess de Broglie's test applied to herself, could she but have had his powers of endurance.

Thus, while Mr. Smith was absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, his wife was fully occupied in her studies of society. While thus intensely occupied, all unconsciously to themselves, they lost their young love. Not that they did not love each other as well as most married folks do, but they knew not (and how common is the mistake!) that love cannot live on the common courtesies of life, and the discharge of every-day duties. No child comes into the world with a constitution so susceptible to change as Young Love; so liable to chills and fevers, which finally induce a fatal decline. Their Young Love did linger on, and for a while wore his pretty looks, and his sweet smiles were renewed from time to time for a day or two together; but then he was sadly neglected, and from want of proper care and nutriment, was stone-dead a long time before they, either of them, found it out. Alas! "Love breathes in the first sigh, and expires with the first kiss."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

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## CHAPTER II.

The Gentleman in Black enters the saloon to take leave of Mrs. Smith—Miseries consequent of lamps that burn dim, and candles that melt—The Gentleman in Black removes the spots from the carpets of Mrs. Smith—Merrizes the mirror—Scene in the house of GALLUS—A Roman banquet exhibited to Mrs. Smith in the mirror—The Gentleman converses with Mrs. Smith on magic and the "Black Art"—Origin of Idol worship—Continuation of the scenes in the house of GALLUS.

SUCH of my readers as had the patience to accompany me through my first chapter, will appreciate the importance of her first party to Mrs. Smith, and the sinking in her very soul with which she recalled the last words of her husband. "Was it possible that they would prove his fixed, his fast and unalterable purpose?" She well knew his aversion to all her plans, and the reluctance with which he had been induced to comply with her wishes; and she threw herself on one of her sofas with a pang of agony at the fearfulness of his decision, and repeated the words in tones of the utmost grief, "Lamps which never burn dim!"

No such thing could exist; and yet, on this sole condition rested the hopes of her life. At one moment she thought he must and would relent; and then she remembered but too well the stern and iron will which had never but once relinquished its hold of a purpose fully formed; and she feared, as she recollected the intense struggle she had witnessed in him on that evening, that this was fixed as fate.

While thus absorbed in thought, she was surprised to see the very GENTLEMAN IN BLACK, whom the unfortunate PETER SCHLEMIHL had met some years since, enter the room, with his hat in his hand, and with an air of the utmost humility and deference; and who, bowing very low, approached her, and in tones of voice singularly soft and winning, begged her pardon if he had intruded upon her; but he said he could not leave the house without tendering his thanks, and expressing his high satisfaction with the pleasure he, in common with her large circle of friends, had received from the very splendid party to which she had invited them.

"Indeed, sir," said the lady, "I was not aware of having had the pleasure of meeting you here this evening. You will forgive me if I have failed in any attentions which would have made your visit agreeable."

"My dear madam," replied the Gentleman in Black, "I assure you I am quite at home in Babylon the Less, and was happy to meet so many of my friends here to-night. It has been to me a most agreeable evening."

"I fear," said Mrs. Smith, with a tone of sadness, "you are the only one of my guests who can say as much; to me it has been anything but what I could have wished."

"Indeed!" said the Gentleman, with an expression of sincerest sympathy; "what change could you have wished made?"

"See," said the lady, pointing to the coverings of her sofas and chairs, and to her carpets, all spotted with spermaceti, and then to the lamps, burning dimly, and sending up their hateful columns of smoke through blackened chimneys; "and my rooms, too, have been heated to suffocation, through the stupidity of the servant having the furnaces in his charge; so that altogether it has been to me a series of mishaps, and a sad chapter of accidents."

"My dear lady," said the Gentleman in Black, "you take all these matters too much to heart. I assure you I have found it very difficult, indeed, so to regulate the heat of my furnaces as to satisfy the demands of my guests; and it is the commonest of all complaints with them, that my rooms are somewhat overheated. As to lighting saloons, too, I have often heard my friends



say, that they were quite in the dark, notwithstanding all my pains-taking on this score. Indeed, the subject of illumination has always been one of the utmost difficulty, and upon which a vast amount of time and money has been bestowed; if you have failed, it was but an every-day occurrence. Rather, I should say," said he, smiling, "an every-night occurrence."

The lady smiled too, but it was at his poor attempt to be witty, and thought, "He is, no doubt, a very simple-minded man." He rose, looked at the spots on her sofas, and, to her infinite surprise, held his hands for a moment over them, when they rapidly disappeared, as if they had been sublimed by a heated iron. Seeing her astonishment, he said, quietly, that "it was very easy to remove such stains," and then proceeded to obliterate those upon her carpet; and having done so, he again seated himself on a lounge near to her, and asked her if he could in any way be useful to her. He had risen wonderfully in the lady's estimation, by his skill in the way of spots, and she thought, "He is, without doubt, a very sensible man;" so readily do we change our minds, when we are conciliated in the way which best suits us.

Mrs. Smith asked him "Whether there did not exist lamps which never went out; that she had read of such things as having been once known; and if they really existed, there was nothing she possessed that she would not give to procure them."

The Gentleman in Black looked at her with a fixed and admiring gaze, which lighted up his eyes till they shone like diamonds; and then, casting his looks upon the carpet, he seemed lost in thought. The lady, it must be told, in this most truthful of all narratives, was a little flattered by the impression she had made upon this gentleman, and saw, with secret satisfaction, the struggle with which he was recovering his senses. He soon, however, found himself able to look up, and, with his usual benignity of smile, said:—"It is, indeed, related, that such lamps have been once known, but they were only used in tombs, and the light was at best but sepulchral, and entirely unsuited to your saloons; moreover, 'tis said, they are at once extinguished by the introduction of the open air;" and then, rising with an air of distinguished courtesy, he begged her to walk to the mirror at the end of the room, in which the lady had so recently seen herself, saying, "I will show you some of the methods of illumination which have been adopted by the circles of good society in other countries and in other times."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Smith; "and how can you do this?"

"It is very readily done," he replied, "by those who understand the process." So saying, they walked towards the mirror, which was one plate of glass, reaching from near the ceiling to the floor,

standing between the windows, unobscured by the drapery, which was hanging loose from the rings. The Gentleman in Black placed Mrs. Smith in front of the glass, and again his whole soul was flashing in his face, as he gazed upon her beauty. She saw it, and saw, too, that there she stood alone; there was no reflection of the gentleman beside her. She looked her surprise; but he said, "It is never my wish to come in contrast with such loveliness!" The lady smiled her acknowledgments, and now thought, "He is really a very sensible man." The Gentleman in Black then bowing, stepped before her, and breathed upon the mirror, which suddenly became obscured as with a vapor, which, however, instantly disappeared.

As the vapor cleared away from the face of the mirror, Mrs. Smith found herself, as it were, looking directly into a long saloon, most splendidly furnished. There stood costly tables of cedar, with pillars of ivory supporting their massive orbs. In one, the wood was like the beautiful coat of a panther; in a second, the spots being more regular and close, imitated the tail of the peacock; and in a third, it resembled the luxuriant and tangled leaves of the apium, each of them more beautiful and valuable than the other. On the side-boards, which stood around the walls, were displayed gold and silver plate; amber vessels, in one of which was a bee, and in another an ant had found its transparent tomb; beakers of the most antique shape, to which the names of their former possessors gave them value and historical importance; and vessels of Corinthian bronze, whose worn handles announced their antiquity, together with two large golden drinking-cups, on one of which were engraved the scenes of the Iliad, and on the other, those of the Odyssey. Beside these, were smaller beakers and bowls, composed of precious stones, either made of one piece, and adorned with reliefs, or of several cameos united by settings of gold.

The lady gazed with intense admiration, and begged to know what scene was this before her. The Gentleman in Black replied, that it was a saloon in the house of GALLUS, one of the courtiers of Augustus, in Rome. The workmanship and wood of these tables were so infinitely superior to anything she had seen, that she inquired of the Gentleman in Black, if they were indeed of wood. He answered that they were, and that the price of them was enormous; and pointing to one, he invited her to examine it, adding, that for a table of the same description, Cicero had given a million of *sesterces*.\*

\* *Sesterces* are usually reckoned at 1¼d.

"And pray," said the lady, "and how much would that be in dollars and cents?"

"About twenty thousand dollars."

The lady looked incredulously at the Gentleman in Black. He saw it, and said:—

"The splendor of these mansions is certainly very great, but then they are the plunder of the world. This Gallus was enriched by the spoils of Egypt, of which he was once the supreme governor. But wait; I will show you yet more of this house."

Again he breathed on the mirror, and the scene changed. Around a table, covered with cedar wood, stood dinner-couches of bronze, inlaid with tortoise-shell, the lower part decked with white hangings embroidered with gold, and the pillows stuffed with the softest wool. Upon these seats, cushions, covered with silken stuff, were laid, to separate the places of the guests. There were reclining at the *Triclinium*,\* six gentlemen in splendid dresses, whose togas were woven of the whitest and softest Milesian wool, and worn over the left shoulder, so as to fall far below the knee, and covered with its folds, which gradually became more wide, the whole arm down to the hand. The right arm remained at liberty, as the voluminous garment was passed, at its broadest part, under the arm, and then brought forward in front. The folds were arranged in an ingenious fashion, being laid obliquely across the breast, so that the well-rounded *sinus*† almost reached the knee, and the lower half ended below the knee, while the remaining portion was thrown on the left shoulder, and hung down on the arm in a mass of broad and regular folds. The hair of these Romans was dressed with care, and arranged in elegant locks, which were perfumed with cassia, narde and balsams. The lady remarked this, and the Gentleman in Black said the costliness and the amount which was used by these gentlemen of these precious unguents, were trifling in comparison with what was consumed by the ladies of those days.

It appeared that the guests had been but recently seated, as slaves were in the act of taking off the sandals of each, and offering them water in silver bowls for their ablutions, at the same time the slaves were entering with trays, on which were the dishes composing the first course. In the centre of the plateau, ornamented with tortoise-shell, stood an ass of bronze, on either side of which hung silver panniers, filled with white and black olives; on the back of the beast sat a *Silenus*, from whose skin

\* *Triclinium*—so called because three couches were spread around the table, for the guests to recline upon.

† *Sinus*—the folds of the toga falling in front.

the most delicious sauce flowed upon the breast of the hog, a favorite dish in those days. Near this, on two silver gridirons, delicately-dressed sausages, beneath which Syrian plums, mixed with the seed of the pomegranate, presented the appearance of glowing coals. Around stood silver dishes, containing asparagus, radishes, and other productions of the garden, flavored with mint and rue, and with Byzantine *muria*, and dressed with snails and oysters, while fresh ones in abundance were handed about. The guests proceeded to help themselves to what each, according to his taste, considered the best incentive of an appetite. At the same time, slaves carried about, in golden goblets, the *mulsum*, composed of Hymettian honey and Falernian wines.

They were still occupied in tasting the several delicacies, when a second and smaller tray was brought in, and placed in a vacant spot within the first, to which it did not yield in point of singularity. In an elegant basket sat a hen, ingeniously carved out of wood, with outspread wings, as if she were brooding. Straightway entered two slaves, who began searching the chaff which filled the basket, and taking out some eggs, distributed them among the guests. These eggs, on being broken, were found to be made of dough, and that a fat fig-pecker was hidden in the yolk, which was seasoned with pepper. Many jokes were made, and while the guests were eating the mysterious eggs, the slaves again presented the honey-wine. When no one desired more, a sign was given; the slaves removed the *gustatorium*.\*

"And is this a Roman banquet? It seems to me a *déjeuner-à-la-fourchette*," remarked the lady.

The face of the Gentleman in Black wore a smile which perplexed the lady not a little, while he replied: "These gentlemen, with all their refinement, have never felt the need of forks. With them it is as with the vulgar of our own days, 'fingers before forks.'" Mrs. Smith expressed also her surprise at seeing the guests wiping their fingers with bits of bread; but the Gentleman in Black assured her that napkins were of a modern invention, and that at the present day among the Persians, the same method of cleaning the fingers that she saw, was still practised.

A slave now wiped the table with a purple cloth of coarse linen, and two Ethiopians again handed water for washing the hands. Boys, wearing green garlands, then brought in two well-gypsumed *amphoræ*, with a label hanging round them, whereon might be read, written in ancient characters, the consul for the year when the wine was bottled. These vessels were carefully cleaned of the gypsum and the corks extricated; the wine was then cautiously

\* *Gustatorium* consisted of dishes designed to excite the appetite.

poured into the silver sieve, which was placed ready to receive it, which was again filled with fresh snow, and then mixed according to the master's directions, in the richly embossed vase, and, dipping a golden ladle therein, filled the amethyst-colored glasses, which were distributed among the guests by the rest of the boys.

This operation was scarcely finished, before a new tray was placed on the table, containing the first course of the banquet, which, however, by no means seemed to answer the expectations of the guests. A circle of small dishes, covered with such meats as were to be met with only at the tables of plebeians, was ranged around a slip of natural turf, on which lay a honey-comb. A slave carried round bread in a silver basket, and the guests were preparing, although with evident vexation, to help themselves to chick-peas and small fish, when, at a sign given by the host, two slaves hurried forward and took off the upper part of the tray, under which a number of dishes, presenting a rich selection of dainties, were concealed. These were ring-doves and field-fares, capons and ducks, mullets of three pounds' weight, and turbot, and in the centre a fatted hare, which by means of artificial wings was changed into a Pegasus. The Gentleman in Black remarked that mullet was one of the favorite and most expensive of fishes, increasing in value according to the size, one weighing six pounds having been sold for eight thousand sesterces.\*

"Dear me!" said the lady; "what would these folks say to such a supper as mine!"

On the disappearance of the first course, much conversation seemed to be kept up by the party. But no long interval was allowed for talking; for four slaves soon entered, bearing the second course, which consisted of a huge boar, surrounded with eight sucking pigs, made of sweet paste by the baker, and surprisingly like real ones. On the tusks of the boar hung little baskets, woven of palm twigs, and Syrian and Theban dates. A carver, resembling a *jäger* in full costume, now approached the table, and with an immense knife commenced cutting up the boar. In the mean time the boys handed the dates, and gave to each guest one of the pigs as *apophoreta*.† On a given signal, the slaves produced, to the astonishment of the company, a fresh *ferculum*, which contained a vast swine, cooked exactly like the boar, which looked as if the cook had forgotten to disembowel the animal. The cook appeared, with a troubled mien, and seizing a knife, and having carefully slit it open on both sides, gave a sudden jerk, when, to the agreeable surprise of the guests, a quantity of little sausages of all kinds tumbled out.

\* 8000 sesterces, about \$120.

† *Apophoreta* were gifts taken home by the guests.

The lady looked at the Gentleman in Black with some surprise, and said: "You do not mean that I should believe that this is a true representation of a Roman banquet?"

"Certainly I do," he replied, "and is, in all particulars, sustained by the best authorities in Roman literature; it is the reproduction of Professor Becker, one of the ripest scholars of Germany."

"Indeed!" said the lady; "I was fearful it was a work of magic and the black arts."

The Gentleman in Black looked for a moment somewhat disturbed, and said he was surprised that a lady of her fine sense should believe in the existence of any such agencies, which ignorance had attributed to learning treasured up in black-letter books, the type once adopted in England, and still used by the Germans.

"And is that the origin of the phrase 'black art?' I am very much obliged to you for correcting me in so vulgar an error," said the lady.

The Gentleman in Black smiled very graciously, and observed, "that everything wore the aspect of magic to the ignorant, and that even Faust's Bibles had once been attributed to the devil, who, it was universally believed, was no great friend to the Bible Society, and could hardly be thought to favor the circulation of a book which spoke so slightly of himself. But, my dear Madam, in this age of enlightenment, when the wonders of Mesmerism are revealing the scenes of the worlds above and around us, and when the revelations of Swedenborg have so many to believe them, can it be at all wonderful that the power of reviving the scenes of a past age is also attainable?"

Mrs. Smith said, "Nothing could be more probable: I have myself seen *clairvoyants*, whose perceptions transcended all powers of conception, and have witnessed water and rings magnetized by being breathed upon; but I have never before seen a mirror magnetized;" and she renewed her expressions of satisfaction with the scenes she had witnessed.

"But," said she, looking very earnestly at the Gentleman in Black, "must I believe that all I have heard and read of magic and alchemy are to be classed as vulgar errors?"

"Certainly not. There is no subject which has so long and constantly occupied the thoughts of men as alchemy and its correlatives. Volumes have been exhausted in its investigation, and in teaching the true methods of attaining its power over the worlds of the Seen and the Unseen—the worlds of Matter and of Spirit. I had supposed, in using the term 'Black Art,' you had

reference to the common and vulgar idea usually conveyed by such an expression."

"To be honest, I may have used the term with no very precise meaning; but I feel interested to know what there may have been included in the terms alchemy and magic, especially of magic, of which we have so many glimpses, even in the Scriptures. Will you not gratify me, by telling where these impressions originated, and with whom?"

"Won't you be seated?" said the Gentleman in Black, rolling up a lounge before the mirror. Mrs. Smith thanked the Gentleman in Black for his consideration of her comfort, and said she could watch the mirror while she listened to him, which she should do with unfeigned gratification.

Whereupon the Gentleman in Black expressed his high sense of her courtesy, and took a seat on the other end of the sofa.

Mrs. Smith inquired, "What do you call the correlatives of alchemy?"

"These are Astrology, Magic and Divination. Man, from the earliest times, has been seeking to solve the enigmas of Life; to penetrate the veil which separates him from the Invisible and the Future. And though the great masses have been content with things as they find them, yet the gifted few have felt themselves imprisoned by the Apparent, and sought by all means to reach the Real and the Absolute."

"But are not all such pursuits worthless and vain?"

"By no means. There have been constantly recurring, in the history of man, phenomena, which, had they been carefully observed, would have solved many doubts which now rest, as clouds and darkness, on all such subjects of human hopes and desires. Lord Bacon has said, 'Men ought to put nature to the torture,' and so reproduce those phenomena which have been by the ignorant regarded as the monstrosities of nature; and had such a course been adopted, we should not now be groping in the dark, but, catching at the threads which have thus from time to time been offered them, men of science would have successfully travelled and explored all the dark labyrinths of their being."

"Ah! I wish they had done so," said Mrs. Smith, "instead of soaring into the clouds and stars, as they have done."

"As man," replied the Gentleman in Black, "in the progress of time lost the knowledge of God, he naturally deified those objects of sense which were to him the sources of the greatest blessings; hence the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, and as a necessary result, the science of astrology. Sir William Jones tells us, 'The characters of all pagan deities melt into each other, and at last into one or two; the whole crowd of gods and god-

nesses of ancient Rome and Hindostan, mean only the powers of nature; and the higher are our researches into the mythology of the past, the purer are the thoughts found of God, and the more certain it is that all religious ideas spring from one and the same fountain. The highest form of Braminism presents the idea of God as the Omnipresent Being in all its purity, eternity, spirituality and beatitude. He is called Bram Atma—'the breathing soul.' The East was the cradle of all these sciences, as of all religions. The mythology of the East was transferred to Egypt, and as has been shown most conclusively by the labors of Sir George Wilkinson, it was transplanted from Egypt into Greece. The Orphic Hymns are found to contain the same idea of God, creating all things and subsisting in all things, and of a Trinity."

"A Trinity of Gods! why I thought this was a discovery made by St. Augustine."

"No, madam. Orpheus declares expressly, 'All things were made by a coëssential and consubstantial Trinity.'\* This science of astrology took its rise on the plains of Chaldea, and is usually divided into natural and judicial astrology. Natural astrology was advocated by Sir Robert Boyle; who held that all physical bodies are influenced by the heavenly bodies; an idea which is still perpetuated in some of our almanacs, which contain a picture of a man, surrounded by the signs of the zodiac."

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith, "I have often seen them in my childhood, and been puzzled to guess what they could mean."

"These signs were called the 'Houses of the Heavens,' and used to be explained by the following lines, which have long since fallen into disuse:

"THE first house shows life, the second wealth doth give;  
The third how brethren, fourth how parents live;  
Issue the fifth; the sixth diseases bring;  
The seventh wedlock, and the eighth death's sting;  
The ninth religion; the tenth honor shows;  
Friendship the eleventh, and the twelfth our woes."

"The obligations of astronomical science to the study of astrology have always been acknowledged. The angles and aspects of the planets were noted, and their climacterics, as they were styled, carefully watched; and this is a phrase still in vogue, when we speak of the climacterics of life; the first of these was the seventh year, and from 21 by multiples, as 21. 49. 56. 63 and 84. The last two of which are still styled the grand climacterics of man."

\* CUDWORTH, vol. ii., p. 92.



"And is there nothing in this?" inquired Mrs. Smith. "I had supposed there was; and is this another of my vulgar errors?"

"I believe there is no reason to believe the recurrence of these years are more fatal than any other," replied the Gentleman in Black; "your opinion is one of great antiquity, and Aulus Gellius says it was borrowed from the Chaldeans, who possibly might have received it from Pythagoras, whose philosophy turned on these coincidences of numbers, and who imagined an extraordinary virtue in the number seven. And to show how true is the saying of Dugald Stewart, that 'opinions are like tunes of a barrel organ, which are, after the lapse of centuries, ever recurring,' it is upon these coincidences of numbers and the harmonies of the musical scale, presumed to have been discovered and elaborated by FOURIER, that we have, in our days, all the mysteries of man and society developed to the wonder and admiration of his followers. But to satisfy you in what good society you are, in your belief of the reality of climacterics, let me tell you, that Plato, Cicero, Salmasius, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and Boëthius, are all of the same opinion!"

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for restoring me to my self-complacency," said Mrs. Smith, smiling very kindly on the Gentleman in Black. "But tell me something of alchemy?" The Gentleman in Black bowed his acquiescence, and proceeded to say:

"The wish to obtain that which would obviate the evils of life, and give man the wealth which is so slow to accumulate by the sweat of the brow, doubtless gave rise to this science, falsely so called. Scholars have had various opinions of its origin. Some have said that Adam was the first of all alchemists.

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Smith, "the moderns have surpassed these ancient alchemists?"

"How?" inquired the Gentleman in Black, with a look of surprise.

"Why, our alchemists have effected the same objects by the conversion of *paper* into gold."

The Gentleman in Black smiled his acknowledgments, and said "it was indeed a conversion never dreamed of in their philosophy."

"You have told me nothing about *magical arts*," said Mrs. Smith, with a smile; "can't you restore to me my belief that they too are somewhere existent in the labyrinths of nature?"

"Magic and magical arts," replied the Gentleman in Black, "have so wide a meaning, that I fear it would weary you if I were to attempt to say half that could be told on a subject which has exhausted the lives of so many devotees in all ages of the world."

"But certainly magic has the sanction of the Scriptures for its existence, and these, you know, are books believed by all Christians to be inspired, and if so, must be true. Moses had all but been outdone by those of Egypt."

"Yes, these magicians have been a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence in all ages; and the opinion of St. Austin is, that which is generally believed, that they were genuine miracles and real imitations of those of Moses." The Gentleman in Black continued:

"The word magic once carried along with it a very innocent, and, indeed, a very laudable meaning; being used merely to signify the study of wisdom; but as men devoted themselves to divination and sorcery, the term *magic* in time became odious, and was only used to signify what you have just now called 'the black arts;' which were supposed to consist in dealing with the devil and departed souls; but this you will, of course, believe was the war which ignorance always carries on against superior knowledge."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Smith. "But when are we to know what is true in all these studies, which have thus far been so fruitless of results in the direction in which they have been prosecuted?"

"When man shall have gone forward, in the progress of coming centuries, to a right knowledge of the machinery of his own mind, we may hope that the careful observance of all the occurring idiosyncrasies of men, and the placing of nature on the rack of scientific investigation, much that is obscure, and more that is now unknown, will be discovered; for, as Lord Bacon has well said, 'As navigation was imperfect before the use of the compass, so will many secrets of nature and art remain undiscovered, without a more perfect knowledge of the understanding, its uses, and ways of working.'"

"Lapse of centuries!" said Mrs. Smith. "I had thought the world would come to an end after the next thousand years."

"And why?"

"Because the seventh of the series of thousands of years would have then been completed. Is not this the universal belief?"

"It may be, but if so, it is an universal error."

"When will the world come to an end?"

"I am not a diviner, astrologer, alchemist, or even a conjuror, and therefore can't say; but if I were to take the liberty of the country, I could guess."

"Well, as you guess!"

"When the last lump of coal shall have been consumed, and the last nail is driven, it will be in good time to burn it up."

"Look!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, whose attention was now suddenly attracted to the ceiling and to a large silver hoop, on which were ointment-bottles of silver and alabaster, silver garlands with beautifully chiselled leaves, circlets, and other trifles, which descended upon the table, and were shared as *apophoreta* among the guests. In the mean time the dessert had been served, wherein the baker gave a specimen of his skill. In addition to innumerable articles of pastry, there were artificial muscles, field-fares filled with dried grapes and almonds, and many other things of the same kind. In the middle stood a well-modelled Vertumnus, who held in his apron a great variety of fruits. Around lay sweet quinces stuck full of almonds, and having the appearance of sea-urchins, with melons cut in various shapes. While the party was praising the fancy of the baker, a slave handed round tooth-picks, made of the leaves of the *mastich-pistacho*; and the host invited the guests to assist themselves to the confectionary and fruits with which the god was loaded. The guests seemed astonished by the gifts of Vertumnus at this season, for it was now December, when one of them stretched across the table and seized the inviting apples and grapes, but drew back in affright, when, as he touched them, a stream of saffron discharged from the fruit, besprinkling his hand. The merriment became general, when several of the guests attempted cautiously to help themselves to the mysterious fruit, and each time a red hot stream shot forth. And now two musicians with flutes entered the saloon, accompanied by a young and surprisingly beautiful *danseuse*. The circles of couches were extended, and she advanced to the side which was thus opened. A boy took the *cithara*, and struck the strings to the accompaniment of the flutes. The *cithara* then ceased to be played upon, and the maiden took some hoops, and as she danced to the flutes, whirled them into the air, and caught them one after the other as they fell, with remarkable skill. More and more hoops were handed to her, till a whole dozen were hovering aloft betwixt her hands and the hall-ceiling; and the grace of her movements, together with the dexterity she evinced, elicited the applause of the spectators: a large hoop was now brought in, set all around with pointed knives. It was placed upon the ground. The damsel recommenced dancing, and threw a summersault right into the centre of the hoop, and then out again, repeating this feat repeatedly. Mrs. Smith became so excited, lest the lovely creature should by accident be injured, that she cried out, covering her eyes with her hands:

"It is too much! I can't endure it longer!"

The Gentleman in Black smiled, and said "it was rather a tame sight after all, to the ladies and gentlemen of Rome, who were accustomed to witness the dreadful conflicts of the gladiators, struggling for life in the arena of the Coliseum; and that he had seen lovely ladies with their betting-tablets opened before them, gazing with delight as their chances of winning increased, and inflamed with anger when they saw the wounded wretch upon whom their bets were pending, turning his beseeching look toward the audience, while his antagonist waited for the signal to determine whether he should die or live; and then the pretty hands of these fair ladies, with their thumbs turned down, were as numerous as those with their thumbs upturned; and yet the turning of them decided a question of life and death."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Smith, "the world is very much better now than it was in those days, though now it may be sometimes true, 'that rogues must hang that jury-men may dine.'"

"Undoubtedly," said the Gentleman in Black, with earnestness; "there never existed a society so innocent and pure as that which graces the circles of Babylon the Less, and which I have had the pleasure to meet in your mansion this evening."

Mrs. Smith sighed, thinking that this was rather overstrained, and the Gentleman in Black, to qualify his language, said, that "doubtless there were some exceptions, but then there were spots on the sun."

The mention of the word "spots" induced Mrs. Smith to cast an anxious look around her rooms, to see if the spots on her splendid sofas were still there, and she was relieved to find they had all disappeared. The amiable Gentleman in Black said "his especial object in *mesmerizing the mirror*," and he slightly smiled as he spoke, "was to show her the methods of illumination adopted by the Romans:" and breathing once more upon the face of the glass, the mirror now presented the sight of another saloon in which the lamps were lighted, and which hung from the marble panels of the room. Upon the polished table, between the tapestried couches, stood an elegant *candelabrum*, in the form of a stem of a tree, from the winterly and almost leafless branches of which four two-flamed lamps, emulating each other in beauty of shape, were suspended. Other lamps were hung by chains from the ceiling, which was richly gilt and inlaid with ivory, in order to expel the darkness of night from all parts of the saloon. A number of costly goblets and larger vessels were arranged on two side-boards, and on one of them a slave was just placing another vessel filled with snow, together with its *sieve*, and on the other was the steaming *caldarium*,\* containing water

\* Caldarium—a vessel for heating water.

kept constantly boiling by the coals in its inner cylinder, in case any of the guests should prefer the *calda*, the drink of winter, to the snow-drink.

By degrees the same guests came in and took their places in the same order as before on the *triclinium*. On a signal from the host, a slave placed upon the table the dice-board, of terebinthus wood, the four dice, made from the knuckles of gazelles, and the ivory turret-shaped dice-box. Slaves at the same time brought chaplets of dark green ivy and of blooming roses, which were selected and worn by the guests.

"And did these Romans so soon commence gaming?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"No, madam," replied the Gentleman in Black; "they are now about to throw the dice to decide who shall be the king for the night, whose duty it is to decide how much water shall be mixed with the wine about to be drank; for though those were not the days of temperance societies, yet there were then no such mixtures and distillations as are now used; and though Anacreon sang of wine and its inspirations, it was not unmixed with water."

Mrs. Smith's attention was fixed on the lamps, and the degree of light obtained from them. There seemed no lack of skill and invention in giving grace to their forms, yet they were nothing more than vessels containing oil, out of the end of which came a wick which was lighted; the consequence was that the beautiful ceiling soon became obscured and blackened, and the guests showed evidently that their breathing was oppressed with smoke. She admired the beauty of the candelabrams, but these gave no light, and in no way relieved the anxiety she felt on the subject of "lamps which never would burn dim." She observed the slaves whose duty it was to pick up the wicks and trim the lamps, and which, with this constant watching, were but poor contrivances, even when compared to the most common lamp she had in use on that evening. She asked the Gentleman in Black "if this was the best method of illumination then known?" He replied "that tallow and wax were both used, but that the methods of making them were so imperfect that they were never used in the palaces of the great; indeed they were but rushes smeared over with wax or tallow."

The guests were in the midst of their cups, when the Gentleman in Black advanced and gave a long expiration, which suffused the face of the mirror with vapor for a moment or more, and turning around to Mrs. Smith, said: "If I were not fearful of wearying you, I would show you other scenes, and of a later age."

"I beg you will," said the lady.

## CHAPTER III.

Scene in Mr. Smith's library—The library described—The Gentleman magnetizes a glass of wine for Mrs. Smith—Colloquy upon the party—Mrs. Smith relates the visit of Mrs. Tripp and her daughter Adela—The intrigues of fashionable life—Of Mrs. Smith's concert during the evening—Adela Tripp's singing; its effect upon Mr. Winterbottom—The Gentleman's opinion on the ladies' fashions; the origin of the present dress—relates an anecdote of Mr. Jefferson's levee—Criticism of the Gentleman upon sermons—Sir Robert Boyle's meditations cited—Of eating oysters raw.

THE mirror cleared up but partially, and the images appeared dimly on its surface. The Gentleman in Black said, "he regretted to state, that his ability to magnetize the glass had been somewhat exhausted, but if Mrs. Smith would be pleased to wait a little, he should soon recover his power to do so."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Smith; "will you not take a glass of wine?"

The Gentleman in Black bowed acquiescence.

"Walk into the library," said Mrs. Smith; "I think we shall find some there." So saying she led the way to the library, a large room opening into the saloon, and which was admirably fitted up; the rich carved cases of oak were filled with shelves loaded with books, and ornamented with the busts of those whose works were living beneath them.

As he entered, the Gentleman in Black stood surprised at the size of the room, which was lighted by lustres, and had been used during the evening for card-playing. On the long table in the centre were some bottles of wine and goblets. After carefully scanning the shelves, he seated himself on one of the luxurious lounges near the table, and said, in a low tone, as if to himself: "Agreeable to nature, and according to art." The quick ear of the lady caught the words, and she begged the gentleman to tell her what they meant.

"My dear madam," he replied, "that is a question much more easy to ask than to answer. I saw them for the first time on the sign of a shoer of horses in the metropolis. It struck me as somewhat enigmatical, as applied to shoeing horses, but when applied to your books, it may be interpreted, 'The heaviest at the bottom and the lightest at the top;' which is as natural as the froth upon a can of beer. Lord Bacon has said, 'The tendency

of works of worth is to sink in the flood of time which bears up only that which is trivial and worthless.'"

"I was not aware, sir, that any such profound considerations lay hid in the remark which seemed to me at first somewhat disparaging; but I presume what you say is all very true."

"Where could you have found these books?" inquired the Gentleman in Black. "They stand here arrayed like contending armies; and, madam, if they should ever fall to loggerheads, the conflict would be more direful than the 'battle of books' described by Dean Swift; for then it was for the right of property; but this would be what Mr. Canning so greatly deprecated as the 'war of opinion.' Here," said he, pointing to the right side of the room, "are the Fathers and Doctors of the Catholic Church: and here," going up to the cases, and running his hand over a series of folios and quartos, "is the Macedonian phalanx of English divines;" reading at the same time, the names of Baxter, Bunyan, Howe, Flavel, and other great names of the Puritans, adding, in a tone almost a whisper, "There were giants in the land in those days."

"My dear sir," said Mrs. Smith, "I do not know any of them, for I never opened a single volume. We had this room to furnish, and an agent of my husband was in Spain when some monasteries were suppressed, and as he was authorized to purchase books for us, he bought the entire library; and on his return to England, finding a library about to be sold of a distinguished English scholar and divine, he made a similar purchase, and sent them over, and they have been but recently received and placed on the shelves. Coming from such sources, I presumed that they were all most respectable and learned authors. They are certainly very antiquated and imposing in the outward appearance, and very fitting for a place in our library. Will you not take a glass of wine?" said Mrs. Smith, going to the table and filling a goblet.

"With all pleasure," said the Gentleman in Black, seating himself again; and pouring out another goblet full of wine, he continued the conversation; and while he did so, he held his fingers on the goblet which he had filled, drawing them slowly down its sides; and continuing to do so, Mrs. Smith's attention was attracted to his hand, which was thin and sinewy, and his fingers singularly long and slender, with nails beautifully formed, and then, too, so very strong and long, that she could not but be surprised at their novelty, and which would have done honor to a mandarin. After having finished these manipulations, he very politely handed her the goblet, and taking up his own, said: "Shall I have the pleasure of drinking a glass of wine with you?"

Mrs. Smith, though no member of a Total Abstinence Society, never drank wine, and was about to decline, but thinking that to do so would not be courteous, carried the glass to her lips, and sipping it, was surprised at the exquisite flavor of the wine; and unconsciously to herself, had drunk nearly half of the wine. The Gentleman in Black begged her to finish the glass, and pushed it toward her to the edge of the table; she put forth her hand to replace it on the table, and unexpectedly to herself the cup upset, at which the Gentleman in Black looked at her inquiringly, and with an air of surprise, at what was equally a matter of astonishment to herself. He offered to refill the glass, but she positively declined, and so it was relinquished. She was surprised to find the effects of the wine were so delightfully exhilarating: all the trials and mortifications of the evening were lightened from her heart; she was buoyant and happy; and though she had never seen the Gentleman in Black before, she felt the most perfect and unrestrained freedom in his presence.

The Gentleman in Black renewed the conversation by saying, "He had been very much gratified during the evening by meeting with so many of his friends, and somewhat amused by some of the incidents which had come under his observation."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Smith, clapping her hands to her ears, "how my ears burn! I am sure I am at this very moment used up at more firesides than one. How cosily my dear friends are now sitting by their firesides discussing all the *contre-temps* of this party of mine; and some ready to cut my acquaintance for the losses they have sustained! How little of happiness there is, after all, in giving or going to these great crowds; and yet how much of management there is in showing off fine dresses by some, and fine girls by others!"

"Certainly," said the Gentleman in Black; "but for the motives presented by vanity or ambition, few would be willing to meet all the sacrifices and expenses incident to these routs; this is especially true of ladies."

"All this is so new to me," said Mrs. Smith, "that I may not as yet perfectly understand how all these motives are brought to bear; but in one case at least which occurred this evening, I was let in behind the scenes, and compelled against my will, to enact a part."

"Do let me hear," said the Gentleman in Black; "for if it be a pleasure to talk over a party by the several guests at their firesides, it is no less so, certainly, at your own. It may be compared to making a survey of a battle-field after the contest is over."

"Oh dear me! I fear the sick and wounded are so many, and



the laurels which have been so unexpectedly conferred, have come in so questionable a shape, that few have retired satisfied with their conquests; the exception to the general discontent," continued Mrs. Smith, "must, I am sure, be Mrs. Tripp and her daughter.

"Some days after my invitations were out, Mrs. Tripp's carriage stopped at my door. She sent up her card, and begged to see me if possible that morning. Accordingly she was admitted. Had she been the friend of ten years' standing, I could not have been greeted with more kindness and devotion. She had received our card, was delighted with the pleasure of making my acquaintance, and would have called long since, but had just returned to town; had heard of me from several of her friends, and was sure we should hereafter be the best of friends. She looked curiously around my parlors, and begged me to show my rooms, all which evidently surprised her by the costliness of their fitting up. Having completed her survey, and returned to our seats, she was profuse in her compliments at the 'taste and elegance,' as she was pleased to say, with which my rooms were furnished. She seemed to me a very bustling busy-body, who could but ill conceal her curiosity under the exterior of fine manners; and after saying some more of these agreeable nothings, she said, with an air of the greatest frankness and affection,

"Adela and Josephine would certainly do themselves the pleasure of being present at my coming party, which she said would (for she had been told so by everybody), combine all the fashion of the city. Indeed, they felt the greatest interest in its success; and Adela had actually been taking lessons every day for these last two weeks of Mons. Gilbert, of some exquisite gems from the new opera of Rossini, of which she had the only copies, and which came by the last steamer; they had never been sung in Babylon; and though she does n't say so, my dear Mrs. Smith, yet I am sure she will sing them, if you should wish her to do so; she is such a good child! Ah! you must and will love her; she's so perfectly *naïve*;' and without taking breath, the lady asked me, 'Which will be your music room, so that I may tell her the size of it?' Whereupon I showed her the room in which our musical friends were assembled this evening. 'Oh! it's just the thing! just the right size!'—but coming up to me in a very winning way, she said, 'Don't you think the drapery hurts the effect of the voice?' I told her it did not occur to me; but that my curtains were up, and as they were necessary to complete the finish of the room, they must remain.' 'Certainly, my dear; certainly, if they are fixtures,' said Mrs. Tripp; 'but Adela is so particular; she has the greatest objection to any thing'—she hesitated,

and changed the construction of her sentence by saying—'which looks like a show-off. You must tell her, my dear Mrs. Smith, that there will be no attempt of the sort made—won't you? But I'm sure you will; I need not say a word more; but—'

"She paused, and I assured her 'if Miss Adela would be willing to sing the pieces she had spoken of, no one would listen to her with more pleasure than myself.' 'My dear Mrs. Smith, you are too kind,' was her reply, which was said with an air so *distract* that it was evident she was big with something she had as yet concealed, and which was doubtless the object and purpose of her call. Seeing I had nothing more to say, she opened her budget, by repeating her last words: 'But may I make a single inquiry?—and that is, have you Mr. Winterbottom on your list of invited guests?' I told her 'I would look;' and so we returned to our seats once more; and I then drew from my cabinet my list, and told her his name was not included.

"'Pardon me, if I say to you it would be a particular favor conferred upon me if you would send him a card. You know he is a very interesting gentleman, and has recently inherited his father's estate, which, I am told, is very large, and designs to occupy the house now building on Twenty-fifth avenue—a splendid house; altogether he is a very attractive gentleman, and one who would be missed;' and then leaning forward, she whispered as if almost afraid to be overheard, 'He is so fond of music!'

"I ventured to ask 'if he was a young man, and unmarried.'

"This somewhat embarrassed the lady, who confessed he was not so very young, and that he was unmarried; indeed, he was one who never would be; no one had ever mistaken him for a single man; 'but you know that these gentlemen give a certain interest to all such parties.'

"'Oh certainly,' said I; 'I will invite Mr. Winterbottom this very day, and thank you for having named him to me.'

"The great object of her visit being accomplished, Mrs. Tripp, to show me how much *she* was my friend, did me the kindness to tell me of the canvass which had been made by Mrs. Van Dam and others, to exclude me from the *recherché* circles of Babylon. These little arts she narrated with so much skill and address, that I could not at once discern the malice with which she was prompted, and which thus enabled her at any time to say to these ladies that she had told me of these things to my face, and so win for herself golden opinions in those very circles in which she held herself in a doubtful position, and in which she might perhaps secure her own footing the better, by aiding the Van Dams' and Van Tromps', in their zealous exertions to save the purity of the circles of fashionable society, from the unwelcome

addition of such *parvenus* as myself and husband, whose success in the accumulation of wealth they held was our only claim to good society, and which gave good grounds for our ostracism. I had been told of all these things before, for ill tidings never need a herald, and was not, therefore, taken by surprise, by any additional items of intelligence narrated with so much tact by Mrs. Tripp.

"Do think of it!" said this new-found friend of mine; "the Van Tromps to claim a position on the score of their family, when their grandfather cut candles years ago, at the corner of Gold street, in a little grocery he kept there."

"Cut candles! my dear madam," I said; "you are absolutely unintelligible."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Smith, I mean he really sold candles worth a half-penny each by the halves; and yet because, by some lucky chance, he purchased some fifty acres of land up town, and held on to it, they forsooth must now take it upon them to discuss the expediency of rewarding success in trade, by any additions to their circles from the class of dry goods merchants. Isn't it altogether past endurance?"

"I told her whatever may have been the position of the Van Tromps' grandfather, I deemed them perfectly right in deciding for themselves to whom they would extend the courtesies of society; and that this was a right I should exercise, and never should object to its application to myself."

"But, my dear madam, this caballing and intimidation of weak women on all sides! What do you say to that? You don't justify them in all this manoeuvring?"

"By no means," I replied; "I deem all such conduct discourteous and unjust."

"Ah! my dear madame, that's what I told Adela, when Mrs. Van Tromp ——' Here she hesitated, and I, guessing at what was in her mind, quickly and in the most innocent manner, completed the sentence, by saying, 'declined sending Adela an invitation to her recent fancy-dress party. It was very provoking, I'm sure; and Madame Lafonde, the dress-maker, was very unwise to show the dress she was making up for Adela, and saying it was designed for her costume at that party.'

"The eyes of Mrs. Tripp are naturally bright, but they now flashed fire, for this was a new wrinkle in her forehead."

"My dear Mrs. Smith, you do not tell me so?"

"Oh yes, it was all the talk in Park-avenue, and 'twas thought so very amusing to that clique, that the Van Tromps not only determined to decline all your efforts to procure an invitation for Adela, but Katrine Van Tromp, to make the matter the more con-

spicuous, had the very dress which Adela had with so much taste and expense projected, exactly copied, and wore it at that very party.'

"My dear madam, that explains it all. I could not conceive how it was possible she could have hit upon a dress so like Adela's as I heard it was. As to Lafonde, I will punish her for her treachery.'

"Oh, don't think of it,' I replied, in the most affectionate and sympathizing manner possible; 'you know, dear Mrs. Tripp, that in doing so you must confess your knowledge of this contrivance, and so show your pain at its success. Adela would no doubt have had her invitation but for the pleasure this poor triumph afforded the Van Tromps and their cliques.'

"To think of the absurdity of Katrie Van Tromp wearing a dress which was only graceful on a girl like Adela! I'm sure she must have appeared supremely ridiculous.'

"Doubtless; but then it gave her clique, during the evening, so fine an opportunity of saying such witty speeches about wearing Adela Tripp's plumage, that this reconciled her to any incongruity she may have felt; but this may have not been the case, for we are never conscious of our own defects, you know.

"Now as a true friend, my dear Mrs. Tripp, let me beg of you not to speak of this matter. Indeed, it will be very wrong of you, because it was told to me in confidence, and I felt myself only justified in speaking of this to you after all the kindness you have been pleased to express in the success of my party; and besides, I am sure the Van Tromps will be gratified to witness the pain they have inflicted, and this will be a new triumph over you and Adela; so I would never reveal to any one your acquaintance with their management.' Now, was not all this very amiable in me?" inquired Mrs. Smith.

The Gentleman in Black smiled, and bowed his approbation. Mrs. Smith continued:

"Poor Mrs. Tripp found she had for once had the coals of fire she prides herself upon casting about with so much adroitness, returned into her own bosom; and unable to continue the conversation without an exhibition of her feelings, and doubtless soothed by the success of her visit to me, she regretted her call could not be prolonged, and took her leave, talking about Adela and music to the very door, and making her last courtesy, disappeared.

"Two days since she made her appearance once more; said she 'desired of all things for me to see her daughters,' and duly introduced her Adela and Josephine. You saw them this evening?"

"Certainly," replied the Gentleman in Black.

"Do you not think them graceful and pretty?"

"They are certainly so; but to me they seemed to have manners 'made up to order,' and their simplicity was far too simple to be successful."

"The dear girls," said Mrs. Smith, "were very like their mother, excessively pleased with all they saw; told me everybody was thinking of my party—every one was expecting so much enjoyment. And all this being over, there was that little by-play between the mother and daughters, which told me *their* visit too had its ultimate design; for which I patiently waited the *dénouement*, in the most perverse silence.

"Dear Mrs. Smith, I told Adela she must see your beautiful rooms."

"They are not in a condition to be seen," I replied quietly.

"Ah! I am so sorry; but could we not see the music-room?"

"If it be an object of especial wish, certainly; but you will excuse its condition, for I have just received one of Erard's pianos."

"An Erard! indeed! oh! let me see it!" said Miss Adela.

"On reaching the room, the piano was the only object of interest; and so eager was Adela to hear its tones, that she begged to be permitted to strike its keys; and did so, while her sister and mother stood anxiously by. It was evident that it was not just the thing they could have wished; and Adela whispered aside to her mother, 'It's so loud and harsh!' 'My dear Mrs. Smith,' said the mother, 'where is the piano you had here when I last had the pleasure of calling?'

"It is removed to the manufacturer's."

"To be repaired?"

"No, to be sold."

"All hope of having an instrument suitable for the voice of the gentle Adela was thus quieted. Mrs. Tripp begged Adela to gratify me with one single song, which the young lady, after some apparent hesitation, complied, and continued singing for an hour or more, so that I had all the advantages of a rehearsal, which, while it enabled me to judge of her singing powers, enabled her to form an opinion of the piano and of the room in which she was destined to win golden opinions, and which I cannot but believe was the object of their visit. Now of all my guests, there have been none this evening who have been so devoted in their attentions. No sooner was the supper over, than the managing mother came to ask me if we should not be favored with a little music from some of the lovely and talented amateurs who thronged my rooms; and in this she was seconded by some other matrons, and those useful gentlemen who are always on hand to draw forth

their daughters upon such occasions, and who were earnest in saying how delightful it would be.

"I was, however, engaged to commence the dancing with Lieutenant De Roos, of the Coldstream Guards, who had been presented to me in great form by Mont Morris, as the member of some noble family which I now forget, and who sought me to fulfil my promise, which he did in a very agreeable manner, to the great delight of the young ladies and their beaux, who thought nothing half so fine as dancing; so, to the great regret of all lovers of music, I led the way to the ball-room, and could only assure Mrs. Tripp, that, as soon as I had set my young friends in motion, I would rejoin her, which I was prompt to do. As is usual, those who did not dance are either lookers-on of those who did, or had sought this room to play cards; so that the saloon presented a rather thin aspect of but about fifty, mostly those whose dancing days were over; but bad as the prospect was, Mrs. Tripp renewed her earnest entreaties that I would ask some of our musical ladies to sing, and politely led me to several whom she said were Malibrans in private life. These sweet ladies, some very young and some very old, all had the usual number of colds and catarrhs, and there seemed but little chance of a quiet concert, notwithstanding all the opulence of talent, it was on all hands acknowledged I was in the full possession of, distributed among these very ladies. At length one of the young ladies, after having had sundry very severe and sour things whispered, as I presumed by her mother, agreed to commence; and then it occurred to me we were somewhat deficient in listeners. So, begging them to go on, I set off to the ball-room to enlist as many as I could find to take their share of the notes about to be issued, whose value, like those of our banks, is rated by the circuit of their circulation. Here I met Wallis, who promised to aid me, and some thirty were detached from the ball-room, which was indeed excessively crowded, and where not one in ten of those who wished to dance could hope to show off the beauty of their dresses or the gracefulness of their steps; and yet it was a hard task to get them away. With these, therefore, I sought to make a commencement of my concert; and when we entered the room, the ladies were gathered in groups; no one of them could be induced to commence. The young lady I had hoped was in full voice, on taking her seat at the piano, had raised a few faint notes, but in consequence doubtless of the cutting saying of her too anxious mother, had broken down after a few bars, and was weeping on one of the sofas, which had a sensible tendency to render the other mammas more cautious in their movements; so, by a sort of common consent, they all were waiting for my coming.

"I had then to find a young lady who would sing first. I would have gone directly to Miss Adela, but her mother had met me in the saloon, where she was awaiting my coming, and said Adela begged not to be asked to sing first, as she feared she should sink under the effort; and I had promised not to do so. I entreated a sweet girl, who certainly looked musical, but she feared she had no voice; her elder sisters urged in a quiet way their belief that she would find it better than she feared; but she really looked so sweetly disconcerted that I could not press her, and she promised by and by she *would* sing; so I applied elsewhere. This young lady could not sing alone, but would sing a duet if Miss Gibson would sing with her; a search being made, Miss Gibson was dancing, and could not come; so this failed. Just then quite a rush came into the room, and the looks of earnest interest they manifested to see what was going on, made me direct my next entreaties to Miss Adela, whom I found standing beside a gentleman looking all of fifty; a sober, quiet sensible man, whose arm she held, talking to him with that sort of earnestness and air of unconsciousness of all that is going on around her, which young ladies sometimes wear as a mask to cover up their thoughts; so that when I addressed her with a request that she should favor us with some one of her operatic gems, she gave quite a start, and had I asked her to repeat the Ten Commandments, she would not have appeared more surprised.

"My dearest madam, you don't think it possible! Indeed, indeed, indeed I *never* sing; only at home to my father and mother, or to one or two very particular and kind friends; do I?" looking very tenderly, and appealing to Mr. Winterbottom. He very frigidly, as I thought, expressed his hopes, his wishes, that she should at once comply; saying, "Mrs. Smith must be weary of all this pleading off by those whose talents were so well known."

"I thanked him for his aid, and Adela relented, and presented her pretty hand—it certainly was very pretty—to Mr. Winterbottom, and giving him a soft pressure, which did not escape my observation, saying at the instant *to me*, 'To please you, I will try;' and so led Mr. Winterbottom, rather than being led by him, to the piano. Her sister Josephine had anticipated her sister, and was already seated on the stool to play the accompaniment."

"My dear madam," said the Gentleman in Black, breaking in upon Mrs. Smith's narrative, "you should have been near me to have witnessed the mischief just before set on foot by Wallis."

"Indeed! what mischief? He is too amiable to do anything very wicked."

"You shall hear how it was. While you were thus occupied in your hopeless task of persuading those young ladies to sing,

and all was hushed into the expectancy which you know always precedes earthquakes and all such unusual outbreaks in nature, and which have their types in all such musical in-gatherings, I was standing with Wallis near the door, when in came Major Brownlee, with his usually breezy way, with that *turn* of a lady, who wore the blue satin dress and turban; whose face would have well matched the late Duchess of St. Albans. You will recollect her?"

"Oh yes, certainly; go on, I am all impatience."

"Finding all hushed into perfect silence, the Major looked amazingly mystified; and seeing Wallis, he came up, and in a stage whisper, asked, 'What's going on here?' Wallis replied, in the same whisper, and with a most grave aspect, 'Mrs. Smith has had a season of prayer, and now we are about to sing!'

"'A prayer-meeting! the devil! it's too hot here for me!' and so saying, he wheeled off with the lady, who looked her astonishment. I followed them into the ball-room, where they spread the news; and 'twas this that brought in the rush of inquiring faces you have just referred to."

"I am under infinite obligations to Wallis, truly," said Mrs. Smith, "and shall not forget to acknowledge them. Adela doubtless attributed it to the zeal of hearing her voice—and a fine voice it is! Her slides I thought were perfect, and her trills astounding; and her throat played with a motion only surpassed by a Canary bird's in the full tide of song; and when she came to that sweet, and dying close, I felt as if I could say, 'If music be the food of love—sing on!' The encore was everything her mother could wish, and she had the tact to decline a farther effort. Her bolt had reached the mark to which her notes had winged it. The face of Winterbottom for once brightened. Everybody said, 'How beautiful!' 'how transcendent!' and 'how graceful!' And I doubt not he thought 'What a fine voice Miss Adela has, and what a fine thing it will be for me to have so fine a lady in my fine house!' And on her part she may have thought 'How gladly I would exchange my notes for yours!' But whatever may have been the thoughts of the parties in question, the grace with which Adela glided away from the piano, and the modesty with which she received all congratulations, and the look of gentle entreaty to Winterbottom to lead her away, were all admirable. He was evidently flattered, and Adela's success doubtless induced some mothers to look anxiously to those kind friends I have spoken of, who know how to be useful at such times, and at least a dozen of those young ladies who had been beyond all entreaty, already began to look diffident, and commenced pulling at the fingers of their kid gloves; when to



their horror, as well as my own, a gentleman led that everlasting cancatrice, Mrs. Offenheim, who put a new face on things by bursting upon us with her famous bravura. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the looks of interest with which Adela now stood forward to admire and applaud. She had no fears of rivalry, and then it was such an act of amability to suggest one song after another, till the patience of all the pretty songsters was worn out, and the company dispersed. Mrs. Tripp was truly delighted; all that tact and contrivance could accomplish had been attained; and Adela and Mr. Winterbottom took leave of me at the same time.

"But what did *you* think of Miss Adela's singing?" inquired Mrs. Smith.

"It was too artistical to suit me. A *lady* should *sing* as little like an operatic *artiste* as she should *dance* like one, and should be as far from wriggling her petticoats when singing, like Madame Picot, as she would be of tossing them up when dancing with the *abandon* of Mademoiselle Augusta."

"Do you think so? I am glad to have my own impressions sustained by your matured judgment."

The Gentleman in Black bowed his acknowledgments.

"Did you dance this evening?" inquired Mrs. Smith, in the kindest manner.

"I never dance," said the Gentleman in Black, "owing to a slight defect in my left ankle. I am, like Byron, compelled to gaze on pleasures which I am left to envy and admire;" but he added with great fervency and emphasis, "I am always gratified to set others dancing."

"Did you witness the Polka, as danced by those sweet girls in blue silks with silver sprigs?" inquired Mrs. Smith; "I have really forgotten their names, but their beauty was so *distinguished* that their forms are not so soon forgotten."

"I remarked them," replied the Gentleman in Black, "and the dance was graceful and attractive enough, as any dance would be so sweetly sustained; but I don't think it can be permanently attractive or graceful, unless the ladies will consent to wear dresses of the required scantiness and length. It must be confined, therefore, to fancy balls and the stage, where the suitable costumes can be worn; moreover, its effect depends so much on the air of coquetry and romping to be assumed in it, that it is but travestied as we see it danced in drawing-rooms."

"There is no dance," said Mrs. Smith, "like the waltz. How fairy-like and graceful it can be made to appear I think we saw in the person of Miss De Ligne, who followed me in waltzing with De Roos. Did you see her?"

"Yes, truly! I saw nothing but her amid all the group; no form was so faultless, no movement so perfect; the features wore the aspect of the sweetest serenity, while her feet moved with a lightness which, had flowers been springing beneath her, would but have bent their heads in homage of her loveliness!"

"My dear sir, you must, with all the other gentlemen, have been entranced! Indeed they all seemed willing to stand and gaze, and no ladies were willing to adventure into the circle while she was waltzing. I never saw such universal homage; rendered and won all unconsciously to herself. And her surprise at finding herself alone on the floor was so innocently expressed, and the compliments paid her were received too in a manner so perfectly quiet and maidenly, and without the slightest pretence, that I was so charmed with her I could not refrain from kissing her on the spot."

"An example, my dear madam, which for one I would gladly have followed."

"No doubt, sir, and all the other gentlemen in long succession. That would not have been so hard a task as that which followed, of waltzing with those weighty ladies who next took the floor, tasking the sinews of the unfortunates whose hard work it was to heave them round. How can such figures and forms venture into the giddy whirl of the waltz? There was Jack Musard ready to die of his toils in waltzing with Katrine Van Tromp!"

"You were speaking of our long dresses," continued Mrs. Smith; "don't you think they could be improved?"

"Most certainly," replied the Gentleman in Black; "by being made shorter; and they would be, if all had the pretty foot I see peeping out of its concealment."

Mrs. Smith hastily withdrew it; but soon after, as the conversation proceeded, by the most natural movement in the world, again gave it light and air. Like all pretty ladies so endowed, she was unwilling it should be hid—and it was certainly worth the seeing; it was so slender, with an instep so high, that when walking on a light snow, only the ball and heel made their imprint on the pavement.

"It seems strange that our present fashion should be so enduring," said Mrs. Smith.

"My dear madam, you are little aware of the state policy which has led to their adoption and perpetuity," replied the Gentleman in Black.

"State policy! What has the policy of states to do with our dresses?"

"It is telling cabinet secrets; but as you desire it, I will reveal to you some of 'the secrets of my prison-house!'"

"I beg you will do so." "He must be a diplomat!" thought Mrs. Smith.

"You are doubtless aware that the fashions of the first circles of London and Paris are determined by certain *modistes*, usually men, aided by suggestions from the leaders of the ton. Some years since, the state of the trade of France and England became a subject of absorbing interest to the cabinets of Paris and London. The consumption did not meet the supply; the operatives were clamorous for food; they must be fed; *how*, was a question which was long mooted. There was no possibility of increasing the number of consumers, and the only relief was to be found in an increase of the goods consumed. At last an appeal was made to the *modistes* of Paris, and Lady Blessington and her Count D'Orsay came to their aid, and to their inventive genius and agency, ladies now owe their present fashions. It is true their first go-off was not found graceful, and bishop's-sleeves were soon voted only in good taste when worn by the venerable lords spiritual; so they transferred the bishops from the sleeve to the hips, and what was lost to the sleeve was added to the skirt, and the 'bishop' was required to give grace and flow to the drapery. I remember being at a levee at the president's on New Year's day, when these first came into fashion, and was in company with an honest man from the far west, who asked me how it was that the girls on this side of the mountains had forms so much fuller than the girls of the west? I initiated him into the secret of wearing 'bishops.' He looked grave, and seemed satisfied with the explanation, when he suddenly whirled me round and said, 'Look there!' pointing to the wife of a distinguished senator from the east, somewhat remarkable certainly for the excess of her fashion; 'look there! that woman has not only the bishop, but a whole diocess on her hips!'"

"Oh, you are too severe on us ladies! I must not listen to you."

"My dear madam," said the Gentleman in Black, with an air of the utmost humility, "pardon me if I have offended you, but the incident amused me at the time, and I hope has amused you."

"But you were speaking of these fashions as being matters of state policy," said Mrs. Smith, wishing to relieve the gentleman of his embarrassment, and to recall the topic which had excited her surprise.

"Yes, madam, they have become so; and the aristocracy of England and France are compelled, whatever may be the change of texture and cut, to consume as many yards as possible in their fashions. The costume *à la nature* once adopted in France can never be renewed."

"*Costume à la nature!*" said Mrs. Smith, in a tone of surprise; "that is a fashion I never before heard of."

"Indeed! Well, it was one of the vagaries of the French Revolution, and consisted of a fine flesh-colored knit silk, perfectly fitting the form, over which mantles of classic cut were gracefully worn. The ladies then looked very much like a tribe of Indian women from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The wife of the French Minister in those days, once appeared so habited at a levee given by Mr. Jefferson, and a good old lady who was present assured me that she was sure a naked woman had walked into the drawing-room; and the dismay she spread was as amusing to the gentlemen as it was beyond all description distressing to the ladies. I need not say, she made but one such exhibition of herself."

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Smith, "that any fashions more absurd than the present were ever worn?"

"The present! they are not ungraceful; flesh and blood are now in good repute, and a lady does not strive to repress what in the nature of things must be attractive. But I assure you it is not thirty years since, that our ladies sought to be as straight and as thin as laths."

"Dear me! how could they accomplish this! You are romancing!"

"No indeed, madam, I am not; and if you will allow me to explain what is so mysterious, I will tell you by what most ingenious process this result was to some degree attained. At night they put on wet sheep-skins, which were drawn tight by means of lacings; these of course shrunk as they dried during the hours of sleep, and made what was small before,

"'Fine by degrees and beautifully less.'"

"You astonish me! I never will again complain of the present fashion if I have been saved from such slow martyrdom, and which to me," looking for an instant on her swelling shoulders and full chest, "would have been as hopeless of attainment as undesirable when attained."

The Gentleman in Black sat in silence; his looks were eloquent of his due appreciation of beauty which no art could hide, heighten, or improve. Mrs. Smith, somewhat embarrassed by the silence which followed, rose, and taking a book from the shelf, asked the Gentleman in Black if he had seen the volume she handed to him, saying at the same time, "that the author was one of her particular friends, and who had favored her with his presence at her party;" and this she did, hoping to solve the doubt in her own mind as to what should be the profession to

which the unknown was devoted. The Gentleman in Black seemed surprised to find it a volume of sermons; and looked inquiringly at the lady, as though he would ask, "Why do you hand me such a book as this?" But as she made no other observation, and had re-seated herself, he looked over the volume, which he threw down on the table, saying, "he had never seen it before."

"You are not fond of sermons, then?"

"No, madam; this is a sort of literature for which I have no especial predilections."

"Nor have I," said Mrs. Smith; "and I do not know why *these* compositions should be called by so obsolete a name as sermons, which are usually so jejune; for they are so graceful and imaginative that they deserve all the admiration they have received;" and taking up the book, she added, "this last is especially beautiful."

The Gentleman in Black again took the book, and read aloud the caption, "Voices of the Deep:" he scanned the pages, and again threw the book on the table, saying, "Doubtless these reflections were only surpassed by those pious meditations written 'on a Decayed Broom-stick!'"

"My dear sir, it may be that you are worthy of being the successor of Dean Swift, but I shall make but a poor Lady Berkeley."

"Ah! well, madam, since you object to the badinage of the Dean, you will not object, I am sure, if I say that the 'Voices of the Deep' are as fitting and as judicious a topic for the enforcement of pious thoughts as those I will select from so eminent and distinguished a philosopher and Christian as Sir Robert Boyle." So saying, he went up to the book-cases, and took out one of the five folios of Sir Robert Boyle's works, edition of London, 1744, and commenced examining its contents, as if searching for a passage.

"My dear sir, I am only acquainted with Sir Robert Boyle by his distinguished reputation, and am prepared to venerate all he may have written; nothing trivial can find a place, I am sure, in his works."

"My dear madam, I did not say there was; my remark only was as to the novelty of the idea of making such subjects the peg on which to hang religious reflections. Now let us see if Sir Robert has not something quite as clever as your divines of the present day. What do you say to this?" reading vol. ii., p. 164, "'Upon sitting at ease in a coach that went very fast;' or this: 'Upon the sight of a fine milk-maid singing to her cow;' p. 164; or this: 'Upon drinking out of the brim of one's hat;'

p. 205; or this: 'Upon my Lady R. R.'s fine closet!' p. 216. Shall I read you a passage or two, that you may see how fine ladies of the city and court of London amused themselves a century or two since, and what so grave a gentleman thought of them?"

"If you please," replied Mrs. Smith. The Gentleman in Black read as follows: "'The embellishments that adorn and enoble this delightful place are such, that I believe the possessor of them, as welcome as she is to the best of companies, scarce ever looks upon finer things than she can see in her closet, unless she looks into her glass.'"

"Upon my word!" said Mrs. Smith, "I do believe you are making the book as you go on! Certainly Sir Robert never made such fine compliments as you have put into his mouth."

"Here it is," said the Gentleman in Black, "all in the fairest type," pointing to the page; "but let me read you another passage, which shows his shrewdness and observation, and is a hint which some ladies of the present day would do well to adopt." The Gentleman in Black read on: "'The collection is curious in its kind, and such as, if the mistress of it were less handsome than she is, might give her, as well cause to be jealous of these fine things, as to be proud of them, since a beauty that were but ordinary could but divert a spectator from objects which are not so.'"

"Really," said Mrs. Smith, "if *this* were to be the rule of furnishing our saloons, what would be the style adopted by my especial friends, the Van Tromps! Indeed, I fear Sir Robert would find but few such closets, as he calls them, in our Babylon the Less."

"If, madam, there were but one, that were all your own," replied the Gentleman in Black, in the most amiable manner.

Mrs. Smith looked very sweet upon the Gentleman in Black, who hid his emotion by reading on: "'I can readily believe that Lindenmere (the friend with whom Sir Robert is holding his imaginary conversation), has wit and amorousness to make him find it more easy to defend fair ladies than to defend himself against them.'" The gentleman, pausing, looked into the very depths of the lady's lustrous eyes, which now in their turn fell before the burning glance, and rested on her swelling bosom, in beautiful consciousness of her attractiveness.

"But," said the Gentleman in Black, "here is a meditation which must come home 'to the business and bosoms' of the gastronomers of the great city of Babylon the Less." Turning to page 219, he read: "Upon the Eating of Oysters."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith; "certainly he must be a

real Jacques, who can find 'sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything.'

"It must be confessed," said the Gentleman in Black, in his usual quiet way, "there are few things more palatable than the oysters which Florence serves up in the shell, with the usual condiments of ground cracker, cream and butter."

"Pray what does Sir Robert say of eating oysters? He has opened upon a subject unusually rich."

"Sir Robert, it seems, has a great abhorrence of the eating of oysters raw. He does not think it less barbarous to eat raw flesh than raw oysters, and he would class that most lovely and simple-hearted of all wise men, Isaac Walton, with cannibals; for he, you no doubt will recollect, recommends us, in the eating of oysters, having carefully coaxed them to the opening of their shells, '*to tickle them to death with our teeth!*' But I will read you what Sir Robert says of eating oysters raw: 'This is a practice, not only of the rude vulgar, but of the politest and nicest of persons among us, such as physicians, divines, and even ladies, who scruple not to destroy oysters alive, and kill them, not with their hands or teeth, but with their stomachs! where, for aught we know, they begin to be digested before they make an end of dying!'"

"Ah! here are reflections," exclaimed the Gentleman in Black, (p. 225,) "which promise something attractive: 'Upon the Shop of an ugly painter well stored with pictures of handsome ladies.' Shall I read?"

"Indeed," said the lady, "you have so surprised me that I am doubtful if it be safe for me to hear any more from so very quaint, not to say so queer, a writer. We ladies have suffered so severely in the matter of the oysters, that I am afraid to trust his pencil, lest his portraits of those handsome ladies have more of shadow than light in them."

"My dear madam, I think," casting his eyes down the page, "you may risk a sentence or two, at least;" and so saying, he read on: "'Here is a deceitful shop of beauty——'"

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith; "and is this your promising commencement?"

"Ah, do not be so ready to condemn!—let me proceed;" so he read on: "'where many that come but to wonder, meet with love; and even when they buy not what they like, pay their hearts for it.'"

"Now that is very prettily said for so old a gentleman! Pray go on."

The Gentleman in Black bowed and read on: "'The shop being so well furnished that beauty seems here to have assumed

all the variety of features and complexions she can be dressed in, and so exquisitely to have fitted all gazers with proportionate and attractive objects, that nothing but an absolute incapability of love is here able to protect them from that passion; which not to concede among so many inspiring wonders, were one. If in these faces the originals equal the transcripts; if art have not flattered nature, and attempted more to instruct than to imitate her; and if the painter have not elected rather to have his pieces liked, than like, here are apologies for love, that not only pardons, but proselytes.’”

“Indeed,” said Mrs. Smith, “I forgive the old gentleman for all his discourteousness in the matter of the oysters, and would seal his pardon with a kiss if he were but here.”

Now I must say to my lady readers, it is very provoking for them to say such things of old men and dead men, when living ones are so near them; and so thought the Gentleman in Black.

“And what will you confer on the gentleman who has made you acquainted with so many graceful compliments?”

The lady shook her head, and the Gentleman in Black relieved her of his implied request by reading on: “‘I must add, *that there are more suns than one, whose brightness, even by reflection, can dazzle*; there are princesses more illustrious for the blood that lightens in their cheeks than for that which runs in their veins, and who, like victorious monarchs, can conquer at a distance and captivate by proxy.’”

The Gentleman in Black looked tenderly at the lady, closed the book with a sigh, and replaced it on the shelf.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

The Gentleman in Black gives Mrs. Smith his opinion of the authors in the library—Colloquy upon the doctrine of the Catholic church of the perpetual Virginity of the Virgin—Effect of that opinion upon the Church—Testimony of Cyprian—Manners of the pristine ages of the Church—St. Chrysostom’s nun—The testimony of Erasmus—Of the manners in his times—Thomas Aquinas and his works—Various versions of the Bible—Colloquy in relation to these.

Mrs. SMITH, desirous of relieving the Gentleman in Black of his embarrassment, and wishing to change the current of his



thoughts, requested him to give her the benefit of his opinion of her library, and of the authors it contained.

The Gentleman in Black, after a moment's abstraction, recovered himself, and looking around, said :

"As I have remarked, you have strange contrarieties of men and opinions here ; on this side, the fathers of the church, and on the other, their antagonists. Here are ORIGEN, CYPRIAN, TERTULLIAN, ATHANASIUS, CHRYSOSTOM, JEROME, AUGUSTINE, THEODORET, BASIL, the four GREGORYS, LEO, BENEDICT, and their successors ; and there," pointing to the English divines, "the giants of Protestant theology."

"They present a very respectable outside, certainly," said Mrs. Smith ; "but I am guiltless of any knowledge of what they contain."

"Ah !" said the Gentleman in Black, "they were truly wonderful men ! Here," said he, rasping the toe of his boot against a row of folios, "is one of the great works of the age in which it was written."

Mrs. Smith stooped to read the title on the backs, but it was written in contractions, and in a language not known to the lady ; who, finding her attempt at guessing at the purport of the title unavailable, candidly confessed her ignorance, and requested the Gentleman in Black to tell on what subject they treated.

He replied, smiling, "On a subject which has divided\* the

\* John d'Alva published 48 folio volumes which are here referred to, on the "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary," nor did he exhaust the subject, for D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, speaks of a pious Jesuit who devoted thirty-six years to the completion of a work in seven folio volumes, which he styled "the system of the Virgin," in which he treated of three thousand questions never before considered.—*Curiosities*, London ed. p. 135.

The Franciscans maintained that the Virgin Mary should be excepted under the general declaration that the sin of Adam passed into all mankind. The Dominicans, on the other hand, asserted that as Paul had not excepted her, neither should they. It required all the artifice of the legates, and the authority of the Pope himself, to prevent a schism upon this point. A compromise was finally agreed upon between the parties, to the effect that it should be said, that the synod had no reference to the Virgin Mary in their decree.

In the "Litanies of the blessed Virgin Mary," she is addressed in language which would render it fitting she should be free from human imperfection, and certainly imply it, as follows : "Holy Mary, pray for us, Holy Mother of God, Holy Virgin of virgins, Mother of divine grace, Mother undefiled, Mother untouched, Mother most amiable, Mother most admirable, Mother of our Creator, Mother of our Redeemer, Most prudent Virgin, Venerable Virgin, Renowned Virgin, Powerful Virgin, Merciful Virgin, Faithful Virgin, Mirror of Justice, Seat of Wisdom, Cause of our Joy, Vessel of spirituality, Vessel of honor, Noble vessel of devotion, Mystical rose, Tower of David, Tower of ivory, House of gold, Ark of the Covenant, Gate of Heaven,

Christian world from its earliest ages : 'The Perpetual Virginity of Mary.' "

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that such a subject should afford matter for so many ponderous volumes?"

The Gentleman in Black answered, "There was nothing so fruitful of controversy as questions which are beyond the reach of the human understanding. This is the receptacle of all the learning and argument held by the church on this subject, and on the sublime virtue of virginity in general. Who will say the Jesuits have done nothing for the advancement of learning, after this?"

"To me," replied Mrs. Smith, "it looks like laborious idleness. But you tell me this subject has been deemed one of great interest in the early times of the Christian church?"

"Its rise is not now to be traced, though we know it was as early as the times of Origen; and we first hear of its existence, from its being denied by Helvetius, a disciple of Auxentius, the Arian; and also by Tertullian, Apollonarius, Eunomias, and their followers."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Smith, "perfectly absurd."

"Yes, madam, and however idle and puerile all this may seem to you," replied the Gentleman in Black, "I assure you no dogma has had so great an influence on the conditions of society, or has wrought more important changes on the moral aspects of the world, than this. Unlike most of the dogmas and dreams of the

Morning Star, Health of the Weak, Refuge of sinners, Comfort of the afflicted, Help of Christians, Queen of Angels, Queen of patriarchs, Queen of prophets, Queen of apostles, Queen of martyrs, Queen of confessors, Queen of Virgins, Queen of all saints, pray for us."—*New Englander* for Jan. 1845.

G. de Felice, the able correspondent of the "New York Observer," in a letter to the editors of that paper, dated "Mautauban, August 8, 1847," published in that paper, dated Nov. 13th, 1847, says:

"I have before me a shocking parody of the *Lord's prayer*. The holy and sublime prayer which Jesus Christ taught his disciples,—that prayer which ought to be addressed to God alone—the Jesuits have the effrontery to offer to Mary. This profanation would seem incredible, but that the text of the new Popish prayer has been published in some journals. It is in these terms: 'O Mary, who art in Heaven! O Mary, hallowed be thy name for ever! thy love be in all hearts! thy will be done on earth as in heaven. Give us this day grace and mercy. Forgive us our sins, as we trust in thine inexhaustible goodness; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen!'"

Mr. Cecil has well said, "Man is the creature of extremes. The middle path is generally the wise path, but there are few wise enough to find it. Because the Papists have made too much of some things, the Protestants have made too little of them. The Papists treat man as all sense; and therefore some Protestants would treat him as all spirit. Because one party has exalted the Virgin Mary to a divinity, the other can scarcely think of that *most highly favored among women* with common respect."—*Remains*, p. 221.

early ages, this still holds its place in the veneration and confidence of millions, and is now controlling the destinies of multitudes of men and women who are doomed to a state of being at war with nature and the God of Nature. And yet, to the combined efforts of the giant minds of Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome, the church owes the perpetuity of this dogma, and all the institutions and consequences which have existed and exist, and which have been founded on the glory they have conferred on the rare and difficult and uncalled-for virtue of celibacy."

"And was it a belief of the *pure* and *primitive* ages of the church?" inquired Mrs. Smith.

"What ages of the past can be compared with the present?" replied the Gentleman in Black, in a tone of surprise.

"I speak of the centuries immediately following the days of the Apostles, and which reach to the Council of Nice, including all those great names whose works you have just referred to," answered Mrs. Smith. "May I ask how early this miraculous virtue was attributed to the Virgin Mary?"

"It is not exactly known," replied the Gentleman in Black; "but St. Augustine, whose fame reaches all lands, holds that she was as much a virgin after the birth of Christ as before!"

"But how could such a notion have entered his head?" asked Mrs. Smith, earnestly; "and being there, how could it for a moment be entertained?"

"It *was* entertained," replied the Gentleman in Black, smiling, "There were then, as in later days, men who, like Sir Thomas Browne in his '*Religio Medici*,' complained that 'there were not impossibilities enough in religion for their active faith,' and who heartily adopted the axiom of Tertullian: 'It is certainly true, because it is impossible.'"<sup>\*</sup>

"In order to secure for this dogma the highest possible sanction," continued the Gentleman in Black, "Gregory Nyssen insists that the manner of Christ's entering the world was a tacit disparagement of marriage; and in his oration on Christmas day, adopts a tradition concerning the Virgin Mary, the import of which is to secure her suffrage in support of vowing virginity in very childhood. Joseph, we are told, was pitched upon as the guardian of her innocence; and this story, which was introduced by Gregory as apocryphal, Augustine, a few days later, alludes to as an authentic fact. 'It is clear,' says he in his work '*De Sanctua*

\* "Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* I can answer all objections of Satan and my rebellious reason, with that odd resolution I learned from Tertullian—'*Certum est quicquid impossibile est.*'"—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

*Virginitate,* 'that Mary had previously (that is, before the visit of the angel), devoted herself to God in inviolable chastity; and that she had been espoused to Joseph on this very condition.' All which is affirmed, that Mary might 'furnish an example to holy nuns in all time to come.' The greatest stickler for this doctrine was St. Bernard; and strange as it may appear, this doctrine has recently been raised at Oxford, whose divines seem desirous of reviving in the English mind all the blessedness of the *Calibate*; and we shall soon again hear of devout boys and girls being transformed into '*Terrestrial Angels,*' by passing through the fiery ordeal of celibacy."

"Such a dogma seems to me," said Mrs. Smith, "nothing less than the resuscitation of the horrid Moloch of the ancient Jews in a new form, and must certainly be nothing less than the device of Satan himself."

The Gentleman in Black smiled, and said: "Aristotle tells us never to call up the gods unnecessarily.\* Satan has many things to answer for, of which he was most innocent. To me, all this is satisfactorily accounted for, from misconceptions of some passages of the Scriptures, and an admixture of gnosticism, which held possession of the religious world almost universally,† sustained as the sentiment was, as I have stated, by the giant intellects of the Church; and Cyprian speaks of it in his day as among the 'evangelic and apostolic traditions,' and enforces it, though it had even then begun to work out its legitimate and necessary consequences; for in his Epistles he says: 'Wherefore, it is by no means to be allowed that young women should (*non dico simul dormire*) live with men; but if they have dedicated themselves to CHRIST, let them modestly and chastely, and without subterfuge, hold to their purpose; and thus constant and firm, look for the reward of virginity."

"But I thought," said Mrs. Smith, "that the early times of the Church were, next to those of the Garden of Eden, the paradisiacal days of the world. I have always heard them so spoken of by the Rev. Dr. VERDANT GREEN, and have often regretted that I too had not lived in those days of purity, when men and angels once more renewed their converse on earth."

\* Θανερὸν ὄντι καὶ τὰς λύσεις τῶν μύθων ἐξ αὐτοῦ διὰ τοῦ μύθου συμβαίνειν, καὶ μὴ ἔσσειν ἐν τῇ Μυθία ἀπὸ μηχανῆς.—ARISTOT. POET. 18.

'Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit.'—

HORACE.

† 'It was the seductive gnostic principle which made the conditions of animal life, and the common alliances of man in the social system, the antithesis of divine perfections; and so to be escaped from and denied, by all who panted after the highest excellence.'—TAYLOR.

"Such representations of the early days of Christianity are no doubt very delightful, and it is only to be regretted that they are not true. And yet the description which Paul gives of the church at Corinth was anything but flattering; and such a church, even in Babylon the Less, which had changed the Supper into a bacchanalian feast, would be deemed a disgrace to the age and country. It is common to speak of these ages as the pure ages of the Church; yet I can assure you, and I don't think I'm at all prejudiced in the matter, there has never existed an era when the principles of Christianity have been so well taught and understood as the present."

"In all these matters," said Mrs. Smith, "I have long since become very skeptical; but yet the constant iteration of these assertions have still dwelt upon my mind as acknowledged verities. And it seems strange to me that such corruptions could have been engrafted on an age so recently purified by the fires of persecution."

"So we might have supposed; yet, from the Epistles of Cyprian, it is evident that the ladies of Carthage sought to indemnify themselves for their abjuration of the virtues of domestic life, by becoming proficient in every meretricious allurements; not merely bestowing extraordinary cares and costs upon the attractions of dress and jewelry, and frequenting scenes of indecent revelry, but inviting and allowing the grossest familiarities on the part of their spiritual guides, to whom they had too easy access; and even yielding themselves to shameful exposures in the public baths; of which ablutions the good bishop well and smartly says, '*Such washings do not cleanse, but pollute the body; and not only the body, but the soul.*'\* That such indecencies of the Carthaginian women were not a singular instance of irregularity, may be gathered from the very express and detailed reference to the same practices, made some years earlier by Clement of Alexandria. So much, madam, for the boasted purity of the pristine age of the Church."

"But by what course of instruction," inquired Mrs. Smith, "could Marriage, an institution honored by the presence of Christ, and confirmed by his first miracle, come into disrepute? This is, after all, quite a mystery to me."

"It is by no means difficult to show this as the consequence of the misconceptions I have alluded to; and as a necessary effect following the eloquence and rhetoric devoted to the elevation of the honors of virginity. Let me read you a passage from St. Bernard," said the Gentleman in Black. Taking the volume from the shelf, and opening it at the subjoined passage, he read on as follows:

\* TAYLOR'S Ancient Christianity, p. 118.

“ ‘What is so fair as chastity, which makes of a man an angel? A chaste man and an angel differ as to felicity, but not as to virtue; for, although the purity of the angel be the happier of the two, that of man must be admitted to be the more energetic. It is chastity, and that alone, which in this abode of mortality holds forth the state of immortal glory. This is the glory of a single life, to live the life of an angel, while occupying the body as of a beast.’ He goes on to say: ‘Who then should scruple to call the life of a religious Cœlebs a celestial, an angelic life?—or what will *all* the elect be in the resurrection, when even now ye are as the angels of God who abstain from matrimonial connections? . . . And as to chastity and sanctity, I may call you terrestrial angels, or rather as citizens of heaven, although still pilgrims upon earth.’ And if all this was attractive to men, how must such a passage as the one I will now read you, have thrilled in the souls of young girls, as it came warm with the eloquence of the silver-tongued Chrysostom!” So saying, the Gentleman in Black took from the shelves a ponderous volume, and read to Mrs. Smith, whose face showed the deepest interest in the subject, the following passage:

“ ‘The virgin, when she goes abroad, presents herself as the bright specimen of all philosophy, and strikes all with amazement, as if now an angel had descended from heaven; or just as if one of the cherubim had appeared upon earth, and was turning the eyes of all men upon himself. So should all those who look upon a virgin be thrown into admiration and stupor at the sight of her sanctity. And when she advances, she moves as through a desert; or when she sits at church, it is with the profoundest silence: her eye catches nothing of the objects around her; she sees neither women nor men, but her Spouse only, and He as if apparent and present; and then retiring to her home, there she again communes with Him in prayers, and His voice alone she listens to, in the Scriptures; and of Him there she thinks, whom she desires and loves; and whatever she does, it is as a pilgrim and a stranger, to whom things present are as nothing. Not only does she hide herself from the eyes of men, but avoids the society of secular women also. The body she takes care of only so far as necessity compels her, while she bestows all her regards upon the soul: and who shall not marvel at her? who shall not be in ecstasy, in thus beholding the angelic life embodied in a female form? And who is it that shall dare approach her? who shall venture to touch this flaming spirit? Nay, rather all stand aloof, willing or unwilling. All are fixed in amazement, as if there were before their eyes a mass of incandescent and sparkling gold! Gold hath indeed by nature its

splendor; but when saturate with fire, how admirable, nay, even fearful, is it! And thus, when a soul such as this occupies the body, not only shall the spectacle be wondered at by men, but even angels."

"It is indeed no wonder," said Mrs. Smith, as the Gentleman in Black closed the book, "that such adulation should have filled, in this early age, the minds of ardent girls with zeal for the crown of virginity."

"Not in that age only, but in all ages, my dear madam," replied the Gentleman in Black. "The same passions lie in every breast, and are susceptible of being awakened. Erasmus has, in this volume," taking down the *Colloquies of Erasmus*,\* "given us a most admirable dialogue with a young girl of his day, who has had what Sir Roger L'Estrange has translated 'a phansie to a cloyster,' which has been opposed by her parents, who, after great affliction, consent to it. Erasmus introduces a friend of the family, who dissuades her, and lays before her the snares and dangers of this course of life, and the artifices by which this desire has been created. The young girl who speaks is represented as just seventeen, of singular beauty and endowments. She says: 'It will certainly be my death if I am disappointed.'

"ERASMUS. What was it that first gave rise to such a fatal resolution?

"CATHARINE. When I was a little girl, they carried me into the cloisters, and showed me the whole college; the chapels were so neat, and the gardens so clean, so delicate, and so well-ordered, that I fell in love with them; and then they themselves were so pure and glorious that they looked like angels; so that, in short, which way soever I turned my eye, there were comfort and pleasure: and then I had the prettiest discourses with the nuns! I found two there who had been my playfellows when I was a child. But I have always had a strange passion for that kind of life.

"ERASMUS. I have no quarrel as to the Rules and Orders of Cloisters, though the same thing can never agree with all persons. If I were to speak my opinion, I should think it more suitable to your genius and manners to take a good husband, and set up a college in your own house, where he should be the father of it and you the mother.

"CATHARINE. I'll rather die than quit my resolution of virginity!

"ERASMUS. Nay, 'tis an admirable thing to be a pure maid; but cannot you keep yourself so without running yourself into a prison, never to come out again?

\* London edition of 1699: p. 109.

"CATHARINE. Yes, I may; but 'tis not so safe, though.

"ERASMUS. Much safer, truly, in my judgment, than with these bawling, swilling monks. Let me tell you, there are more veils than virgins; indeed, I never read of any more than one virgin, and she was a mother.

"CATHARINE. I do not understand you. My head runs strangely upon this course of life, though; and my passion for it every day grows stronger and stronger. Now, if this were not inspired into me from above, this disposition, I am persuaded, would have gone off long ago.

"ERASMUS. If it were good, Heaven would have inclined your parents to favor the notion; but the gay things you saw when you were a child; the tittle-tattle of the nuns, and the hankering you have after your old acquaintances; the external pomp of their worship; the importunities of their senseless monks, who only hunt for proselytes that they may cram their own paunches; here's the ground of your affection. They know your father to be frank and bountiful, and this is the way they make fun of their *tipple*; for they either drink with him, or else invite him, and he brings as much wine along with him as ten lusty soakers can swallow. Do nothing, therefore, without your parents' consent, whom God hath set over you as your guardians.

"CATHARINE. But what is a father or a mother in respect of Christ?

"And so," continued the Gentleman in Black, "Catharine persists in her resolution, and goes into the nunnery. In this next colloquy she is again introduced, having been twelve days in the cloister. Erasmus asks her, 'How came your parents to consent at last?'

"CATHARINE. Betwixt the restless solicitations of the monks and nuns, and my own importunities and tears, my mother at last relented, but my father would not be wrought upon. In the end, he was prevailed upon to yield, as a man absolutely oppressed and overcome. The resolution was taken in their cups, and the monks preached no less than damnation to him, if he refused to CHRIST HIS spouse.

"ERASMUS. A pack of flagitious fools! But what then?

"CATHARINE. I was kept close at home for three days, and several of the convent were constantly with me; mightily encouraging me to persist in my holy purpose, and as narrowly watching me, lest any of my friends and kindred should come to me, and make me change my mind. In the interim, my habits were ready, and other necessaries, for the solemnity.

"ERASMUS. And did not your mind misgive you?

"CATHARINE. No, not at all. And yet I had so horrid a fright,



that I had rather die ten times over, than be in that condition again.

"ERASMUS. What might that be? Come, tell me truly: I am your friend.

"CATHARINE. I had a most dreadful apparition!

"ERASMUS. Your Evil Genius, who pushed you forward into disobedience; and in the shape, I suppose, we see it painted, with a crooked beak, long horns, harpy's claws, and a swinging tail?

"CATHARINE. You may laugh, if you will, but I had rather sink to the earth than see the fellow of it!

"ERASMUS. And were your women-solicitoresses with you at the time?

"CATHARINE. No. And I would not so much as open my mouth to them of it, though they sifted me most particularly; for you must know, they found me almost dead with the terror.

"You see," said the Gentleman in Black, "that though Erasmus does not say this was a contrivance of these monks and nuns, he broadly hints it. The dialogue goes on to show Catharine wide awake to the danger in which she was placed, and that at her earnest cries and tears, she was relinquished by the monks, on the payment of four hundred crowns; and concludes by Erasmus saying: 'Oh! these guttling nuptials! but since the money is gone, 'tis well you are yourself safe. Hereafter, hearken to good advice.' Catharine replies, 'So I will; a burnt child dreads the fire.'"

"And is that the writing of Erasmus, the great champion of the Church, and the opponent of Luther?" inquired Mrs. Smith, with surprise.

"Yes, my dear madam: such were the efforts of Erasmus to save the Church from the corruptions introduced into it by these primitive fathers, and which had ripened in his day to a degree of profligacy which admitted of no remedy less searching than the knife, as applied by Luther, though the *caustic*, as applied by himself, must have been deemed by these monks and nuns rather harsh treatment."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Gentleman in Black, with a smile of sincerest satisfaction, passing his fingers over seventeen folio volumes, "here is the angelical doctor! the Emanuel Swedenborg of the Catholic Church!" And taking out a volume, and opening it, he said: "Here is the celebrated '*Summa Totius Theologiæ*,' Paris, 1615, of Thomas Aquinas."

"Why was he called the angelical doctor?" inquired Mrs. Smith.

"From his wonderful revelations. It is said of him, that by

his daily and constant contemplations, to which he was devoted, that he frequently fell into an ecstasy of mind, in which he seemed to all present to be dead, yet in the mean time he gained the knowledge of the most abstruse mysteries; and being returned to himself, he imparted the fruits of this his philosophic death to others, and the results of which he has here recorded.”\*

“Indeed!” said Mrs. Smith; “this is placing his writings on very high grounds, and the fact must have given him great influence in his day; and yet I suppose, if this be so, he must have been a subject of what we now call animal magnetism. You have doubtless heard of such cases, in which sermons have been preached, by ladies even, in a state of similar unconsciousness?”

“Certainly I have; and such cases have often occurred in different countries and at different times. Old Fuller, in his *Worthies*,† tells us of the boy William Withers, who in 1581, when a child of eleven years of age, lay in a trance for ten days without any nourishment, and uttered strange speeches against pride and covetousness and the sins of the day. Pliny‡ also tells of Hermotimus, the Clazomenian, whose soul frequently deserted his body and wandered about the world, and at his return would tell of things performed at a distance which could only be known to those who were present at the places spoken of by him. Johannes Scotus,§ (known to the world as the famous Duns Scotus,) too, had also his trances, and would sit for the space of a day immovable, with his mind and senses wandering from his body. And the fates of these men were as remarkable as their conditions of mind; for Hermotimus was found in one of his trances by his enemies, who burned his body; and Duns Scotus in like manner was found by some unacquainted with his idiosyncrasy, and so buried alive.”||

“This is indeed as disastrous as it is wonderful,” replied Mrs. Smith, “and a warning to which our Mesmerists would do well to take heed. Of what does your angelical doctor tell us in this stout quarto?” asked Mrs. Smith.

“He has here treated,” replied the Gentleman in Black, “upon Love, in one hundred and sixty-eight articles; he has devoted three hundred and fifty-eight articles on Angels, two hundred on

\* Zuing., *Theatr.*, vol. i. l. 3, p. 223. † Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 113.

‡ Pliny, l. 7, ch. lii. p. 184.

§ Sabellic, *Exempl.*, l. 2, ch. vi. p. 89.

|| Lord Bacon says—“There have been such examples, whereof the most recent was that of Johannes Scotus, called the *Subtile*, who being digged up again by his servant (unfortunately absent at his burial, and who knew his Master's manner in such fits) was found buried alive.”—*History of Life and Death*, chapter x, sect. 34.

the Soul, eighty-five on Demons, seventeen on Virginity, and a variety of such topics. In these he speaks of the substance, orders, offices, natures and habits of angels, as if he were himself an old experienced angel; and demonstrates, by a severe chain of reasoning, that angels are incorporeal as compared with man, but corporeal as compared with God. Thomas was the father of the schoolmen, by whom was debated with the utmost gravity, all such questions as these: Whether Christ was not a Hermaphrodite? whether the pious at the resurrection will rise with their bowels? whether the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin Mary in the shape of a serpent, of a dove, of a man, or of a woman? Did he seem to be old or young? In what dress was he? Was his garment of white, or of two colors? Was his linen clean or foul? Did he appear in the morning, noon or evening? What was the color of the Virgin Mary's hair? Was she acquainted with the mechanic or liberal arts? Had she a thorough knowledge of the 'Book of Sentences,' and all it contains? that is, of Peter Lombard's compilation from the works of the Fathers, written twelve hundred years after her death!"\*

"Are you not romancing?" said Mrs. Smith, looking very earnestly into the face of the Gentleman in Black.

"Certainly not; and to show you that the subject was by no means exhausted, here is the celebrated and rare folio, by a Spanish Jesuit, published at Salamanca so late as 1652, entitled 'the EMPYREOLOGIA,' in which are described, with the greatest complacency, the joys of heaven; and which, though strange enough, were surpassed by another Jesuit writer, who gives us yet more particular accounts, and positively assures us that men and women are to enjoy the supremest pleasure in kissing each other in those blessed abodes; where they will bathe in each other's presence, and for this purpose there will be the most agreeable baths, in which the Happy will swim like fishes; that the angels will dress themselves in female habits, their hair curled, wearing petticoats and fardingales, and with the finest linen; that men and women will amuse themselves in masquerades, feasts and balls; women will sing more agreeably than men to heighten those entertainments, and at the resurrection will have more luxuriant tresses, ornamented with ribbons and head-dresses, as in this life."†

"It seems to me," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, "impossible that such things could ever have been written, much less printed."

"To me," replied the Gentleman in Black, "these subjects do not seem quite so absurd as the grave dispute which occupied

\* SHARON TURNER'S Analysis.

† D'ISRAELI.

thousands of acutest schoolmen and logicians for more than a century, and which, after all the debate, was never resolved."

"Pray, may I inquire what was the topic?"

"It was this: when a hog is carried to market, with a rope tied about his neck, which is held at the one end by a man, whether, is the *hog* carried to the market by the *rope* or by the *man*?"\*

"What could have possessed men with such puerilities?" said Mrs. Smith.

"It was the policy of Rome so to exhaust the activity of the human mind in speculations which kept it in full occupation, and left the power of the Papacy unharmed."

"But where was the Bible all this while? It seems to me," said Mrs. Smith, "that such speculations as these could never have grown up under its teachings."

"The Bible!" exclaimed the Gentleman in Black; "oh! that was what the Sir Archy McSycophants of those days would have told you was an 'unparliamentary word.' The Bible was long after lying in the rubbish of the monasteries an unknown book."

"And why was this?"

"It were a long story to tell you the strange fortunes of that book, which has oftentimes seemed all but lost to the world.† Its recent history is better known; and of all its many versions, the most surprising was a Spanish translation by Sebastian Castillon, in which he fancied he could give the world a more classical version, and for this purpose introduced phrases and sentences from profane writers into the text; and not to be outdone by the Spanish version, Pere Burruyer made a version, which he styled the '*Histoire du peuple de Dieu*;' and conceiving the style of the Scriptures to be too barren, he has given us this improved version, of which I will read you a few passages." So saying, the Gentleman in Black took the book down from the shelf, and turning to the life of Joseph, he read, to the astonishment of Mrs. Smith, as follows:

"Joseph combined with a regularity of features and a brilliant complexion, an air of the noblest dignity, all of which rendered him one of the most amiable men in Egypt.' . . . 'The wife of Potiphar at length declared her ardent passion, and pressed him for an answer. It never entered her head that the advances of a woman of her rank could ever be rejected. Joseph at first replied to all her wishes by his cold embarrassments. She would not give him up. In vain he flies from her; she was too passionate to waste the moments of his astonishment'—

"Enough!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, taking the book from the

\* D'ISRAELI.

† See II Chronicles, chap. xxxiv.

hand of the Gentleman in Black, and replacing it on the shelf ;  
 "no more of such 'Elegant Extracts,' if you please."

The Gentleman in Black laughed heartily at the movement.

"Thank Heaven," said Mrs. Smith, "all this is French and Spanish ! The English mind has never been guilty of such absurdities."

"Are you so certain of it?" asked the Gentleman in Black ;  
 "you can never have seen the Bible put into verse by a worthy Scotch divine, who seems to have determined not to be outdone by these worthy predecessors ; for in it occurs the most remarkable of all Alexandrines the world has ever seen."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Smith, "I shall now be surprised at nothing you can tell me ; but what was this Alexandrine?"

"Speaking of the refusal of Pharaoh to release the children of Israel, he says :

"Now Pharaoh, was he not a saucy rascal,  
 Who would not let the children of Israel, and their wives and little ones, with  
 their flocks and their herds, go up to eat the Paschal!"

"I wonder who this man is!" thought Mrs. Smith, strangely mystified by the course which the conversation had taken. Now as the Gentleman in Black was not at all conscious of the state of mind he had created, he went on to say, in a quiet easy tone :

"It may seem surprising to you, my dear madam, that with all these absurdities in existence, and of which he must have been advised, so great a man as the Archbishop Tillotson had formed the design of an expurgated edition of the Bible, so that, had his purpose been completed, we should have had not only a family Shakspeare, but also a family Bible."

"Pardon me, if I presume to say," replied Mrs. Smith, "that I too have thought a family Bible would be desirable, and I believe it has been attempted by Noah Webster, but I have never seen it."

"That, madam, must be a perilous labor which presumes to refine pure gold, or to add perfume to the violet ; the hues of the sky, of the earth and the sea, are adapted to the eye because the same God made them all. And such are the Scriptures to the soul."

"He certainly must be a divine!" thought Mrs. Smith. "Is it then so faultless," asked Mrs. Smith, "that it can't be improved?"

"Certainly not : the text should be inviolable. The arrangement of the books as they now stand is most artificial and unfortunate ; and it is a matter of surprise that this, which is the work of man, should still be retained, and that the labors of Lightfoot and Townsend find so few to appreciate them."

"May I ask of what you speak? I have heard of neither."

"I refer," replied the Gentleman in Black, "to the '*arrangement of the Scriptures in their chronological order.*' The books of the Bible were written, you know, at different periods, and the lyrics were penned at critical conjunctures of the history of the Jews, by David and Asaph and others; the prophets were prophesying, and some of them at the same time in Babylon and at Jerusalem; now there is a thread of history in the historical books, upon which all these are susceptible of being strung, and which holds all together in their proper places; and this arrangement makes connected and plain what is now, for want of it, obscure to all but the few by whom all these conditions of the two nations of Judah and Israel have been mastered, and the times of these lyrics and prophecies understood. To arrange these several distinct books, songs and prophecies, has been the work of years of toil, and has been recently perfected by George Townsend, whose Bible has been reprinted in this country, but as yet is known to but few of the many who value the Bible as the best of Books."

"This gentleman," thought Mrs. Smith, "*must be* a minister; but of what sect? I will certainly contrive to make him show his hand."

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## CHAPTER V.

In which Mrs. Smith describes the "Virtuous Indignation Society" of Babylon the Less—Mrs. Tripp's account of Mrs. Van Dam's proposed reunion with her husband—The Gentleman in Black shows the sad consequences, should the example of Zaccheus be adopted by the people of Babylon—Cites the probable effects in "Change Alley," and in the circles of Mrs. Smith's fashionable friends—Mrs. Smith makes a discovery as to the pursuits of the Gentleman in Black, who claims the paternity of Fourierism.

THE Gentleman in Black, having replaced the volume on the shelf of the library, stood, for a moment, ranging his eye along the shelves; when, as if a thought had presented itself, he turned towards Mrs. Smith, who was herself occupied with the design she had formed, how best to direct the conversation to discover who her guest was; and after a slight embarrassment, in which

both seemed to participate, as if their thoughts had been, perhaps, discovered, he politely led the lady to her seat, and resumed his own.

The Gentleman in Black once more filled the goblets, one of which he manipulated as before, and handing it to Mrs. Smith, bowed, as if expecting her to drink her glass with him; this, however, she quietly declined; but the Gentleman in Black, saying his drinking the wine of his own goblet would depend on her pledging him, she bowed acquiescence, and reached to take the glass, which, by some inconceivable carelessness on her part, she again upset.

"There seems some fatality in all this," said Mrs. Smith; "and although I have no pledge to violate, my nerves seem determined to play me false to-night."

"It is, indeed, very strange," replied the Gentleman in Black, looking suspiciously around the room. "Allow me the pleasure of refilling your goblet."

"Oh, no! I will not tempt my fate farther!" said Mrs. Smith, with one of her sweet smiles.

The Gentleman in Black was evidently disconcerted; but after drinking the wine in his own goblet, he renewed the conversation by inquiring, "If the author of the volume of sermons which was lying before him, on the table, was the parsonic-looking gentleman who seemed so devout, and devoted to the highly-dressed lady in the black velvet dress, so richly endowed with diamonds?"

"No, indeed! You have hit upon a very different character, I assure you. That was the Rev. Dr. Verdant Green, a distinguished divine among us, who is considered most eminently *Rubrical*."

"However that may be," replied the Gentleman in Black, with a smile, "I think there's no question of his being very *rubicund*."

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith, with a gay laugh, "that is unquestionable; and can you tell me how it is that *rubricity* and *rubicundity* should be so inseparable?"

"It is very certain they are," replied the Gentleman in Black; "and I presume it arises from the universality of the rule, that those who prescribe fasts to others, in order to preserve that due equilibrium which is a law of Nature, replenish their own stomachs while they keep others empty, so that the average is thus preserved. May I ask, who was the lady?"

"Is it possible that you don't know Mrs. Van Dam? She would be greatly offended to suppose it possible that *she* was unknown by any one of my guests! Mrs. Van Dam is, as you must have seen, a very distinguished personage, who aspires, not

only to High Church in religion, but high rank in society. Indeed, she has been for the last three weeks, so my dear Mrs. Tripp assured me, going the rounds of her cliques, expressing her doubts and anxieties whether it would do to accept the invitation to my party; and has thus canvassed the upper circles pretty extensively, and excited the several VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION SOCIETIES no little, by her earnest questionings with those disposed to accept, and the earnest expression of her fears to those who had accepted; so that there was, for a while, much dubiety with them, whether nine out of every ten invited, would accept or decline; but finding the Worths, and the Schuylers, and other independent members, were not to be intimidated, and that the current was setting in my favor, she relinquished the effort, and making a virtue of necessity, conferred upon me the distinguished honor of her own acceptance, securing for me, at the same time, the light of the countenance of the Rev. Dr. Verdant Green, whom the wicked world calls her shadow."

"VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION SOCIETIES! I am acquainted with very many societies, but I have never before heard of these."

"Is it possible! I assure you these societies are very numerous among us," replied Mrs. Smith, "and exist, not only in our cities, but in all our towns and villages. They consist of those alarmingly proper persons who deem themselves the conservators of public morals, and guardians of the public peace. They meet twice a week, or oftener, and *two* are deemed a *quorum* for the transaction of the business of the society: their meetings are held usually at each other's houses, but may be held at the opera-house, or the church, or indeed wherever and whenever the opportunity shall present itself. They do not always take this distinctive appellation, but sometimes are known as '*The Select Sewing Circle*,' or '*Our Set*,' or some such cognomen; but by whatever title they are known, they become the most formidable of all inquisitors, each of whom, like the celebrated Council of Ten, have their Lion's-Mouth always open to receive all manner of missives and rumors, to the injury of their own peculiar and dear five hundred friends."

"May I ask how they carry their mandates into effect?" inquired the Gentleman in Black.

"Oh! unhappily, this is no difficult task, inasmuch as they are banded together to carry into effect their dreaded determinations. Of the most active and efficient of these in our city, none can exceed my own special and dear friend Mrs. Tripp, whose sagacity and satire can never be over-tasked in this labor of love, and whose zeal sometimes, finding itself unsupplied with the necessary victims to be broken on the wheel of the Virtuous



Indignation Society, has often, with unsurpassed skill, managed to use up the several members constituting the venerable Council of Ten themselves, of whom Mrs. Van Dam has assumed the Dogess-ship; placing them, like another Phalaris,\* in the Brazen Bull they have created for others, and blowing up the flames with her own mouth; so that she has become quite a formidable personage, and has fairly succeeded, from their very dread of her, in obtaining her position in the first circles of Babylon the Less, and which few dare question; and it is only once in a while that the Van Tromps and Van Dams venture to leave her and her fair daughters at home, as in the instance of Katrine Van Tromp's fancy dress-ball.

"Now, the labors of the several Virtuous Indignation Societies were especially directed to prevent Col. Worth and his lady and lovely daughter from accepting my invitations; and their prompt and polite acceptance was of the first importance to me; and their presence to-night did me infinite service."

"May I ask if the young lady whose graceful contour and beautiful bust made her 'the observed of all observers,' and to whom De Lisle seemed so willing to attach himself, is the heiress of the Worths of whom you speak?"

"Yes, De Lisle seemed to me attracted by her beauty. He is eminently talented, and is so sought for by the Van Dams and Van Tromps, and all of that set, that it was quite a triumph for me to have secured him. What did you think of Grace Worth? How did she impress you?"

"I assure you, my dear madam, I was every way prepossessed in her favor, by the modesty, almost timidity, of her demeanor; so entirely free from all art and mannerism; her face, too, has that sweet aspect of simplicity which is the surest index of purity of heart, and which no art can create; and yet her bearing had in it an air of reserve that would have been *hauteur*, were it not for the unaffected purity and sweetness of her countenance."

"It is true, she is deemed, I believe, somewhat reserved; but to me she has this evening shown the most perfect and even affectionate kindness, and made every effort to relieve me from the embarrassments by which I was surrounded; and all this, I

\* Perillus, the Athenian, cast a brazen bull for Phalaris, the tyrant of Sicily, with such cunning that the offenders put into it, feeling the heat of the fire under it, seemed not to cry with a human voice, but to *roar like a bull!* When he came to demand a recompense for his pains, by order of the tyrant, he was put into it, to show proof of his own invention.

"Perillus, roasted in the bull he made,  
Gave the first proof of his own cruel trade."

OVID, *SABELL. EXCEP.*, l. 10, ch. 4.

am sure, was in her the natural expression of sympathy—the most precious and acceptable. To the Colonel and his excellent lady I am under infinite obligations for their kind attentions to me at the moment when they were most needed. Indeed, I don't believe I could have preserved my self-possession, but for these manifestations of kindness and sympathy."

"And do you so soon forget those of Mr. De Lisle?" said the Gentleman in Black, with a smile.

"Oh no! and if I could, I would confer on him the highest reward, and which I am sure he would deem such, by securing for him the preference Grace Worth has unconsciously to herself won from him."

"You know them intimately, then? I thought they were unknown to you before this evening, except as members of the upper circles of this city."

"And so they all were."

"Indeed! And how do you gain all this insight into secrets, which are usually kept so close, of persons seen this evening for the first time?"

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Smith, with earnestness, and a glance which made the Gentleman in Black tremble with emotion, "there are beams of light which reveal the recesses of the soul, and such a glance I saw flashing in De Lisle's face from the depths of his heart, and of which I am sure he was himself as unconscious as I know the beautiful girl must have been upon whom it was bestowed."

"Pardon me, madam, if I inquire how you can be so certain of this, and how it was that you only should happen to see it? These very modest, lovely girls have wonderful tact in not seeming to see what, after all, they have most perfectly observed."

"It was a glance," replied Mrs. Smith, "from Mr. De Lisle, as he stood behind Miss Worth, whom he led up toward me, and was excited doubtless by his admiration of her affectionate kindness, as she approached me with a smile of sympathy in my misfortunes caused by the shower of spermaceti from those vile candles, and of which Grace had a full sprinkling upon her beautiful shoulders. I told her 'there was no one but herself who could receive such a powdering without a contrast invidious to their skins.' A poor compliment, I confess, but which she received with the most cheerful air of satisfaction, as if she was willing that anything should be a full compensation of her share of the general calamity."

"The reverend Doctor Verdant Green did not bear his share of powder with the same equanimity," the Gentleman in Black replied, smiling significantly.

"So it seemed; and I thought Mrs. Van Dam was more distressed at the small stream down the back of his coat, than at the cup-full she so justly received upon her own rich dress."

"I was just at his elbow when the reverend Doctor received his effusion, and though it was not unlike the holy oil poured on the beard of Aaron, in running down in an unbroken stream to the hems of the garment, it was far from being as *graciously* as it was *warmly* received. His ill-suppressed vexation," continued the Gentleman in Black, "was very amusing. I knew he must be a clergyman of some sort, and thought he might be a Catholic priest."

"Indeed?—why so?"

"It is not always easy to give a reason for our impressions, but from the cut of his coat, which is, you know, single-breasted, buttoned high to the neck; the peculiarity of his white stock; the transparent ruby redness of his cheeks, and of the skin behind his ears, and a certain rotundity which marks such men, assured me he was of a class who deal in dogmas and good dinners. And then he evidently took me for a gentleman of the cloth, and addressed me in that conventional form and phrase which are customary among these men; a certain pastoral and patronizing manner, which is very taking with some folks."

"May I ask if the Doctor is a member of the society you have just described?" inquired the Gentleman in Black.

"The Virtuous Indignation Society? No; this is *exclusively a Ladies' Society*, and certain gentlemen only are admitted as *honorary members*. There was quite a contest, I am told, by Mrs. Tripp, as to the propriety of his admission; and in speaking of this contest, Mrs. Tripp gave me a somewhat amusing account of a transaction in which the Doctor was to have acted a conspicuous part, and which was related in her best style."

"Do let me have the pleasure of hearing it!"

"It has no immediate relation to his election; but was told me by Mrs. Tripp, during her first call, when, as I have told you, she did me the kindness to tell me of the efforts Mrs. Van Dam had made to exclude me from the circles of the 'upper ten thousand' of Babylon the Less."

"I shall be exceedingly gratified by a specimen of this lady's talents."

"I wish it were possible for me to give it to you with all her significant looks and intonations of voice; but these are inimitable."

"I will attempt to realize them; so pray begin."

Mrs. Smith, smiling, with a lively tone and manner, commenced the narration as requested.

"Mrs. Van Dam, so says Mrs. Tripp, was sought and won

when a young girl, by General Van Dam, the only child of an old Dutch merchant, who was most pugnaciously attached to the Reformed Dutch Church, of which he was an elder, and to the High Dutch language, by which he had been initiated into its doctrines, so that though living so many years in Babylon, he never attained any more of our language than enabled him to transact the business of his commercial house. And when his only son and heir communicated to his father his wish to marry, the old merchant gave his consent only on condition of the ceremony being performed by his pastor in Low Dutch, with which the General was familiar from childhood, but of which the young lady was totally ignorant. She, however, made no objection; the wealth of the father was great and she was poor, and a husband was not to be declined on such conditions, which, though they seem strange enough, were at that time to her a matter of perfect indifference. So the ceremony took place in accordance with the father's wishes.

"During his lifetime, they resided in the lower part of the city, but as soon after as was convenient they removed to their present beautiful residence up town; and finding the aristocracy were mostly associated with *the Church*, she at length succeeded in persuading her husband that it was too far to attend the old Dutch Church, and he reluctantly consented that she should come under the pastoral care and guidance of the Rev. Dr. Verdant Green, Rector of one of the most numerously attended churches of the city. Here she became indoctrinated into all the claims of 'The Church,' and the peculiar dignity and sanctity of its rites. For the first time in her life she felt an inquietude as to the validity of her marriage, though the presence of four sons and five daughters, all in due course of time, one would have supposed would have left her in no doubt that the relations of married life had been fairly and fully established: still her conscience became very tender under the dreadful consciousness that she had never been married in accordance with the claims of 'The Church:' and this state of mind was greatly increased by so often hearing from certain very devout ladies, who were ignorant of her early life, that in *their* opinion all persons, in the condition in which she found herself, were living in a dreadful state of open sin. Not that the Doctor taught this so palpably, though she felt that this was a fair and necessary deduction of the doctrines she frequently heard from him. What could she do? She feared to lose the good opinion of these pious ladies, and almost as a necessary result, she became more and more devout, hoping to compensate for her sin by the increased strictness of her conformity to 'The Church,' so that she became quite a saint, and well fitted for the Dogess-

ship of the Virtuous Indignation Society, which by common consent was assigned to her.

"In her dressing-room, which opened into her chamber, and which she styled her oratory, there stood a large mahogany wardrobe, so it seemed to the General, who was never permitted to more than look in at the door, as it was casually opened; and so jealous had the lady become of even these glimpses, that unconsciously to himself there arose in the mind of the General a wish to see more of this *sanctum* of his wife. Not that he had any jealousy in all this, for the room only opened into the chamber; but we naturally wish to pry into that from which we are sedulously shut out."

"I did not know," said the Gentleman in Black, "that this extended to gentlemen."

"I believe it is an infirmity of our natures, not restricted to our sex," replied Mrs. Smith, and with great vivacity of manner she continued:

"It chanced one day that an alarm of fire was given in the house, just at the hour observed by Mrs. Van Dam for her devotions. Of course it reached the lady, who flew down stairs, leaving her oratory and chamber doors open. The General was the first to return to the chamber, and seeing the oratory door open, walked in: what was his surprise to find the wardrobe with its doors wide open, presenting to him, not a string of dresses, but a sort of altar-piece! On a marble bracket was a beautiful crucifix with an ivory Saviour; behind this, a picture of the Madonna, with her burning and bleeding heart, and its piercing thorns, and on the sides were pictures of some seraphic saints with their skulls and cross-bones; and from a shelf on which lay her prayer-book—there was a beautiful curtain hanging, on which was embroidered, in gold, a small fish. The General gazed on all this in astonishment.

"Can you tell me, my dear sir, what this fish has to do with an oratory? I asked Mrs. Tripp to explain it, and she was at fault, though she said, 'I might depend upon it it was really so, and she thought it might be some sort of a symbol, and for the same purpose as the great cod-fish in the Hall of the Representatives of her native state;\* but when I asked, 'what this purpose was, and whether the people of her state really worshipped a cod-fish,' she confessed 'she could not tell, only she had seen the one with her own eyes, and had every reason to believe it was really so, in Mrs. Van Dam's oratory.' Now before I go on, will you do

\* A cod-fish, as large as life, hangs from the ceiling of the Hall of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts.

me the favor to tell me if it be indeed a symbol, and if so, of what? for I confess this is the only thing in Mrs. Tripp's story which struck me as improbable."

"I believe it is derived from the fact, that in the Greek name for fish (Ichthus) the words I. H. S. occur, and the fish indicates the same idea as the I. H. S., which is the more common symbol of **JESUS HOMINIS SALVATOR.**"

"I'm very much obliged to you; and yet what a strange symbol a fish is, to indicate that **JESUS CHRIST** is the Saviour of men!"

"Certainly it is; but won't you proceed? I am quite interested to hear how all this ended."

"The pious lady," continued Mrs. Smith, smiling very kindly, "having finished her scolding of the servants, whose carelessness in setting on fire a horse-full of clothing had caused the alarm, bethought herself of her prayers, and that her oratory door was open; so she flew up stairs in breathless haste, and there found the General in a state of amazement gazing into her *sanctum sanctorum*. His first question was sternly to inquire, 'Have you, madam, become a Roman Catholic?' 'Oh, dear husband, no—no, indeed!' 'What do all these things mean, then?' 'Mean, dearest? they are only helps to my devotions. I assure you I'm no Romanist; see, here is the only prayer-book I ever use, and I desire no other.'"

"The General was satisfied only when he had read on the title-page in large type, 'The Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of the *Protestant* Episcopal Church in the United States.' It was fortunate that it lay open on the reading-shelf; and the well-thumbed leaves and the worn velvet cushion on which she knelt were witnesses for her truth; so that, from a feeling of painful surprise, the General's mind now looked upon all this secrecy and seclusion as something very amusing; and his merry face encouraged his lady to speak the secret of her soul, and to beg him to save her from the condemnation of her own conscience, and to consent to have the marriage rite duly performed by the Rev. Dr. Verdant Green. The General mused awhile, with some very funny thoughts in his head, and then taking his wife by the shoulders, he turned her round and round, all the while scanning her with a very smiling aspect: 'Really,' said he, 'I am exceedingly surprised at your proposal: but let us see once more how you look. Yes, you are still a fine-looking lady; please open your mouth; yes, your teeth are sound; your skin is still fair, and your eyes bright; and I doubt,' said he, musing a moment, 'if I could do better. But, my dear, how few men there are in Babylon who would marry their wives after having

had them for twenty years ! But after all, I think I will ; I don't believe I could better myself.'

"So saying, he kissed Mrs. Van Dam very earnestly and tenderly. The lady was delighted"——

"At being so warmly caressed?" inquired the Gentleman in Black, smiling.

"If you interrupt me," said Mrs. Smith, "I won't proceed."

"I pray you to pardon me. I won't offend again."

"On this condition only will I end this story. The General promised to marry her again, and kissing her, took his leave of her. Mrs. Van Dam went immediately round to her pious friends, and with tears of joy, told them of her happiness, and invited them to come that very evening to her house to witness the solemn service. These visits, and giving the necessary orders for suitable entertainment, occupied her fully during the day. About eight o'clock in the evening, the General and his sons returned home, and found in the saloons quite a party of his wife's most select friends. They all seemed more than usually glad to see the General ; and the ladies especially gave him more than their accustomed warmth of pressure, while their eyes beamed upon him with looks of tenderness and love. The General noticed this, and also that when it was over, the party seemed to relax into a sobriety of manner and whispering in their conversation, which in a short time made him feel as if this was more like a Quaker meeting than a fashionable party. Nor was this feeling lessened when he saw the velvet-covered and golden-clasped prayer-book of his wife lying on a small table, on which was a magnificent lamp, whose light made it a most conspicuous object of observation. There was evidently the hush of expectation ; but where were his wife and daughters ? They seemed all to have disappeared. Finding himself somewhat mystified, he whispered to a sweet, witching widow, with whom he loved to jest, as married men do—though I think it's very wrong," said Mrs. Smith, trying to look severe ; "so giving her a gentle pressure on her shoulder, he asked, 'What has become of my wife ?' The young widow in an instant rose, and led him into the entry, and said, with the most speaking eyes, 'Do you want to see her very much ? Oh ! she's so lovely to-night ! Ah ! you are a happy man ; such a wife as you will get ! If I could make an exchange now, how tempted I should be !' 'My dear lady,' said the General, 'pray be serious for this once, and tell me where are my lady-folks ?' 'Oh, you are so impatient !' was the widow's reply ; 'I'm sure you are not wont to be so ; but I forgive you for this once. Dr. Verdant Green has not yet come ; and you know there's no time lost.' What did the widow

mean!—who could tell? She would not, but with a gay laugh, led him up the stairs, into his own bed-chamber, and opening the door, exclaimed, 'Here, dear Mrs. Van Dam, is the most impatient of all grooms I've seen for these seven years!'

"The room was dazzling with light; Mrs. Van Dam, most magnificently dressed in white satin and lace; her diamonds shone from a coronet which encircled her brow, and from the back of her hair, which is, you know, still very rich and luxuriant, there depended a lace veil of great beauty. Altogether, she must have been worth seeing; and as if such a vision was not in itself sufficiently brilliant, there stood her daughters, all radiant in Swiss muslin dresses, with camilla japonicas in their hair, and the simplicity of their adornments beautifully contrasted and heightened the effect of their dear mamma's.

"The effect upon the General was certainly very astounding. His wife came forward and kissed him most tenderly: 'Dear General,' she said, 'what has kept you so long? I feared you would be late.' To all which the General replied, in a voice which was not half so sweet as the lady's, though it was distinctly heard by several who sat near the doors of the saloons below stairs: '*Donder and blixum!* (his favorite phrase,) what does all this mean?' 'Heavens!' exclaimed his wife, 'do you ask me what all this means! Did you not promise to marry me this very morning?' 'Yes, indeed; I remember I made some such rash promise; but did you invite these people here to witness the ceremony?' 'Certainly, I did; and I am gratified to say, they are delighted and edified by your conduct.' 'And who is to be the priest?' 'Who! Dr. Verdant Green: who else should I think of having?' 'And has Dr. Verdant Green counselled this reünion?' 'No,' said Mrs. Van Dam; 'my friends thought he had better be as surprised as we are sure he will be delighted.'

"The General having surveyed all the embarrassments with which his wife had so sedulously and ingeniously surrounded him, now began to look around with an air not so savage as he had worn, and seeing his daughters all so beautifully dressed, he asked them, 'What part they were to play in the tragedy to be performed?' They replied, very sweetly and innocently, '*That they were to be mother's bride's-maids!*' This was too much for the General, who now relieved himself with a burst of laughter, long and loud, which fairly shook the house. His wife, terrified beyond measure, asked him, in a tone of agony, 'Did you not this very morning promise to marry me?' 'My dear wife,' he replied, 'I did; though I am still surprised at your venturing upon such a request; but I did not think you would wish me to do



so in the presence of others.' 'But why not?' asked Mrs. Van Dam, in the utmost terror, foreboding, after all, a refusal of her heart's desire. 'Why not? because,' replied the General, in a tone of asperity, notwithstanding all his previous mirth, '*if you are willing to pass an Act of Bastardy upon my children, I am not!*' The poor lady all but swooned. She saw in an instant that this was a new view of matters, which had never occurred to her. The General returned to the saloons, and pleaded an engagement to the party, and left the house. The young widow told them the scene above stairs, with the utmost particularity. Poor Mrs. Van Dam had not strength to return to her friends, but awaited the coming of the Rev. Dr. Verdant Green, to whom she told her griefs. The party, in the mean time, thought it best to retire, asking no questions as to the cause of the failure of the marriage ceremony, from which they had hoped so much by way of an example to others; and as most of these ladies were members of the *Virtuous Indignation Society*, all these particulars were naturally told to Mrs. Tripp, my very agreeable informant, who closed her narration by saying, with her significant look and smile, 'The Doctor found some soothing emollient for her tender conscience, and so has reconciled her to continue as the General's wife.'"

"And is Mrs. Tripp a member of *the church*?" inquired the Gentleman in Black.

"Not a member of 'the church,' but yet a most active and zealous member of the Moriah Church, to which she is most exclusively devoted."

"And what church is this?"

"And are you so little acquainted with our city as not to know? I thought you were well acquainted in our city."

"The truth is, my dear madam, I have but just returned, after an absence of some six years, and your churches spring up in such variety of sects, and so like mushrooms, that of the peculiarity of the church you speak of, I am ignorant. What is the creed of this church?"

"Oh, that is indeed the peculiarity of the Moriah Church, that they have no creed."

"No creed!"

"No! their religion is not one of faith, but of negations; and Mrs. Tripp can better tell you what she does not believe, than what she does. Religion, by these people, is stripped of all its mysteries. It is submitted to an exhausting process, by which it is reduced to its lowest term. They affirm that the writers of the New Testament were not, properly speaking, inspired, nor

infallible guides in divine matters ; that Jesus Christ did not die for our sins, nor is the proper object of worship, nor even impeccable ; that there is not any provision made in the sanctification of the Spirit for the aid of spiritual maladies ; that there is no intercessor at the right hand of God ; that Christ is not present with his saints, nor his saints, when they quit the body, present with the Lord ; that man is not composed of a material and an immaterial principle, but consists of merely organized matter, which is totally dissolved at death.”\*

“ And do they call themselves *Christians* ? ”

“ To be sure they do ! and I am told Mrs. Tripp’s malice against the venerable Council of Ten is more provoked by their denial that she is a Christian, than by any slights that they have put upon her. Indeed, she has ever manifested the greatest anxiety to win the suffrages of orthodox Christians on this very point ; and in this way she shows most clearly the misgivings of her own soul in the soundness and safety of her religious opinions.”

“ Is it not strange ? What need Mrs. Tripp care for the opinions of others ? ”

“ Not to me strange. There are not many who are certain that they hold just the right form of faith ; and of those who are certain of their faith, there are but few who have not moments of fear as to their practice. Indeed, what is more common than to hear, every Sunday morning, people whose conduct during the week has been distinguished by some ‘ fair business transaction,’ making the most humble confession of being ‘ miserable offenders ;’ and yet I never heard or read of but one *Zaccheus* ! ”

“ *Zaccheus* is indeed an original ! but, my dear madam, you certainly would not wish every one to follow his example ? ”

“ Certainly, I would ! ”

“ And make restitution of all the wrongs they had done the week before ? ”

“ Yes ; and why not ? ”

“ For the most obvious reason in the world. It would set every body by the ears, and derange the whole machinery of society.”

“ I don’t see how this could be.”

“ Let me explain. Now we will suppose that on some bright star-lit night, a flaming sword were to be seen gleaming in the skies over the city of Babylon the Less ; and while the fearful portent was filling all hearts with dread, some *Hydrarchos-Silkimani*, or some such huge monster of the deep, should be seen coming up the bay, and were to vomit upon the Battery another

Jonah, who should cry, 'Wo! wo! to the inhabitants of Babylon! Yet forty days, and Babylon shall be overthrown!'—and were to call upon the people to make restitution of all the frauds and falsehoods, not of their whole lives, but of the forty days previous? Do you not see the evils which would result?"

"No, I do not."

"Then, madam, have a little patience with me, and I will show you a few examples, which would doubtless be but a specimen of all the others. It would be impossible to describe the scenes which any real effort made by the people of Babylon to make restitution, would give rise to. The hopelessness of the quack to restore to his numerous patrons the money paid for the 'Pills of Life,' 'Panaceas,' and 'Catholicons,' all which, he well knew, possessed in themselves none of the virtues ascribed to them, would be but a type of thousands of the vendors of this city. But let us suppose a scene in Change Alley.

"The last week of the forty days has now come. In the mean time, it may be supposed, many would rely on the 'Reports of the Learned Societies,' (and which would doubtless be just such as would best quiet the anxieties of the people, and best please those who had no wish to disgorge their gains,) while the timorous had long been at work squaring up their accounts. Families long separated had become reconciled; unions which had been postponed too long, would be solemnized, and the churches would be well filled about those days; but in the higher ranks, where these restitutions would become notorieties, and whose members would be ashamed to follow the example of the vulgar, there would be no one to break ground in this strange work; and of all the places, we may well believe, which would show signs of restitution, Change Alley would be the last. But doubtless there would be strange perplexities in *'the street,'* as they saw this strange hairy Prophet, and heard him exclaim in their ears, 'Wo! wo!' and denounce them as they were once before denounced, when turned out of the Temple.

"And the last week has come. The Honorable Board meets; the fancies are flat; state stocks sinking below the sales of the day before; and city stocks dead on the hands of holders. No business is done, and there they sit in silence. Those who, twenty days before, were loudest in saying 'The old prophet was a humbug!'—'the sword in the sky is only the tail of a comet!' would now be heard to whisper their hopes that it would be so. At length the words of Satan would be found to be true: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life;' and a Jacob or a Joseph would rise and say, 'I am ready to make restitution of all my moneyed transactions, within the last forty days.' We may sup-

pose the dismay which would follow, and the sad, silent, and slow movements of the several members as they rose to make a like avowal; but then how to ascertain the true amounts to be exchanged or paid over! The difficulties in the way of making an equation and settlement of their several *cornerings* and *hammerings* of stock would be found insurmountable, and on the last of the forty days they would sit like poor culprits under the gallows, awaiting the fatal drop which was to land them in a future state.

"I will give you a scene which might very likely take place among these very friends of yours. Mrs. Tripp, finding the Board of Brokers giving way to the panic, will have doubtless recalled to her mind some shrewd and palpable hit which she has placed upon the tender reputation of Mrs. Van Tromp and her daughters. She sets out upon the painful pilgrimage of restitution; and first she goes to Mrs. Van Tromp's. She need not feign any grief; that, in such a case, would be natural enough, and it may be Mrs. Van Tromp had the same design of acknowledging her sins against Mrs. Tripp. They meet, and in tears embrace each other, each anxious to save her life by a full confession.

"My dear Mrs. Van Tromp, I am pained to confess I have sinned against you, by speaking of you in a way which I now see to be very wrong indeed.' 'Dear Mrs. Tripp, don't say this to me; it is I who must come to you with such sad disclosures.' 'But I must be permitted to tell you. I have said, indeed I have, many things I wish I had not; and so, to begin, I have said that you wore false hair.' 'And I do, and so do you; go on;' 'and false teeth;' 'that's false.' 'And hearing of Jack Musard's attentions to Katrine, I hinted to him that he had better wait a while and her form would be improved.' 'You did, indeed!' 'Yes, indeed I did, and I come to make restitution to you first of all.' 'Well, madam, I too have a small matter of the sort to settle with you, and I too must confess I have not been much behind with you, though I never could have believed it possible that even your malice could have reached such a height as this.' 'Pray what have you done to me?' 'It is, indeed, but a trifle in the comparison—a mere nothing; but I too must make you restitution, and here it is. You know Mr. Winterbottom has had some little liking for your divine Adela, which you have fostered as best you could, and with some hopes of success. Now, to save him from such a fate as a union with your daughter, I have told him in all the confidence of friendship, within the last forty days, that the recent attack of erysipelas which you know kept her to her room for a fortnight, was nothing more nor less than scrofula.'

"Now, dear Mrs. Smith, what would be the result of such a course of restitution? Why these ladies would in all probability, after mutual recriminations, fly at each other's faces, despoil each other of their caps and hair, true or false, and as in the night when the first-born of Egypt were slain, 'there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead,' so it would be told, 'there was not a house in Babylon, where there was not one or more such conflicts, with all their attendant cries and shrieks.' No, dear Mrs. Smith, don't think restitution as among the things desirable, if it were possible."

"You have indeed shown it a work of greater difficulty and hazard than I had conceived it could be. Alas! I have been born into this world, some centuries too soon. I do hope the time will yet come when all the dreams of poets and prophets will be realized, and when sin and slavery will be remembered no more forever."

"And do you deem sin and slavery to be so closely linked together?"

"Yes, to me they seem inseparable; and I never read of the acknowledgments made by slaveholders of its 'being a social, political and moral evil,'\* without a feeling that by such confessions they are 'laying a flattering unction to their souls,' and like so many of our Christians in Babylon, deem themselves absolved from their sins, because they have made a penitent and full confession of their magnitude."

"Are you not too severe upon these holders of slaves? They were born to their inheritance, and it is a matter of self-preservation to retain their relations to them *intact*. I have thought they made some mistake in their methods and management, and feel assured I could make them many valuable suggestions, arising from my own experience."

"Is it possible that I have been talking to a slave-holder, and all this while took you for a clergyman of some sort?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, in a tone of painful astonishment.

The Gentleman in Black seemed somewhat staggered at the earnestness of the lady's exclamation, but soon recovered his self-possession, and with an air of extreme frankness, and a smile which greatly prepossessed Mrs. Smith in favor of any apology he had to make for himself, he commenced:

"I assure you, my dear madam, such is the course of treatment to which my slaves are subjected, so paternal are the relations which subsist between us, that my enemies have sometimes had the candor to call them 'my children,' and to speak of me 'as

\* Speech of Mr. Rives in the Senate of the United States.

their father.' And can that service be called servitude which is freely rendered and delighted in?"

"And do your slaves never run away?" inquired Mrs. Smith, earnestly.

The Gentleman in Black was again for an instant embarrassed by the directness of her inquiry, but with an amused smile, replied:

"The truth is, my dear madam, I do have now and then a slave who pines for his native home, and who seeks his liberty; and in all such cases, if I cannot make my service agreeable to him, I let him go where he pleases. What can be more fair than this? No abolitionist could ask for more."

"Nothing, surely," replied Mrs. Smith; "but what are the means you adopt to detain them? This I must know before I can give a just judgment in the case."

"Well, madam, if the disaffected is a young girl, as is often the case, my overseers, who are very numerous, seek out for her some attractive and fond lover, and so fill up the vacancy in her heart, which is the cause of all this discontent; and if she has a lover, he excites some young girl, perhaps prettier than herself, to detach him from her, and this gives the mind all the occupation that is needed in the case; or sometimes a new play, or a new dress, answers the purpose just as effectively, so that lovers are the last thing resorted to by my agents."

"But should she be married?" inquired Mrs. Smith.

"Why then the case is more difficult; but I have found a new house very efficacious; or if she have a good house, new furniture; and if she has these already, then it answers a good purpose to put up some of her neighbors to outshine her; to leave her out of a party, or to get up a little scandal about her husband or herself."

"Well, that is the queerest of all methods of making people contented!"

"It does excellently well, I assure you, for whatever fills up the mind, has the effect of expelling all this *nostalgia*, which is the only source of disaffection I have to contend with. Marrying their children well, is another very good plan, and gives them pleasant occupation while it lasts, and after a certain age they never desire to leave their present modes of life and occupation.

"With my male slaves my course is somewhat different, as you may well suppose, but I find means just as efficacious to win them to my service."

"What is this certain period of life, of which you speak?"

"I deem all who have passed the age of thirty-five as tole-

rably safe; but after fifty, it is very rare, indeed, for them ever to desert me. All the inducements which the abolitionists are able to present, either orally, or by their tracts, lose all power over them, and their habits then become confirmed; and their duties to me are so light and easy, that they have no inquietudes, and so become very grave and dutiful slaves in all time to come."

"Permit me to inquire how you employ all these slaves of yours?" asked the lady, whose good opinion of the Gentleman in Black was evidently returning, which was evidenced by the tones of kindness in which the question was asked.

"Here, dear Mrs. Smith, is the great secret of my success. In connection with their entire freedom of religious opinions, I give full and free license to all my slaves, young and old, men and women, to do just what pleases them best, leaving to my overseers, under my general supervision, to combine their several employments for the advancement of my own especial interests."

"Indeed! then you have in fact put into successful operation the ideal *Phalanxes* of Fourier, which have been so often attempted and failed; not, 'tis said, because there is any imperfection in his theory, but because attempted by those but partially acquainted with his system, and which every new association that is formed, think they can mend."

The Gentleman in Black smiled very sweetly, and with an air of extreme modesty, said: "I fear, dear Mrs. Smith, you will think me somewhat arrogant and vain, if I should venture to say that I believe Fourier has taken some of his ideas from me, and that his system is, substantially, my own; though if I said this to the world, I should doubtless be challenged on all sides, and I am the more diffident, inasmuch as Mr. Robert Owen is in the field before me, who assured me in person, that Fourier never knew why a *Phalanstery* should consist of two thousand rather than any other number, till he told him the reason."

"And why two thousand? I'm sure I don't know, though I have heard a great deal of 'associations,' 'harmonies of nature,' and industry, and 'phalanxes,' talked into me by many of my fair friends, who seem bent on renovating the world."

The Gentleman in Black looked inquiringly into the face of Mrs. Smith, but it was radiant with spirit and innocence, alive only to the interest she took in the discussion. He continued: "It has been deemed a great discovery, which Fourier claims to be peculiarly his own, though in this, as in all such questions, there are hundreds who have in centuries past had their 'Republics,' their 'Utopias,' and 'Oceanas,' by which the world was to be perfected, and all sin and misery annihilated, when the days of Paradise are to be renewed, and the face of the earth again to

blossom and bloom like the Garden of Eden. Fourier has gone yet farther, for he suggests, that the *aromas* arising from the earth being condensed in accordance with the action of certain laws, would gradually form beautiful planes or rings, which would add to the beauty of our skies, like those of Saturn, and that the *Aurora Borealis* would become what he styles a *Boreal Crown*, of such intensity as to rescue the circum-polar regions from their graves of ice, and warm them into life and vegetation."

"Well, it is a beautiful conception, and I wish it may be true."

"That the world is to be regenerated and redeemed, I also believe; though the way of attaining this grand result may not be in the way projected by these Socialists."

"I have ever felt much interest and sympathy," said Mrs. Smith, "in every plan which contemplates a higher degree of civilization, and an advance in human happiness, though I must confess I never could see how the conflicting passions of men and women, and the desire of personal aggrandizement, could ever be subverted, or so directed as to accomplish these desirable ends. And now, will you tell me more of your methods of managing your slaves, in accordance with the system of leaving every one to do just what pleases him or her best?"

"This, madam, as I have before said, is the secret of my success and of their failures; but in my system I have been all the while directing their energies secretly and silently; but with these Social communities, there has been no such controlling intellect. The system of '*Unitary Associations*,' on paper, has had its difficulties, even before being reduced to experiment; for when asked, '*In this system of every one doing only as he pleases, who would please to do the dirty work, and act as the scavengers?*' they were as effectively nonplussed as a distinguished senator in the height of the year of nullification, when conversing with an old statesman from the North, who chanced to be in the senate-chamber at the time, and to whom he was showing the feasibility of his plan of a separate republic, by the inquiry, '*Where will you go for your stevedores?*' Now this was a class of operatives the Gentleman Planter had never heard of; and the old gentleman assured him of the pleasure which it gave him to know that there was one class of laborers which the new republic must import from their Northern neighbors; one point of dependence yet existing; one strand of the cable which yet held the states together; but in the case of the Fourierists, this enigmatical question, '*Who would please to act as their scavengers?*' was solved by assigning these arduous and unpleasant duties to their little children."



"To their little children!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, in a tone which spoke her utter abhorrence at the thought.

"Yes, madam, to their children, in whom they assumed to have discovered a proclivity for such pursuits."\*

"And where are the mothers to be found who would consent that their children should be so employed? — even if there were such degrading and disgusting tendencies in their natures, and which seems to me to be a poor beginning of a system which seeks to attain the perfectibility of human nature."

"The theory, madam, merges the individual affection in those of the *phalanx*; so that the present relations are to be subverted, and the sympathies of parent and child are to be lost in the general good."†

"But can this, by any course of change in the conditions of society, be attained?"

"It is very confidently predicted that it can be and will be."

"But even if it were possible, is it desirable?"

"That is a question which presents the *gist* of the whole theory. The Socialists deem it both desirable and attainable; and the only way in which the present conditions of society, which they hold with HOBBS to be a state of warfare, in which each one seeks his own good at the cost of his neighbor, and that the range of injury is graduated by the differences which exist in the several states of individuals as to poverty and wealth; and the higher the scale of civilization, the wider the circle of objects over which this principle of hostility, subversion, and injury extends."

"Indeed, I fear there is some truth in this representation of society as it now is; but I can't conceive how the world is to be renovated by the sacrifice of the relation of parent and child;

\* "In the gardens they (the little children) will grub up the noxious weeds, in the kitchen they will turn the little spits, shell peas, sort the fruit, wash the plates, etc."—PARK GODWIN.

† "Plato," in his "Republic," says: "Let the woman be held in common, let the children be in common." This, however, is not adopted yet by the Socialists. They, however, teach: "In general, we think it would be found that the groups of nurses so excellent, the public halls so well adapted to health, and the advantages every way so decided, that the larger part of the women would of choice leave their children to the education of the proper groups, in which, doubtless, the mother would be herself enrolled;" and to show the fallacy of this last part of the sentence, and that it is thrown in merely as a make-weight, the author on the same page teaches: "The number of women necessary to the care of young children being limited, *nature* has given the inclination of that kind of occupation to a few only." "It would be easy to assure ourselves that this was the case, if the spirit of our present society did not oblige women to dissimulate and feign tastes that are often opposite to their very organization."—PARK GODWIN.

indeed, it is to me inconceivable how a mother can consent to unite herself to such an association, or relinquish for a day the care of her children to groups of nurses, even if they were angels."

"My dear madam, children are very pretty in pictures, but are often found to be sad realities in every day life."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, with an emotion which suffused her eyes in tears, "how gladly would I sacrifice all the splendor which surrounds me, to be possessed of but one beautiful and healthy infant!"

The Gentleman in Black was touched; a smile of tenderness and benevolence for an instant lit up his face and eyes, and made him look as though transfigured into an angel of light; but it soon passed away, and the cold, calm look, which was sometimes dark and sinister, resumed its place.

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## CHAPTER VI.

The Gentleman in Black upon slavery—His manner of managing his slaves—Character of his girls—Methods of keeping them quiet—His opinion of woman—The religious character of his slaves—their penances—Contrasts the superstitions of his serfs, with those of The Church—The character of monks and nuns—Alvan Butler, on Purgatory—Treatment of Satan by the Fathers—A fashionable monk, and fashionable life fourteen hundred years ago—St. Chrysostom on virgins.

Mrs. SMITH hid her face in her hands, until she had regained her self-possession; when, looking up, she requested the Gentleman in Black to tell her more about his system of labor; and asked:

"What is the prevailing religion among your slaves? I presume they are, as all slaves are said to be, very religious?"

"The religion of my slaves is various indeed," replied the Gentleman in Black, with great vivacity, and an air of the utmost frankness. "They are at liberty to worship as many gods as they please, for I pride myself in being tolerant. Some of them are rather lax, but most of them are very devout, and delight in macerations, stripes, pilgrimages; some again are exceedingly dogmatical, and ready to fight for abstractions which no human sagacity can make palpable even to themselves. It don't matter

much to me what they worship. The idols of the imagination are just as real as the idols of gold and silver, and those who deem themselves too wise to worship the creations of art, are those most devoted to the creations of fancy."

"You just now spoke of the efforts of the *Abolitionists* among your slaves. And do you allow them to come upon your plantations?"

"I can't help it, madam; they will come, in spite of all I can do; and so I do the best I can to weaken their influence, by showing my slaves the folly of giving up the known for the unknown, the seen for the unseen; and I am rarely unsuccessful, I assure you. I must, however, confess to you, with much mortification on my part, that at the outset of their irruption into my territory, I allowed my agents to apply Lynch Law to them pretty actively and extensively; but I found that so far from securing my object, it made my slaves believe that that which was told them by stealth, and at the risk of life and limb, must be something specially desirable; and in consequence of this mania, lost my slaves in great numbers. Finding out my mistake, I changed my policy: though on some of my plantations my agents still adhere to this plan, believing it to be best to compel submission; but I assure you, my dear madam, it is against my enlightened judgment in such cases, and which I everywhere disclaim and deny as any part of my code of government. But what can I do? I can't be everywhere at once, and my agents will act as they please when I'm away."

"That's true," said Mrs. Smith; "your plan is certainly the best, and I do wish our southern planters would adopt it; we should not then have this hateful slave question with all its enormities, alienating one section of the country from the other."

"I am satisfied it is not only wisest, safest, and best for the slaves, but for the masters, who have the curse of slavery resting upon them."

"And do *you* speak of slavery as a curse resting upon the masters?"

"Yes, madam, I do. The fetter and the chain which binds the ankle of the slave is fastened to a galling collar encircling the neck of the master;\* and the only method I have found successful in relieving myself from inquietude was to adapt my service to an exact accordance with the tastes and temperaments of my bondsmen."

"I am sure you are amply repaid for any losses you may have

\* St. Pierre.

sustained, by the delightful consciousness that they feel your service to be one of choice and not of compulsion."

The Gentleman in Black bowed, with an air of extreme modesty, of one who blushed at the hearing his own praise so sweetly spoken, and replied :

"It would not become me to speak in commendation of my own lenity, but it is not uncommon for those who have left my service to return ; and I assure you, in no instance have I, or my agents, ever punished their delinquencies, but rather received them as returning prodigals ; and of such I can truly say, that their zeal in my service is greatly increased by such a course of treatment."

"Indeed, sir, for one, I do not doubt it ; and only wish our Southern gentlemen would take you for a pattern, in the management of their poor slaves, who if they are recovered, or return from a fond desire of their old homes and associates, are too often sold into some distant state, so that 'their last state is worse than their first.'"

"My dear madam, that's just what the Abolitionists tell my bondsmen, but they themselves never complain of their reception and subsequent treatment, so that all these representations of a condition they never realize to be true, have only the effect to rivet their attachment to my service the stronger."

"And are all your slaves productive workers ? This is contemplated, I believe, in all the *Phalansteries* of Unitative Associationists."

"Oh no, madam, this making every man and woman a mere working machine, is no part of my plan, and would be, as I believe it ever will be, impracticable. But all my slaves doing just what they please, please me in doing what they do."

"And yet you must have some very idle and worthless creatures among them, and such as you must find it hard to turn to any good account. Is it not so ?"

"It is indeed so ; and sometimes I'm puzzled to find out the way of making some of my young girls of any sort of use whatever. Their whole souls are devoted to the gratification of their vanity, their love of admiration, dressing and undressing of themselves ; and such is the wretched effect of pursuits so trivial and contemptible, that their souls have no expansion, and their hearts become incapable of any generous emotions. The sacrifice of a single opportunity to exhibit their prettinesses causes a tempest of passion hardly to be conceived of."

"I fear you are too severe upon the poor creatures. They have but few objects to interest them, and naturally seek to attain

that grace and beauty which is the secret of their strength and influence."

"But it is not, if they knew it; they would be irresistible could they but know that the attractions they covet are shallow and worthless, and the beauty they so sedulously seek to heighten, is only permanently influential when they possess those graces of the mind and affections, and that gentleness and loveliness of demeanor which they know is the highest attraction; but of which they rarely seek more than the shadow. One of their greatest favorites, and whose poems they place under their pillows, and on their centre-tables, has said of them: 'Women were ever fated to be my bane. Like Napoleon, I have always had a great contempt for women; and formed this opinion of them not hastily, but from my own fatal experience. My writings, indeed, tend to exalt the sex, and my imagination has always delighted in giving them a *beau idéal* likeness, but I only drew them as a painter or a sculptor would do—as they should be. The Turks and Eastern people manage these matters better than we do: they lock them up, and they are much happier. Give a woman a looking-glass and a few sugar-plums, and she will be satisfied.\* This picture is drawn by one who has seen society in its highest forms, and may be considered a capable judge. 'Tis true, there are a few who are susceptible of a strong passion, which takes them out of themselves, and whatever direction this takes, it is a sure indication of a superior nature. Now, as I have said, they get sometimes weary of the worthlessness of their pursuits, and an abolitionist will sometimes inspire them with a strong desire for the homes and skies of their forefathers, by picturing the beauty and happiness they may attain by leaving my service; and they give me some trouble to reclaim them, though I am made to feel that they are hardly worth the cost of the gew-gaws by which they are won, and the exercise of the little arts by which they are to be retained."

"But why keep them in your service? Why not let them run, if they are desirous of going?"

"Ah, madam, whatever may be my real estimate of their characters, they are, after all, essential and necessary to me."

"For what purpose, if they are so worthless in themselves?"

"I must have them for wives and mothers. They are useful to me in this way, that they keep up my stock of slaves, who take their characters from their mothers; and you can readily see that I cannot afford to lose them. Now there is nothing I so much dread, as the influence of an intellectual female; one whose

\* Lord Byron's Conversations with Lieutenant Medwin.

of all pure and generous emotions; whose high-  
 /is found in the discharge of the domestic duties of  
 / sympathies are alive to all that is beautiful and true,  
 / mind is actively occupied in the attainment of all that  
 kn. / age and literature, which give grace and charm to her con-  
 versation, and makes her the companion and counsellor of her hus-  
 band and his friends; who enriches every topic by the beauty of  
 her imagination, and inspires in others the love of all that gentle-  
 ness, purity and peace, which hallows and glows in her own soul;  
 such a female mind is the most attractive and most noble of all  
 the creations of Deity; but they are not the sort of daughters,  
 wives and mothers that suit me, for they give me more trouble  
 than a thousand of such as I have described. Their children  
 seem formed for a higher condition than that to which they are  
 born, and are full of aspirations, which 'tis hard for me to repress  
 or subvert; so you can readily see, that it would be greatly to my  
 injury to propagate a class of minds which I am compelled to re-  
 verence and admire. Fortunately for me, most of my women  
 are 'pleased with a rattle, and tickled by a straw.'"

"I fear, sir," said Mrs. Smith, "you are a woman-hater.  
 Were you ever married?"

The Gentleman in Black changed color, and, for an instant, his  
 eye fell on the carpet; and, in a tone so low as to be almost in-  
 audible, he replied: "I am no woman-hater. I had hoped the  
 sentiments I have just expressed, would have satisfied you that  
 there are women whose virtues I appreciate, and whose worth I ac-  
 knowledge." And musing for a moment, he continued—"I be-  
 lieve that if Christianity should be compelled to flee from the  
 mansions of the great, the Academies of the philosophers, or the  
 throng of busy men, we should find her last and *purest* retreat  
 with Woman at the fireside; her last altar would be the *female*  
 breast; her last audience, the children gathered around the knees  
 of a *mother*; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in si-  
 lence from her lips, and heard only at the throne of God."

The Gentleman in Black remained silent, as if absorbed by re-  
 collections which were full of tender and sad remembrances of  
 the past; and Mrs. Smith felt she had unconsciously pained her  
 visitor by questions which were too sacred to be prosecuted fur-  
 ther; and to change the subject, inquired:—

"In what forms do the religious tendencies of our nature ex-  
 hibit themselves among your slaves?"

"They are so various, madam, that it were a hard task to tell  
 you," replied the Gentleman in Black, with somewhat of his for-  
 mer cheerfulness of manner.

"Will you not be pleased to tell me of some of them?"

"They are, madam, characterized by penances of various sorts, and especially as practised by those whom they style 'Tapas;' whose prayers are earnestly solicited by those around them, who minister to their wants and passions in every way possible. The more painful and difficult these penances are, the more they are revered. And these consist of standing on one foot, and holding the other, at the same time, with their eyes fixed on the sun. This is quite a distinguished penance. Others stand on the top of their toes for a length of time which Fanny Elssler has never attempted; others are buried in the earth, with a pipe which supplies them with air and food; some stand on their heads, others hang by the hands on a tree, or hang from the tree with their heads downward; all these penances are prescribed in their books, which they style the *Puranas*. Some go about with their heads turned upward to the heavens, and others with their arms crossed on their breasts, in a thoughtful posture, and with downcast looks, as if in profound meditation; others, with their arms stretched out horizontally, and some who are called *Munis*, are doomed to perpetual silence.

"But while some of my slaves are doomed to a state of painful immobility, others, called the *Choura-asin*, are in constant activity, going through eighty-four sitting postures or changes, remarkable for their difficulty; but the most singular of all their penances, which they call the *Kassali*, and which is exquisitely painful, consists in their standing with their bare feet upon the *areka*, or betel-nut."

"Can't these be boiled soft?" inquired Mrs. Smith. "Would it not be a kindness to translate for them Peter Pindar's Pilgrim and the Peas?"

"It would doubtless be a kindness," replied the Gentleman in Black, smiling; "but these creatures are excessively attached to these extreme tortures; the least and most common of which is, the elevation of the hands above the head, which is persevered in till they become immovable, the finger-nails perforating the palms. The *Batsiri* sit, never lying nor rising. Others hold their breath for an incredible length of time, and others again sit surrounded with four fires, at the cardinal points, intense as they can be borne. Such are the favorite austerities of my Eastern serfs; and though they are of no value to me as producers, yet they keep the rest of my slaves in due subjection to my overseers by their frightful pictures of the future destinies of such as are refractory, which it is their province to avert, and for which they are well paid: and as most of these penances are necessarily of short duration, the devotees gain by them a full scope for the indulgence of their passions, without any loss of the respect of their devotees. On

other plantations, the exhibition of the religious sentiment differs, and the most sensible of them all, is the form adopted and practised by the rudest of my bondsmen.\* Their God is an ugly image, before which their priests set a huge wheel on which they nail the prayers for the day, which the priests turn round with the utmost indifference, leaving it to the option of the image to take notice of them or not, as it chooses."

"Your people are most miserably debased truly, and I wonder you can consent to the continuance of such practices, which would be deemed a disgrace in any age or country under the influence of the Christian religion," said Mrs. Smith, with some asperity of manner.

"Not so unlike those practised by the Christian Church, as you may suppose," replied the Gentleman in Black, tartly.

"Indeed! In what dark age and country have ever such enormities been practised? No, sir, you must pardon me; I can't believe you."

"You may believe me or not as you please, and as you think so highly of 'the pure and pristine ages of the Church,' I will, if you please, enlighten you on this subject. I have the materials at hand," said the Gentleman in Black, looking toward the fathers of the church.

Mrs. Smith shook her head incredulously.

"I shall not undertake to show you the same disgusting exhibitions of self-inflicted tortures, imposed under the idea of propitiating heathen idols, but *penances* as utterly at war with the spirit of Christianity, practised and praised by the saints in those early ages of the Church, which some persons are pleased to regard as the purest and the best. A system of self-immolation not unlike what I have described to you as existing among my own slaves, originated with Paul the Egyptian, who, in the seventh persecution, retired to a private cave, and lived unseen, till St. Anthony discovered him just before his death and buried him, and took possession of his cave. The notion that the soul is clogged by the body, and its virtues impeded by its connection with it, operating on the indolent and melancholy turn of many persons in the southern climate of Asia, especially of Egypt, led them to affect an austere and solitary life, as destitute as possible of everything that might pamper the body, or gratify those appetites and passions which were supposed to have their seat in the flesh. Hence arose the notion of the greater purity and excellence of celibacy, of which I have spoken. It is the same principle which has made Essenes among the Jews, Monks among

\* The Calmuc Tartars.



the Christians, Dervises among the Mahomedans, and Fakirs among the Hindoos.\* Finding so many followers, St. Anthony drew up his famous Rules and Orders, of which Erasmus speaks in his colloquies, which are but transcripts of those institutes Pythagoras imposed on his collegiates in order to their monastic life, and which he brought out of Egypt when he forbade matrimony to those of his sect, and constituted a cloister of nuns, over which he placed his daughter.†

“And so utterly corrupt had the state of the church and the Christian world become, that a distinguished writer, speaking of this subject, says: ‘Within two hundred years from the death of Chrysostom, Mahomet broke upon the world, and the tempest of heresy which he raised *came as a blast of health upon the nations*. What Mahomet and his Caliphs found in all directions, whither their cimeters cut a path for them, was a superstition so abject, an idolatry so gross and shameless, church doctrines so arrogant, church practices so dissolute and puerile, that the strong-minded Arabians felt themselves inspired anew, as God’s messengers, to reprove the errors of the world, and authorized as God’s avengers to punish apostate Christendom.”‡

“All this is very startling,” said Mrs. Smith; “but how are such rhetorical assertions sustained? Give me, if you please, a bill of particulars.”

“That is easily done;” and rising from his seat, the Gentleman in Black went to the cases and selected several of those old *patristic folios*, and laying them on the table, continued the conversation, by saying:

“In order to show you how nearly the self-sacrificing devotions of my slaves resemble the practices of the early ages of the Church, permit me to state to you the prevailing customs as they are here stated,” laying his hands on the volumes before him. “According to their faith and zeal, these Recluses employed their days, which were passed in their cells, either in vocal or mental prayer: those associated in monasteries assembled in the evening, and they were awakened in the morning, for the public worship of the fraternity. Even sleep, the last refuge of the unhappy, was rigorously measured: the vacant hours of the monk rolled along without business or pleasure; and before the close of each day, he had repeatedly accused the tedious progress of the sun. In this comfortless state, Superstition still pursued and tormented her wretched votaries. The repose they sought was disturbed by a tardy repentance, profane doubts and guilty desires; and while

\* Corruptions of Christianity, vol. ii., p. 386.—See Mosheim, vol. i. p. 307.

† Gale’s Court of the Gentiles, vol. ii., p. 212.

‡ Taylor’s Ancient Christianity.

they considered each natural impulse as an unpardonable sin, they perpetually trembled on the edge of a flaming and bottomless abyss. From the painful struggles of disease and despair, these unhappy victims were relieved by madness or death. Their visions, before they attained this extreme and acknowledged term of frenzy, have afforded ample materials of supernatural history. It was their firm persuasion that the air they breathed was peopled with invisible enemies; with innumerable demons, who watched every occasion and assumed every form, to terrify, and above all, to tempt their unguarded virtue.\*

"In the performance of the penances they practised, stimulated by applause and emulation, they sunk under the painful weight of crosses and chains; and their emaciated limbs were confined by collars, bracelets, gauntlets and greaves, of massy and rigid iron. All superfluous incumbrance of dress they contemptuously cast away; and some savage saints of *both sexes* have been admired, whose naked bodies were only covered by their long hair; they allowed their beards and nails to grow, and sometimes became so hirsute, as to be actually mistaken for hyænas and bears.† Thus they aspired to reduce themselves to the rude and miserable state in which the human brute is scarcely distinguished above his kindred animals: and a numerous sect of anachorets derived their name from their humble practice of grazing in the fields of Mesopotamia with the common herd.‡ And so late as the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, the forests of France and Germany were haunted by naked anachorets, who round the year, roamed about, refusing even the comforts of a cavern, and were wont to repose on the fresh-fallen snow.§

"It is said of some of the Abbots of Egypt, that they had five, seven, and even ten thousand monks under their direction; and the Thebais, as well as certain spots in Arabia, are reported as literally crowded with solitaries. Seventy thousand, at the end of the fourth century, of all classes, were at one time to be found in Egypt alone,|| so small a country as you well know this to be; and the writings of these fathers leave no doubt as to the prevalence of the ascetic system throughout all the countries to which they belonged; namely, Syria, Egypt, Arabia, Asia Minor, Thrace, Italy, Gaul, Spain and North Africa. They recount with fervid eloquence their utter neglect of the body. In certain

\* The devils were most formidable in a female shape.—*Rosneyde*.

† Taylor, p. 427, quoting Palladius.

‡ Gibbon, chap. 37.—Theodoret has in a large volume the lives of these *grazing monks*.

§ Fanaticism, p. 75.

|| Fleury, *Hist. Eccl.*, quoted in "Corruptions of Christianity," vol. ii., p. 391.

instances, the leathern girdle was found, after death, to have lodged itself in the integuments of the loins, so as in ordinary cases to have occasioned intense sufferings; yet never had they betrayed the secret to any one by any indications of uneasiness. And instances still more extreme and far too revolting to describe, abound in these records of Monachism.\*

“What could have induced this horrid state of things?” inquired Mrs. Smith.

“It arose, madam, from the idea of *expiation* by these self-inflicted torments.

“The doctrine of expiation, by penance in this life, of the pains otherwise to be endured in purgatory, had taken fast hold of the religious mind; and in their pictures of purgatorial pains, the fathers drew largely upon that special knowledge of the infernal regions which the privileged commerce of the ascetics with devils had so well supplied them;† and some idea, madam, of their extent and character may be attained by reading the ‘*Lives of the Saints*,’ by Rev. Alvan Butler, (a comparatively recent work,) who says, ‘a soul, for one venial sin, shall suffer more than all

\* Fanaticism, p. 74.

† The manner in which the devil has been treated by these saints, is most wonderful. Southey says, “The part assigned to the devils in books of *Hagiography* is that of the clown in pantomime; and *Grimaldi* would have represented him more to the life than *Fuseli* or Sir Thomas Lawrence have done.” The devil, he says, is represented as “beaten, trampled upon, pulled by the nose, exhibited by St. Opportuna to all her nuns, like a beast in a cage, outraged, taunted and put to shame in all manner of ways.” The story of St. Dunstan pulling the devil’s nose may be found in Fuller’s *Worthies*, vol. i., 327. St. Dominic was very hard on the devil; at one time he compelled him, in the shape of a monkey, to hold a candle for him till it was burnt to the last snuff. Another time, the devil having assumed the form of a flea, and plagued the saint in his studies, he fastened him to the book he was reading, and only allowed him to skip from one page to another as the saint himself turned over the leaves; for Dominic, instead of cracking him at once, made him serve as his mark. The famous story of St. Dunstan is related at large by Southey, *Vind. Ecc. Angl.*, p. 269, who gives it in the original authorities. For the story of King Edwy, see Sharon Turner’s *Anglo-Saxons*, vol. ii., p. 403.

St. Cyprian informs us, that when he was studying magic, he was particularly intimate with the devil: “I saw the devil himself, I conversed with him, and was esteemed one of those who held a principal rank about him.” Who can doubt the assertion of so great a Saint!

It appears, that in those days of wonders, the devil usually wore a black gown, with a black hat; and it was observed, that, whenever he was preaching, his *glutei muscles* were as cold as ice.

St. Jerome states that *St. Hilarius* was often flagellated by the devil, whom he calls “a wanton gladiator.” St. Athanasius informs us St. Anthony was often visited in the like manner. St. Jerome thus describes the process:—“The merry gladiator sits on his back; and beats his sides with his heels, and his neck with his whip.”

the pains of distempers, the most violent colic, gout and stone, joined in complication; more than all the most cruel torments undergone by malefactors, or invented by the most barbarous tyrants; *more than all the tortures of the martyrs summed up together.* 'This is the idea,' he says,\* 'which the Fathers give us of purgatory; and how long many souls have to suffer there, we know not.' Now, if a small part of all this was believed, and it was doubtless received in all its fulness by these poor naked and half-starved hermits, who regarded their bodies as their chiefest of enemies, why should they not sacrifice their bodies here, so as to save their souls from such inconceivable wretchedness hereafter?"

"And were all these multitudes of recluses subjected to like destitution?"

"Certainly not, as I will show you;" so saying, he opened Saint Chrysostom.† "It seems that the customs of the third century, against which Cyprian inveighed, had not improved in the days of Chrysostom. Not only did the *aged* monks avail themselves of the offices and society of young women in their cells, but *young* monks did also the same; while, on the other hand, the young nuns entertained a cortège of 'philosophic' parours, under various pretexts, which are described on page 310, and the pages following, of this the first volume of *Chrysostom's works.* It may amuse you to know something of the customs of these 'pure and pristine days of the church;' permit me to read you a passage or two from pages of this volume.

"The pious Father exclaims: 'What a sight it is, to enter the cell of a *SOLITARY* monk, and to see the apartment hung round about with female gear, shoes, girdles, reticules, caps, bonnets, combs and the like, too various to mention; but what a jest it is to visit the abode of a rich monk, and to look about you: for you find the *solitary* surrounded with a bevy of lasses, one might say, just like the leader of a company of singing and dancing girls. What can be more disgraceful?—and, in fact, the monk is all day long vexed and busied with the petty affairs proper to a woman . . . not merely is he occupied with *worldly* matters, contrary to the apostolic precept, but with even *feminine* cares: these ladies being very luxurious in their habits, as well as imperious in their tempers.' He goes on to give the particulars: 'The good man is liable to be sent on fifty errands; to the silversmith, to inquire if my lady's mirror is finished; if her vase is ready; if her silver cruet had been returned; and from silversmith's to the

\* Lives: for November 2. This work is reprinted in this country, and has gone through several editions.

† Chrysostom, tom. i. p. 279.

perfumer's, and thence to the linen-draper's, and thence to the upholsterer's; and at each place he has twenty particulars to remember.' Then the father goes on to describe, in addition to all these cares, 'the jars and scoldings that are apt to resound in a house full of pampered women;' and urges them, 'as the warriors of the church, to be clad with spiritual armor, and not take on themselves the office of waiting like menials upon worthless girls, or to busy themselves with their spinnings and sewings, and spend the livelong day by their side, while at work, imbuing their minds with effeminate trifles.'

"Truly, this is a strange picture!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith with real astonishment and unaffected surprise, "of '*The Lights and Shadows of Fashionable Life*,' as it existed fourteen hundred years ago."

"Yes, indeed; and Chrysostom makes an acknowledgment not so complimentary as I could wish it, as to the authors of all this licentiousness," said the Gentleman in Black.

"Is it in that volume?" Mrs. Smith inquired, with some hesitation.

"Yes, it is here," turning to page 304. "Shall I read it?"

"I am rather doubtful as to hearing any more of these *morceaux*. And yet, if you think it readable, you may go on. I shall in this instance trust to your discretion."

"It is a very eloquent and powerful passage, in the Father's best style, and I am sure there is nothing in it which can pain you save the melancholy confession it makes of the authors of this reign of riot and misrule in the church." So saying, the Gentleman in Black read as follows:

"Alas, my soul! well may I so exclaim, and repeat the lamentable cry with the prophet! Alas, my soul! Our virginity has fallen into contempt; the veil is rent with impudent hands, that parted it off from matrimony; the holy of holies is trodden under foot, and its grave and tremendous sanctities have become profane, and thrown open to all; and all that which was once held in reverence, as far more excellent than matrimony, is now sunk so low, that one should rather call the married blessed, than those who profess it. *Nor is it an enemy that has effected all this; but the VIRGINS themselves!*"

"Poor dear girls! how truly they were to be pitied!" said Mrs. Smith. "After all, this state of hopeless seclusion of gentle and loving girls, in the days of infancy and childhood, and which is still practised, seems to me, now that I think of it, as more to be detested than any of the austerities practised among your slaves. I think I must confess, the superstitions engrafted upon Christianity are the most dreadful of all others."

"I beg you to believe I have not exhausted the subject."\*

"Pardon me; though you may not have exhausted the subject," said Mrs. Smith very kindly, and smiling, "you have my capacity to hear any more on a topic so full of horrors. I had much rather you should speak to me of yourself than of others."

Mrs. Smith could not have been conscious of the very gentle tones in which these words were expressed, though they were winged with flames, if the flush which glowed on the face of the Gentleman in Black spoke truly.

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## CHAPTER VII.

In which Mrs. Smith requests the Gentleman in Black to relate some of the incidents of his life—Her reasons are given—The Gentleman in Black states that he is in pursuit of Peter Schlemihl—Causes which compelled him to recover his purse—The Gentleman in Black elected unanimously into the Board of Brokers—His operations—"Old Nich." and himself rivals in "the street"—The causes which led to the destruction of the Great Bank—to the late war with England—Failures of the friends of the Gentleman in Black—Settles with his friends, etc.

THE Gentleman in Black now rose, and proposed to Mrs. Smith returning to the saloon; to which she readily acceded; and resuming her seat before the mirror, with a look of gentle entreaty, she asked the Gentleman in Black "if she was not to be told something relating to his own adventures, which she had rather know than any of the scenes he might present her in the glass."

The Gentleman in Black was really embarrassed by the request, and reluctantly took his seat on the lounge, with the air of one quite at a loss how to meet the request which had been made

\* The manners of the days of Chrysostom seem to have come down with the monastic institutions to later days; old Fuller, in his "History of the Church," book vi., p. 315, says amours were very general among the English nuns, and he speaks of very extensive powers of absolution for certain vices: writing of love-letters, interviews at grated windows, employing smiths to remove bars, as well as *holy contemplations* in the church at night between two lovers." Fosbrooke, in his History of British Monachism, (quarto, London, 1817,) has given a full view of the rise and progress, manners and customs of Monachism in Great Britain.

of him. His air of embarrassment only tended to incite the lady's curiosity, and to make her gaze the more inquiring and earnest. The Gentleman in Black looked up smiling, and said :

"The interest you have so kindly expressed in my fortunes, is every way gratifying ; the only difficulty I find in the matter is to select from among the incidents of my life some one or more which may give you pleasure."

"If that be all," said Mrs. Smith, "I will at once relieve you by requesting you to tell me how long you have been in town, and what may have brought you here? I'm half ashamed of my curiosity, but then it is the custom of the country, and as I shall desire to introduce you to the circles of my friends, they will of course expect me to inform them as to all these particulars ; so you see it is no mere curiosity that impels me, but the desire to make you at home with us."

"You are indeed very kind—*very* kind," answered the Gentleman in Black, with an air of the greatest courtesy and respect. "I shall be most happy to become more intimately acquainted with each and all of your friends, but of all and above all, my dear madam, with yourself."

"Oh indeed, I think," replied Mrs. Smith, gaily, "we may as well write ourselves down as old and familiar friends ; no one need know that it is not so ; but that it may be so, you see I must know who my old friend and familiar acquaintance is, and what has brought him to the city."

"Certainly—and I will at once tell you. You have doubtless heard of Peter Schlemihl?"

"What, poor Peter Schlemihl who sold his shadow for a purse of gold? Yes, I have heard of him many years since ; but what of him?"

"Well, my dear madam, I have come to this country to seek him out, and to punish him for his many acts of inconceivable injustice toward me ; a more base and desperately wicked fellow is not to be found : through his mischievous agency, I have been all but ruined and disgraced in all the countries of Europe ; represented as a mere shadow dressed in a garb of poverty, and the slave of an upstart *millionaire* whom he calls Thomas John. And what is the charge he has preferred against me? Why, that I exchanged my purse of Fortunatus for this miserable shadow!" So saying, the Gentleman in Black put his hand into his pocket, and taking out what seemed like a roll of very delicate black tissue paper or fine silk, shook out the very shadow of the poor miserable Peter. At the request of Mrs. Smith, who handed him some pins, which must have been taken from some covert part of her own dress, the Gentleman in Black pinned it up

on the drapery of the window, which, as has been already stated, hung loose by the rings.

"And is this the very shadow?" said Mrs. Smith.

"Yes, madam, the identical shadow."

"After all, it is not much of a shadow; and you gave him an inexhaustible purse for that shadow?"

"No, madam; that is one of Peter's lies—his rascally frauds. I loaned him the purse for a stipulated period, and he, not content with the use of the purse for the time specified, ran off with it, madam—absconded! And more than that, he has, by some rascally process which I do not understand, possessed himself of *invisibility*, and having no shadow, you may guess the trouble I have had in seeking him, and of recovering my purse; a matter of the utmost importance to me, as you may guess; and as it is desirable you should know of the causes which led me to this country at this time, it may be well to tell you the misfortunes which made it necessary for me to chase this fugitive, who with his seven-league boots has thus far eluded my pursuit,—but his flight is somewhat retarded by the loss of his boots."

"And has he lost his boots?"

"Yes, madam; they were by a happy accident, stolen from him. But I am anticipating my story."

"I beg you will not, but tell it to me in due order. I am sure it must be very surprising—seeking a man without a shadow or a body, endowed with seven-league boots, too; it must be to you no common task."

"My dear madam, you make a mistake. He has a *body*, but not *visibility*."

"Well, it is wonderful; and I beg you will tell me all about it."

"I am fearful," said the Gentleman in Black, "that I shall weary you with my story, and that it will rob you of your repose, which you must need after so much fatigue of body and mind as you have gone through with this day."

"I thank you, my dear sir, for your kind consideration of my comfort; but the fact is it would be utterly impossible for me to sleep after so much nervous excitement, and it will be quite a relief to me to be amused and interested, as I am sure to be, by the relation you have promised me."

The Gentleman in Black commenced by saying: "I met Peter Schlemihl a poor fellow, in the depths of poverty and despair; and touched by sympathy for his extreme melancholy, I offered him the use of my purse for the slender shadow you see there," pointing to the curtain, "which shows the effects of poor fare and hard study; and though he has always denied the fact, it was well understood at the time that for the use of the purse so given, the sha-



dow was but the pledge of the body, to be surrendered at some future period."

"What could he do for you, that he was so desirable to you?"

"I wanted him to be my *amanuensis*, as he is very remarkable for the rapidity of his hand-writing, though it requires some scholarship to make it out; but the especial reason why I have been compelled to seek him, I will now state to you, and you will see, that however worthless he may be, my purse had lost none of its value.

"It is now some twenty years since I came to this city, merely to pass the winter and spring, and to return to Europe in June following. I had not been in the country for some years, and wishing to be as quiet as possible, I took private rooms at the 'Star Hotel,' and entered my name as Thomas Jones, and for a while was perfectly secure in my *incognito*; but accidentally meeting with some old friends, who had become the conspicuous operators in Change Alley, I was drawn out from my retreat and almost compelled to accept their earnest and most hospitable invitations to their several houses. I assure you I was not at all prepared for the astonishing changes I found in their circumstances. Men whom I had left dealing in merchandise and stocks, in small sums, living in modest houses at a rent of four or five hundred dollars a year, now received me in splendid mansions, costing in themselves a fortune, and these were filled with the finest furniture, and adorned with mirrors of surpassing size and beauty. Their walls were covered with pictures, more remarkable for their antiquity than any beauty I could discern in them, but which they assured me were from the pencils of the 'old masters.' One of them even showed a '*Madonna in the Chair*,' of which he had a smoky certificate pasted on the back, stating it to be a duplicate of that wonder of the art in the Pitti palace; and another had a '*Fornarini*,' which he convinced me was genuine, though I was somewhat skeptical at first, but of which I could no longer doubt when he showed me in the depth of the coloring of the shadow of her dress, the monogram of Raphael himself. There was one picture to which my especial attention was called, and upon which I was specially requested to pass my opinion. It seemed to me a mere mass of black paint, relieved by some few white spots; but what it was designed to represent was altogether beyond my skill to discover; and finding myself so perfectly at a loss, and not daring to venture a guess, I candidly confessed the embarrassment in which I was placed. My friends, for it was at a dinner party, all cried out, 'it was capital,' 'a most admirable criticism,' there was 'nothing but black paint to be seen,' etc.; but our host, not at all disconcerted, said that 'the picture was a

"*Salvator Rosa*," and we should see it to be so, and he should enjoy our surprise.' So he directed all the shutters to be closed save a single half window; and to be sure, there were discernible some armed men at the entrance of what we were told was a cave, in the act of throwing dice, and in the foreground some pieces of plate. 'There,' said he, 'there's *the triumph of art!*'

"He looked for applause, and it was given; for who could refuse to applaud the taste of a gentleman who gave good dinners, and whose wines were faultless? To be sure the merits of a picture so plastered with dark brown and black paint as to be undistinguishable, were not so much to my taste as his dinners and wines were; yet as he assured us it was a genuine '*Salvator Rosa*,' having swallowed his wines, I must needs do the same with his pictures. I assure you, my dear madam, this is no exaggeration of the 'old masters' which I have had exhibited to me in this country. But whatever may have been my misgivings as to the genuineness of the particular 'old masters,' I had no doubt as to the sums paid for them, of which they showed me the receipted bills in order to make 'assurance doubly sure.' And though even then I might have had some lurking suspicions that in these matters my friends may have taken the copy for the original, I could not be mistaken as to the solidity and costliness of the rich plate with which their tables were literally covered. I have visited merchants of other countries, but none whose riches were more *apparent* than that of my friends in Babylon. It seemed as if the lamp of Aladdin had come into their possession, and that the wealth I saw in all their houses was created by some process purely magical.

"Nor was my surprise limited by these exhibitions of taste and luxury. Their entertainments were varied and costly, their wines unsurpassed, except in the palaces of some of the princes of the German Empire.' 'Tis true, they had no Johannisberg *in* their bottles, but the labels were in their proper places on the outside of them; and I was assured, and had no reason to doubt, that every bottle cost as much as the Johannisberg would have done had Prince Metternich brought his few hundred pipes into the wine market, instead of supplying only the tables of kings and emperors, as he is accustomed to do. The wine was indeed admirable, and was drunk with a gusto, and the glass was held up to the eye before drinking with that knowing air which few have any knowledge of, and which distinguishes men who know what they drink and how to drink.

"Our conversation, I found, took a uniform turn to stocks; to grand systems of improvement of the country; digging canals, laying down railroads, and establishing new lines of packets,

with some peculiarity of terms as to making a good 'corner' on this stock, and 'hammering down' another stock, and 'bursting a bank' now and then; all of which, I was told, were 'fair business transactions.' They sometimes held a long talk as to getting up a 'leader' for the organs of the party for a particular purpose; and on such occasions two or more would retire to a side-table to prepare the article, which was to be read and approved by the assembled party; or it might be to get up a set of patriotic resolves for congress, for their legislature, or for a ward committee. Indeed, there were few things these friends of mine did not take in hand; and so varied and multiform were their movements, that I was perfectly at a loss to conceive to what all these things tended. I was indeed charmed by the frankness with which they alluded to these matters before me, almost a stranger as I was to some of them; and seeing that they spoke of their moneyed affairs as being so prosperous, of which, indeed, I had the most marked and beautiful manifestations in everything that surrounded me, I ventured to mention, with no little diffidence, and as one hazarding a very great request, to a compliance with which I had no claims whatever, that I had some spare capital in foreign stocks which paid very low interest, and if they could point out a way of a better investment of this money, it would be conferring on me a very great favor to let me take some small amount of their stocks, which seemed so safe and lucrative. With a frankness and cordiality altogether irresistible, they at once told me it would gratify them all to make me a partner in their plans, all of which were sure to succeed. Nothing could have been more hearty than their several expressions of readiness to aid and serve me; and although I have had some acquaintance with men, I assure you I was for once perfectly disarmed of all suspicion of guile in these capitalists and financiers.

"They asked me what amount of capital I had at command; when I told them that the amount of funds invested in stocks of the Bank of Amsterdam, which was then paying me but two and a half per cent., was some eight hundred thousand dollars, but that in the French funds I had some six millions of francs, besides other stocks in the English funds, all of which I would willingly transfer to stocks paying six and seven per cent. per annum. The looks of pleasure and surprise with which they received this announcement should have excited in me some suspicion and watchfulness; but, I must confess, their expressions of pleasure at being able to serve me were so natural, and had so much of frank and noble bearing in them, and were seasoned with so many agreeable things complimentary to myself, that, I

confess to you, my dear madam, I became the dupe of my own vanity.

"The next week or two passed as the previous weeks had done; dinners almost every day; concerts, the opera, or the churches; soirées, evening parties, with glorious suppers, followed in unbroken succession. There were no more nor less attentions on the part of my friends, but somehow I found myself every day more and more in the society of two or three of these friends, who were either more assiduous in their attentions, or by a concert of action on the part of the others, these, more adroit, were appointed to manipulate me ready for the general use of the set. From these friends I first received the idea of settling in Babylon the Less for a few years, in which I was assured I could double my capital; and although at first the idea did not present itself to me in an attractive form, yet by degrees it was made to wear a very bright and cheerful aspect; so that at length I consented to entertain the idea as one which might possibly be adopted.

"One day, after a dinner of more than ordinary excellence, I found myself seated with these especial friends in a saloon emptied of the company, who were all attracted into the other rooms to hear a splendid pianist who had been invited to the feast, and in a tone of whispering confidence, one of the three said, 'They had been thinking of the various ways in which the wish I had expressed of investing my funds in Babylonian stocks could be best carried into effect; but the sum was so large and the responsibility so great, that with all the friendship they so sincerely entertained for me, they were compelled to say they felt it too great a responsibility for them to assume.' This was said with tones of voice truly touching; indeed, I verily believe there were tears in his eyes as he uttered these words. What could I say? So far from seeking the control of my moneys, they really seemed to shun the trust they feared I was too ready to impart. How could I distrust such generous, devoted, and dear friends? In fact all suspicion was at an end, and I was ready to adopt any advice they had to offer. They told me they had agreed to advise me to become a member of the Board of Brokers in Change-Alley, and then I could make my own investments; in doing which they were always at hand to help me, and, with my permission, they would at once propose my name at the next session of the Board.

"Although I had but little idea of the honorable fraternity of brokers, whose sessions are all secret, yet as my friends were members, I was ready to consent, though I could not but express my fears that I should be 'black-balled;' a method of ostracism

which is very much practised in this city by gentlemen, who have adopted this plan for preserving their union clubs, boards of directors, and other select and *distinguished* associations, from any admixture with those whose claims to membership in the *haut-monde* have been jeopardised by their occupations and employments, and which serve, for gentlemen, the same purpose as the *Virtuous Indignation Societies*, of which you have told me, do for the ladies. Indeed, I was told, so very scrupulous had their clubs become, that the grandsons, and sons even, of those who had, to use the expression of Mrs. Tripp, 'cut candles,' had mercilessly rejected all applicants whose callings had led them to *cut broad-cloth* in any lines but those at right angles, whatever might be their standing in society on the score of wealth. All deviations from a straight line was like a *bar-sinister* on their escutcheons, and forever excluded them from admission into those palaces of red sand-stone into which they sought the right of *entrée*."

"That seems a strange decision," exclaimed Mrs. Smith; "why should curve lines be considered so disreputable?"

"It is hard to say, and yet mankind have ever had these freaks of fancy. The two great sects of Omar and Ali, of Persia, for example, have been created out of the differences in the manner of performing their ablutions. The point in dispute is simply this: whether the water shall be poured on at the wrist, and so run to the elbow, or poured on at the elbow so as to run down to the wrist. The great schism of the Eastern and Western churches, you know, arose on the mere question as to the proper day on which EASTER was to be celebrated."

"Pardon me for interrupting you; but is this the only difference existing between the Greek and Roman churches?"

"This was the point of divergence; they differ, too, somewhat after the manner of the Persians, as to the mode of applying water in their religious rites; the Greek Church, with the Emperor Nicholas for its champion, stoutly contends that the infant shall be wholly immersed three times when baptized, while the Catholic is content with pouring the water on the face; a difference quite sufficient to spill blood about."

"You speak as though men had a particular love for spilling each other's blood about trifles," said Mrs. Smith; "nothing of the sort happily now exists."

"The rack and the stake are, to be sure, somewhat out of fashion, and the present state of civilization is unfriendly to such obvious manifestations of a principle still vigorous and active. My dear Mrs. Smith, can you tell me the difference between 'excommunication,' and the fashionable phrase of 'excision,' adopted so recently in this country, when hundreds of churches of one

school *excinded* hundreds of churches of another school, all claiming to be the real Simon Pures? and this, too, about a question so inexplicable as to puzzle Duns Scotus, and the 'old school' men of his day?"

"Pray, can you tell me what was the *gist* of that great controversy?—Do you know?" inquired Mrs. Smith.

The Gentleman in Black shrugged his shoulders, and said:—"Yes, I had the honor of a seat, as a corresponding member, in the General Assembly, and though I took no part in the discussion, I have been blamed by both parties; so hard it is to please everybody. The question in dispute wore various phases, and became, at last, a division of the south against the north."

"How very strange! But it must have been based upon some sort of doctrine, was it not?"

"Yes, it was affirmed, by the leader of the old school, that its '*pivotal*,' as the *Fourierists* would say, was the reply to the question in the celebrated Westminster Catechism: 'What is sin?' The old school contending that it should stand as it now reads: 'Sin is any want of conformity to, or transgression of, the law of God.' The new school were for the last clause only."

"Well, this is a nice distinction, truly!—quite equal to the sects of ALI and OMAR. I shall not puzzle my head about which is right. Pray let me ask the question, now it occurs to me, do you attend the coming 'World's Convention'?"

"A burnt child dreads the fire!" replied the Gentleman in Black, smiling. "After all the experience I have had, I am done with councils, and convocations, and 'general assemblies' of all sorts, especially of this last; for whatever course I should adopt, I should be sure to be misconstrued. If I advised adherence to the standards and confessions of faith, then I should be charged with sowing discord; and if I should counsel the relinquishment of all these, and propose some *stand-point* which all could adopt, then it would be said I counseled the giving up the old foundations of the faith, and would bring about a union more disastrous than a deluge of fire and brimstone, and which would finally engulf the churches in a *dead sea* of lifeless uniformity. So I have concluded to stay away."

"I beg your pardon for leading you away from your story. What were you about to say?"

"Indeed, I don't know what I might have said; perhaps it was, that this splitting of hairs is based upon the love of power, which lies deep in the human heart; and the more arbitrary the distinction, the more certain is the evidence of conformity to the governing will. If you please, I will go on with my story."

"I beg you will; and I will promise not again to interrupt your narrative."

"With the knowledge of these facts I have mentioned, I could not refrain to express my fears of being myself black-balled, when my assiduous friends told me, that they had taken the liberty of sounding the leading members of the Honorable Board, who had, as they assured me, responded to the suggestion with the greatest cordiality and kindness; so my wish to double my money getting the better of my fears, I consented to be proposed the next day.

"About noon of that day, one of my friends called upon me, to show me Change-Alley, which was destined to be the theatre of my operations as a stock-broker. As we walked down the street, I saw on every side splendid buildings, all of which bore the signs of banks and brokers'-offices, and gave evidence of its being the centre of the monetary world. While I was thus leisurely gazing at the buildings on both sides of the street, I was startled by the sight of a sign, painted to the life, of *a pelican in the act of swallowing a golden fish*, the tip of whose tail was only to be seen;\* the thought was instantly presented to my mind, that this was ominous of the fate of those who adventured into 'the street.' Seeing me pause before it, and doubtless reading my misgivings in my countenance, my friend begged me to observe, 'that the pelican was not swallowing *a pelican*, but a *fish*, and that the art and mystery of the trade consisted in bringing into such critical conjunctures, the golden fish which came in schools into that narrow inlet, and which fed the fat pelicans who, as in the picture before me, knew how and where to dispose of their prey.' This happy turn not only amused me, but entirely dispelled all my forebodings.

"While we were standing, conversing about this picture, a crowd of well-dressed gentlemen issued out of a great building, in the merriest mood, and my especial friend seeing me, ran over, and shaking me by the hand, congratulated me on my good fortune. They told me 'I had been *unanimously* elected; that though there were upwards of two hundred balls cast, not a black-ball was among them all; a piece of good fortune never known but once before since the board was organized, when one of the most honest and true of all honest men, who had been compelled to withdraw from the Board, in consequence of great losses he had met with from a desolating fire, which had spread ruin in that section of the city upon hundreds of the first houses, had been,

\* This most significant sign has been removed since the publication of this chapter, in the Knickerbocker for August, 1846.

unsought by himself, unanimously re-elected into the Board; an expression of his high standing, and of their confidence and respect, as unexpected as it was gratifying.'

"All I can say of the matter is this, that if he should hereafter be '*done* BROWN,' as I have been, he has little reason to rejoice in the distinction so conferred.

"My operations commenced very quietly, and these good friends of mine found me a plenty of golden fish, whom, like the pelican on the sign, I had no difficulty in swallowing; and in a short time I acquired, to use a familiar phrase, 'the tricks of the trade,' and by and by distinguished myself for some bold and successful operations. The fame of my wealth soon gained for me that consideration which money always commands, especially in Change-Alley. I had my 'hammerers' to knock down a stock, or my 'bulls' to cry it up, as by turns it suited my purpose; and many a 'fat goose' was transformed into a 'lame duck' after passing through my magical manipulations. This was all very well for a time; but growing weary of these small matters, I ventured upon regulating the course of exchange. Now this was trenching upon the business of certain capitalists, and soon I found myself the 'observed of all observers,' and the courtesy, and smiles, and homage paid to me, were only equalled by that which awaited on the celebrated 'Old Nich.,' whenever he came into Change-Alley, as he frequently did on visits from his Great Bank, over which he presided with the sway of an autocrat.

"It was truly amusing to see the aspect which some men wore, when we both met on the same pavement. The monetary world no more than the physical world, will bear two suns at the same time. As a matter of necessity, therefore, we were understood to be great rivals in all money affairs, and my compeers were somewhat at a loss how to conduct themselves, when we stood on opposite sides of the street. It was hard for them so to shape their movements as to stand well with us both, and it was only such men as Van Zandt, and a few others equally dexterous, who could skip from side to side, and cry 'Good Lord!' and 'Good Devil!' in the same breath. It furnished us food for mirth, when 'Old Nich., and myself met at night, as we were in the habit of doing, at the houses of some favorite and fair friends of his, with whom we supped, and amused ourselves by talking over the incidents of the day, and repeating the dreadfully severe sayings which had been whispered to each other by the same set, which, if they did not convince us that we were two of the most unscrupulous sharpers, satisfied us that they were the paragons of toadyism.

"These were the days of sunshine in the moneyed world of the



Great Republic. In an evil day there came on a contest as to which city should be the centre of banking operations of the country. The aristocracy of Babylon could not brook the rule of 'Old Nich.'; they determined that the central power should be removed from Chestnut-street to Change-Alley. And the stupid obstinacy of a pig had secured to them what, but for his aid, would have been unattainable."

"A pig! what sort of a pig?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

"A very fine, fat, pampered pig, on four feet, with his tail done up as nicely as any lady's hair could be curled," replied the Gentleman in Black.

"You do not mean what you say, I am sure," replied Mrs. Smith, surprised at the unchanging gravity of the Gentleman in Black.

"I certainly do; I can demonstrate this to you beyond all manner of question; that but for the pig in question, the moneyed relations of this country would have remained unchanged, and that the marble palace in which 'Old Nich.' held his uncontrollable sway, instead of being what it now is, a mere office for the receipt of customs, would still have remained the throne of the moneyed men of the country."

"You are speaking enigmas, which I fear no *Œdipus* can solve," replied Mrs. Smith. "Won't you be pleased to let me into the secret?"

"With all pleasure, if it will not weary you to listen to it."

"You need not fear anything but failing to make good your assertions."

"That I have no fear of. Then, to begin at the beginning. Had the administration of the republic been continued in the hands of the venerable son of Braintree, it cannot, in my opinion, be questioned that the charter of the Great Bank would have been extended, and its seat perpetuated in Chestnut-street; that he failed in his re-election I shall now trace to the pig in question; and you will see how nicely adjusted are the affairs of this great world, and on what slender pivots the destinies of a nation turn. Had a certain gentleman in the city of Providentio never been possessed of this obstinate pig, or had he kept him in a better built sty, 'the Hero of two wars' would have only been distinguished as a famous fighter of men and Indians, and gone to the grave in the humble obscurity of a western farmer; but for this pig, he would never have been elevated to the elective throne of Babylonia; and all the consequences resulting from his election would have been saved to the world."

"My dear sir, are you serious?" inquired Mrs. Smith, who

seemed more and more perplexed at the grave and severe tone of the Gentleman in Black.

"Never more truly so in my life; *but for that event I should not now be in Babylon.*"

"May I again beg you will explain what seems to me altogether inexplicable," replied Mrs. Smith, with some slight expression of impatience, as if teased by his delay.

The Gentleman in Black proceeded in his usual calm and quiet tone to say:

"It is common for historians to spend no little time in tracing to their causes important events which change the current of a nation's history, and in doing so, from ignorance or inadvertence, they overlook incidents seemingly so trivial as to be utterly unworthy of the task they have assumed; and though I do not undertake to state all the causes which had their separate influence in bringing about the conjuncture of affairs which made it possible for a pig to play so prominent a part, yet I feel certain of tracing to him the catastrophe.

"There were two neighbors, both of the old Federal school of politics, who had lived for many years in the utmost harmony in the city of Providentio; one of whom was the owner of the pig, and the other possessed a fine garden, in the cultivation of which he took especial pains. One fine spring morning the pig, waking hungry from a sound sleep, set up a squeal which expressed in the clearest manner, his impatience for his breakfast, but as the family were at that time busy, and occupied with making their own meal, he was left to wait; becoming restless, and as a lawyer would express it, if he were drafting a bill of indictment, 'being set on end by the devil,' regardless and reckless of all consequences, he clambered over the imperfectly-constructed stye, and set out in quest of what he could find 'on his own hook.' Now he had done this frequently before, and had amused himself in perambulating over the nicely-made beds in the neighbor's garden, into which he had found no difficulty of access from the condition of the fence. There had been many friendly remonstrances as to this pig's familiar habits, and the one neighbor had urged the building of a new stye, and the other kindly replied that his fence was out of repair. So matters stood; when the proprietor of the garden discovered the pig in the very act of rooting up and eating some choice bulbous roots, which were very valuable, and had been procured at great expense. This was 'the last feather which broke the camel's back;' transported with passion, he put a pitchfork, he chanced to find at hand, into the sleek and tender sides of the pig, and threw him yelling into his neighbor's yard. His cries, though not the most musical,

were in so moving a tone, that the pig-proprietor and his family were disturbed at their breakfast table, and came out in breathless haste to witness the last flourish of their pig's-tail, to hear his last squeal and to see him die. *That*, my dear madam, was the beginning of that bloodshed which was continued by the best blood of the great republic.

"In consequence of this quarrel, at the coming election then about to take place, the proprietor of the pig voted against his neighbor, and his vote elected a democrat to the general assembly of that state. At the election of a senator to the Great Council of the Senate of the nation, a man devoted to the then administration of affairs, was elected by one vote; and, in the year 1812, an act declaring war passed the Senate by one vote; the vote of the senator elected by the vote of the representative, who was elected by the owner of the pig in question. Now have I not shown the chain of causes thus far?"

"Yes, you have; but what has all this to do with the charter of the Great Bank?"

"Oh, that is readily seen. The war which ensued terminated with a glorious victory, which immortalized the 'Hero of two wars;' he was made President by the leaders of the great people's party, who found no other way of defeating the election of the son of Braintree, believing that when he was elected by their exertions and influence, he would suffer himself to be guided by their councils. But men who set a ball in motion are not always able to resist when in motion, that which a single arm could have kept at rest. Unfortunately for me, and thousands of others, the first act of resistance to the indomitable will of the 'Old Hero' came from my worthy compeer and associate 'Old Nich.' This was his resistance to the appointment of an officer in one of his branch banks; and if, instead of trying the strength of their several powers, 'Old Nich.' had submitted to this exercise of power, or made some quiet conciliatory explanations to the 'Old Hero,' who, in all probability, had ignorantly exceeded his administrative powers, all would have been well. But the habit of uncontrolled sway had been fostered in the heart of 'Old Nich.' by the submissive acts of brokers and bankers, whom he had taught to perform the prescribed *kow-tow*, when admitted into his presence, with an alacrity and skill only to be excelled by the courtiers of the Chinese empire. The hostility which grew out of this conflict in the exercise of appointing powers was fanned and fostered by the Jonathans and the Goodyers, and their cliques in this city, who saw in this reason for hope that if the charter of the bank should be rejected, a new bank, which they deemed indispensable, would be chartered, and which they

felt certain would have its centre in Babylon. But it is easier to pull down than to build up; and a power arose, unlooked for by them, greater than their own. The iron will of the 'Old Hero' was directed by this power behind the throne with a despotism they could not resist. The consequence was, a revulsion, which brought ruin to the homes and firesides of those whose whole scope of policy was limited to the increase of their own fortunes, and the up-building of their own city.

"The outcry against the course of policy which struck at all chartered banking associations, and whose war-cry was 'perish credit, perish commerce,' perish everything that stands in the way of 'the will of the democracy,' a policy which for a time threatened to bring every chartered corporation into jeopardy, at length came from those who had made him the god of the people's idolatry.

"Among these was a worthy citizen of this city, who had carried his devotion so far as to have the old hero's bust beautifully chiselled in purest marble, and it was placed over his mantel-piece as its chief ornament. Here it was caressed, from time to time, by many pleasant love-pats, as one blow after another of the merciless policy of the Old Hero's, struck down the heads of the moneyed hydra, whose ruin was so earnestly desired; but when the same club reached other moneyed interests, and stock after stock declined, bank after bank gave way, and when ruin reached the worthy partisan, from the very idol of his creation and worship, with a feeling not unlike the poor Africans who flog their gods when their wishes are not complied with, coming home to his dinner, for which, alas! he had no appetite, and seeing this 'Architect of Ruin' sitting with his characteristic composure, all unconcerned amid the carnage he was making of the fortunes of his followers, as well as of his enemies, transported with rage, our citizen seized upon the bust and cast it down into an oblivion of shame and everlasting contempt; but Accident or Destiny, which ever had made him great, took care of his image. Through the zealous labors of a society who have done much to enrich the country by their antiquarian researches, the bust of the hero was recovered, and sold by them, heedless of the treasure, with a heap of rubbish. The purchaser, who told me the anecdote, kept his good fortune to himself, and the Old Hero was brought to light transformed into an old Roman. The alkalies of earth have given the Old Hero's face quite an ancient aspect, and there remained little else than the general contour of his face and bust, and the inscription, which had once been 'The Old Roman,' had become all but defaced. The bust, well washed, was put into the hands of a dealer in pictures of the 'old masters,' which are

annually imported into this market and sold at prices miraculously low. It soon attracted the attention of the *pseudo* iconographers of the city, who after mature examination determined it to be the bust of Romulus, and this question so decided, the bust was instantly purchased at a great price by an admirer of the antique, and now holds a conspicuous place in his cabinet, where he is venerated still, as the *oldest* if not the '*noblest Roman of them all.*'

"Pardon this digression, my dear madam, from my own story, which I fear has already become to you wearisome 'as the twice-told-tale vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.'"

"By no means!" replied Mrs. Smith, with great vivacity. "I am at a loss to know how this revulsion in the monetary world has connected itself with you, and compelled you to assume so hopeless a task as the finding of Peter Schlemihl."

"Not so hopeless as you may at first be led to think it; but all this by and by," replied the Gentleman in Black, who resumed his narrative by saying:

"After I had fairly established myself in Change Alley, and in doing so, had necessarily become connected very largely with the stock exchange, to which I exclusively confined my attention, though my kind friends were exceedingly anxious that I should share with them in their speculations in canals and stocks of various kinds, but my grasp of mind I found was too limited to keep sight of so many dissimilar speculations, and as I was succeeding to the utmost of my wishes, I declined their friendly offers, and as they found a plenty ready to unite with them, I was after a while left by them to quietly manage my business in my own way.

"Unhappily, I was recalled by urgent business connected with my Eastern estates; a whole village had gone over to the Abolitionists, and my agents feared a general breaking up of all the ties in which they had been held to servitude; and having the utmost confidence in my friends, who had won upon my regards by their hospitality and unceasing friendship, I thought it would be safe for me to place my moneyed securities in their hands to wind up."

"But was it not a great trust to bestow? Two or three millions of dollars is too large a sum to be secured in the usual way, was it not?" inquired Mrs. Smith.

"It was; but what better could I do? And besides, I had every reason to rely on these good friends, as I deemed them to be; and many little incidents calculated to win upon my unsuspecting confidence had arisen which had their due weight with me; for example: one of them, a man of great amenity of man-

ners, hearing accidentally from me in conversation that my people were destitute of the 'stated preaching of the gospel,' was extremely desirous of procuring the establishment of a mission among them; indeed, I found it very difficult to satisfy him that I thought they could get on without one. Another proposed some admirable plans 'for the colonization and gradual emancipation of my slaves;' and another swore 'I should go into a grand speculation he had in view for the purchase of coal lands which would never be exhausted while the world should stand.' I mention these among the many like manifestations of their active friendship; and receiving fresh dispatches begging me to return at once and at all hazards, I called my friends together and gave into their hands all my books, bonds, and bills, for which they jointly and severally receipted to me; and pledging themselves to obey my instructions, which were explicit, to invest my moneys as they fell due in such undoubted stocks as they thought safest and best.

"Having done this, they gave me a magnificent entertainment, and the next day most of them went down as far as the Narrows, where they took leave of me with many earnest entreaties to take good care of myself, to which I responded very heartily, begging them not to forget me or my affairs.

"I was absent four years, and never so much as received a single stroke of a pen from any one of them. I felt some surprise at this, and on arriving in London, I was thunderstruck at hearing that my friend 'Old Nich.' had deserted his palace; that there had been a general suspension of specie payments in this country, and that a wide-spread bankruptcy had gone over the length and the breadth of the land. As you may well imagine, I felt there was no time to lose in coming to this country, and to see how far my own funds were jeopardized by this revulsion of the affairs of Babylonia.

"On my arrival I took my old rooms, and the same evening sent my cards to each of my friends, expecting they would at once come to see me. I sat up quite late, but not one of them called. This was rather ominous, I thought. The next day I remained at home till past twelve, and no one calling, I took a walk down Change Alley. I met the members of the Honorable Fraternity as busy as ever; nearly all had failed, but as this was a general calamity, no one seemed to feel the pressure to be pinching him harder than his neighbor; and as 'misery loves company,' they seemed well content. 'Times,' they said, 'were mending rapidly;' 'hoped I had come back to "the street;"' they wanted some one who had plenty of money to regulate matters;' 'I was the very person they were all looking for;' and they

really seemed to express their honest sentiments, and I believe they did; but when I told them all my means were in the hands of my friends in Change Alley, they looked surprised; some thrust their tongues into one side of their cheeks, others whistled a little, but the most of them said, 'Come and see me; I am just now very busy;' and on they went.

"You may guess I had now very strong convictions that my affairs were in what they technically term 'weak hands;' by which is understood hands so strong that there's no getting back what you have given them to hold. After looking into one old haunt and another, I stumbled upon one of my trustees; he certainly put the best face upon the matter, and said he had been seeking me; that he had a little party of our old set, and as they all wished to see me, he had on receiving my card sent out his invitations to meet me at his house at dinner at six precisely. His engagements, like all the others, were very pressing, and shaking me by the hand, he shook me off; and finding myself somewhat less important in 'the street' than I once was, I returned to my hotel to prepare myself for the 'entertainment' I had every reason to believe had been prepared for me a long time before my arrival.

"At six precisely I entered the mansion of my trusty trustee. The house was unchanged; the same servants, the same gorgeous furniture, and the same finely-dressed ladies, somewhat fuller and broader to be sure than when I left them, but this was doubtless owing to their style of dress, and the same circle of active and enterprising friends; all looking finely, a little wider over the waistband and somewhat care-worn about the eyes; but their laugh was hearty, while they assured me 'they were ruined past all redemption;' 'burst up;' 'not a figment left;' all owing to the malignant influences of that '*Sheeted Ghost*,' and of Oliver Dane, by whom the deposits were removed from the banks, without letting them know of the coming storm in time to take in sail, or throw overboard some of the heavy stocks; and when the whirlwind took them aback, they went down all sails standing; and there they were, escaped with their lives and wives, and that was all."

"Was there ever such a sad and summary method of accounting for two or three millions of the best bills and stocks of the country!

"Dinner was announced, and I thought if I had lost all my money I had better not let my appetite go with it; and so I said no more about money matters, and you would have never guessed that we were all ruined men and women, or that the young ladies had shared in the common disasters of their families. Our con-

versation as usual was buoyant and spirited; weddings and balls, and operas and diamonds, all shone and sparkled in unison with the rich wines we drank like water; and I thought really, from the excessive gayety of the young ladies especially, that being ruined was one of the most delightful things in the world; and though I endeavored to take the same cheerful view of matters, yet whenever the recollection of my good bills and stocks would recur, it did not seem possible I could think of being ruined with the same complacency with which it was regarded by these giddy daughters of my friends.

"The next day they said they would be prepared to render me an account of their stewardship; and one of them candidly confessed it was indeed 'a most beggarly account of an empty exchequer, but it should be as honest as daylight;' and with this assurance I took my leave.

"About twelve o'clock they came with their papers all nicely folded and labelled, with large abstracts beautifully prepared, and ruled with the utmost of clerical skill and beauty. What could I expect more? I had witnessed, during my career in Change Alley, many very decided explosions, and I had looked on with calmness, and sometimes with pleasure, as after some deep plotting and counter-plotting I had witnessed 'the sport of seeing the engineer hoisted with his own petard;' but now that I found myself in the air, making the same species of gyrations, I did not find the fun so exceedingly attractive as it had appeared to me when but a looker-on at the misfortunes of others. Dean Swift tells us 'he never knew a man who could not bear the misfortunes of other people with Christian resignation;' but to bear our own is a stern task of soul.

"I will not detain you with all these and other thoughts which rose in my mind as I saw in the abstracts of assets, ready to be turned over to me in full discharge of all my claims, certificates of state stock purchased at an advance of from ten to twenty-five per cent., now merely nominal at ten and fifteen dollars the share; shares of stocks in rail-roads, for which not a rail had as yet been laid down; in canals not yet dug; a variety of stocks, the merest creations of fancy and fraud; heavy loans on coal lands; swamps lying around and about Babylon; cities of the west, drawn on beautifully-colored maps, showing where the public buildings and squares were to be, but the sites of which remained to be cleared of their primeval forests; pine lands in Eastern townships, which they told me had proved to be a congregation of swamps and stones—such were the results of their management, all of which they said would have been in good credit but for the removal of the deposits. That I had some reason to complain of the re-



removal of the deposits they all conceded, but comforted me by saying that 'everybody was ruined; not a good house left—all gone to the devil!' I had good reason to guess that this last statement was not true, though I thought it not unlikely it might become so.

"To make an end of my long story, I was swallowed up by my pelican friends; and though a fish of somewhat larger size than usual, they had found no difficulty in making me go down, leaving as the undigested tail these miserable certificates of stock, the remnant of all my moneys placed in their custody. To me these stocks were utterly worthless, and I at once made them an offer to draw drafts on them at a long date, payable with interest, which they cheerfully accepted; and here they are," said the Gentleman in Black, with a sneering smile of satisfaction, as he pulled out of his pocket a bundle of papers, carefully done up and labelled.

"And are you not fearful of their defrauding you by taking the benefit of some general act of bankruptcy?" inquired Mrs. Smith, in tones of tender sympathy for the misfortunes of her guest.

"Oh no, my dear madam," replied the Gentleman in Black, in a tone of the utmost confidence; "they will doubtless avail themselves of all manner of 'stay-laws,' but they must come to it at last; these stay-laws will soon be exhausted, and if payment be not then made, I have a summary process, known in law as the writ '*ca. sa.*,' which empowers me to *take the body*; and you may rely upon it, my dear madam, there's no dodging! They will find no Portia who can, by a quibble of the law, save them from their bonds—the money or the body! As there are no Zaccheuses among them, *that* they never will repay; so I have booked them as my own years ago!"

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Peter, in his letter to his friends, states, "There are some scenes and subjects, which, had they been written out, the outline as it lay in my mind, would have been filled up." These consist of colloquys with Mrs. Smith, and the adventures of the Gentleman in Black, after leaving Babylon the Less. The Gentleman in Black returns to Europe, and recruits his funds by the hiring of the *genuine* "coat of Christ," on shares, to the Archbishop of Treves, the Bishop to be the exhibitor, while the Gentleman in Black went through Germany to urge the peasantry to visit the relic.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Gentleman in Black's spectacles; their uses—He commences the narrative of his pursuit of Peter, who takes passage on board a merchant ship with but one passenger, a Swedenborgian priest—The priest asks a seat and plate at the table for the Apostle Peter—Peter takes the seat of the Apostle—Colloquy as to a future life—The Captain's opinion of "Conjugal Love"—Contrast between Mahomet and Swedenborg—The Captain's remedy of hysterical wives—The discovery of the Square of the Circle by the Captain—The story of the mate's first love—The priest appeals to Peter to settle the vexed questions as to his supremacy, and of Apostolical succession—The testimonies of the Fathers cited—Character of the Popes—Pope Joan—The Captain admits her claims—The close of the appeal to Peter; his verdict—Conspiracy against Peter—Test of Peter's apostleship—Advantages of abstinence—Attempt to throw Peter overboard—A storm at sea—The loss of the mate—Revenge of the Captain—Peter steps ashore on Cape Henry.

THE Gentleman in Black continued by saying, "After I had recruited my purse, in the way I have stated, and from which I assure you I found means more ample than I needed to accomplish the objects I had in view, I began my search of Master Peter Schlemihl, who had roused the indignation of the world against me, whining all the while about the loss of his contemptible shadow, as if I should have made such a fool's bargain as to have agreed to such an exchange with him. And I assure you he has been most eminently successful; there's not a young lady on the Continent, who has not wet her beautiful embroidered handkerchief with tears for the miseries of this lying rascal. But let me ask you, madam, if I were to take my stand on the steps of the Exchange in Change Alley, and were to offer the use of my purse but for six hours to each of the gentlemen who there most do congregate, in exchange for their several shadows, how many men with their shadows do you guess would be found there. Why, old *Godolphin* himself, I doubt not, would be among the first to seize it and give it a good shaking. The

crowd would resemble a pack of hungry hounds, yelping, biting and tearing each other, eagerly waiting the instant of the throwing down of a dead hare. And do you think these gentlemen, having filled their vaults with gold, would get the Chamisso and La Motte Foques of the day to write most pitiable stories, or pathetic ballads about their dire misfortunes? No! madam, not one of them, but would rejoice in an exchange so every way to their benefit. There is a species of shadow, or rather of *dress*, madam, which it would be well for these good people to take better care of than they do."

"May I ask what sort of dress, or shadow do you refer to?"

"*Their reputations*, madam," replied the Gentleman in Black. "With these," said he, holding up to his eye what wore the appearance of a pair of gold spectacles, "I have it in my power to see the exact condition of this very important vesture, and I assure you, it is amusing to see the high and lofty mien of many well dressed, portly gentlemen, and most graceful and beautifully attired ladies, who sport their fine forms and costumes on the Grand Avenue, of a bright sunny day, while their *reputation robes* are all in ribbons, and flying about in tatters; and some few are perfectly denuded."

"Do let me look through those glasses," said Mrs. Smith eagerly.

The Gentleman in Black politely handed the lady the spectacles, who instantly levelled them at him. He sprung and caught her hand, while he said laughingly, "Ah, madam, is that fair?" Mrs. Smith promised that she would not use the glasses against him, and so soon as her hands were at liberty, stood up, and was about to direct the glasses to her own beautiful person as it was reflected in the mirror. The Gentleman in Black again arrested her hand and said, "no! nor is that fair."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lady, "and have I too lost my reputation?"

"Far from it, I assure you 'tis in very admirable preservation."

Mrs. Smith handed the Gentleman in Black the glasses with extreme reluctance, which evidently touched his sympathies, and returning the spectacles to her said, in tones of great tenderness, "my dear madam, few ladies would venture upon the scrutiny you so earnestly seek. What higher evidence can you have of your purity and integrity? but you shall have this assurance verified by your own eyes. Look! see a costume which is as beautiful as the form to which it adheres."

Mrs. Smith smiled, and now, with some timidity, put the glasses to her eyes, and gazed intensely upon these transparent

and delicate *reputation robes*, which fitted her form most perfectly, and gave great grace and beauty to her figure, and which, through the glasses, looked like a lace dress worn over her own rich satin evening dress. The shadow was in perfect order before, but on looking round, she exclaimed:—

“Bless me! is there not a rent in my dress behind?”

The Gentleman in Black told her it must have been an optical illusion, and at the same time, he gently passed his hands over the folds of her dress, and it was not discernible; reassured, she handed the glasses to the Gentleman in Black, who laid them beside him on the sofa, and commenced his story of his pursuit of Peter Schlemihl, by saying:—

“I will now go on with my narrative; money, dear Mrs. Smith, is the true lever with which to move the world—and this I brought to bear, in my pursuit of the invisible and flying Peter; and by the aid of money, I enlisted every policeman and petty magistrate on the Continent, and in Great Britain, in my pay, and also the stewards of all packet-ships sailing to this country. The coin Peter disbursed and gave away, bore my impress, and aided me to track his path, but the surest means of pursuit was afforded by his letters to his only sister, which I took especial pains to have intercepted or purloined, and sent to me, and here they are,”—so saying, the Gentleman in Black took from his pocket a large bundle of letters, carefully tied together. “From these I found he had determined to come to Babylonia. Accordingly, I redoubled my diligence to secure him on board the ship in which he might chance to take his voyage. How he would effect it, was a matter of mystery to me, still I did not doubt he would make the attempt. And as it may amuse you, I will give you the narrative as I learn it from these letters to his sister, and from the steward, whom I discovered afterwards, and who told me his part of the tale. But shall I not weary you? do you not need to retire to your room?”

“My dear sir, I beg you to go on; I never was more wide awake in my life than at this moment,” replied Mrs. Smith.

“Should you weary of my story,” said the Gentleman in Black, “I beg you will frankly tell me so; and with this assurance, it will give me pleasure to go on.”

The lady smiled and bowed her assent.

“Peter, it seems, having stepped across the channel at Dover, made his way to Liverpool. Here there were packet-ships every week sailing for this country; but as they were full of passengers, he feared discovery. Finding a merchant ship about to sail for the *Monumental City*, with but one gentleman pas-

senger, Peter went aboard, taking his chance for getting across the Atlantic unperceived by the captain and his crew. Soon after leaving Lands-end, the passenger, a gentleman of about forty years of age, with a most amiable and prepossessing appearance, came on deck where Peter was standing, and, addressing the captain, told him 'he wished him to give orders to his steward to set an additional plate on the table, as he expected to have the pleasure of entertaining the Apostle Peter, whom, he was happy to say, would be his *compagnon-du-voyage*.' The captain looked at him with a stare of unlimited surprise. The gentleman bore it with the utmost good humor, and, smiling, replied: 'You may not know, captain, that I am one of the priesthood of the NEW CHURCH. My object in crossing the ocean is to spread the doctrines of the illustrious and divine Swedenborg, and I am assured that on my way I shall be favored by the society of the great Apostle, for whose entertainment I wish suitable provision to be made.' The captain, finding him earnest and positive, called the steward and directed him to lay the table accordingly. When they sat down to dinner, the captain said, 'You will please, sir, attend to the wants of your guest and of yourself, while I take care of my own and Mr. Kemble,' who was his first mate. The captain was not a little amused to see the priest ask his invisible guest 'what it would please him to have?' and addressing his conversation, in the most choice and respectful phrases, to his invisible guest. The news of this new passenger was carried, by the steward, to the fore-castle, and the crew, curious to see how things went on, left their kids and came aft to peep down the grated sky-lights, which was directly over the table. Among the crew, was an Irishman and Spaniard, both good Catholics, while the rest were all from the Puritan States. To all these it was a most admirable farce, and they concluded the priest was a crazy man, whose vein was, of all things, amusing. Our Peter all this while looked on with surprise and astonishment; but not being accustomed to the sea, he had but little appetite, and, consequently, no desire to fill the place allotted to his illustrious namesake."

"But where did he sleep?" asked Mrs. Smith; "his berth must have told the tale of his presence, if his appetite did not."

"Peter writes," replied the Gentleman in Black, "that during the mate's watch he slept in *his* berth, and when the captain was called, and before the mate came down, he crept into the captain's berth, and so eluded their observation, as well as that of the steward, during the whole voyage. But after Peter had been out at sea some two or three days, his appetite became so exact-

ing that he could no longer content himself with the crumbs which fell from the table, and seeing the plate filled with very tempting viands, he made bold to seat himself in the Apostle's chair, and commenced the work of consumption in good earnest. The astonishment of the priest was only equalled by the wonder of the captain and mate, which took from them all their wonted appetite, while it left them at leisure to watch the rapid disappearance of the food from the plate of the venerated saint. Nor was this astonishment confined to the cabin; the crew, duly advised by the steward of what was going on below, forgot everything to get a peep at the *real* Apostle Peter in the act of dining. The intense interest manifested by the Catholics was only equal to the doubt and wonder exhibited by the Puritans. 'Faith,' said one of these last, 'St. Peter has a most wonderful appetite of his own.' 'By St. Patrick!' cried out the poor Irishman, with ecstasy of tone, 'see how the *praties* go; I'll swear he's an Irishman, every inch of him.' The Spaniard said his beads with an excess of devotion, looking every now and then to see the progress the Apostle made of his meal. The truth is, this having a saint on board ship made him feel very uncomfortable, and he had many recollections of acts long since forgotten, which he had no wish to have revived: and in this state of feelings all the crew shared more or less, according to the course of their past lives, and, though they dared not to say it, they all wished him in Heaven rather than aboard their ship.

"This state of surprise, however, wore off after a day or two, and the priest gathered courage to address the Apostle on subjects connected with his own peculiar views, and requested him to give his unquestioned testimony to the truth of the revelations he had so much at heart to promulgate, about all which the captain and mate had shown the most arrant skepticism. The poor saint found himself in sad extremities when he was asked about his 'interiors,' of the spirit's existence in a world in which there was neither time nor space—an assertion which the captain and mate said was an absurdity, 'For,' said they, 'if a spirit had the form of a man, that form must, of necessity, occupy space,' and so these problems of the Old Schoolmen came up in a discussion by men who never had heard of *Duns Scotus* and his astute disciples, by whom this subject had been exhausted five centuries ago; and, by whom, all that human subtilty can invent on the subject of time, space, and infinity, together with the modes of existence of spirit and of Deity, has been laboriously elaborated. Now whatever may have been the ability of the Apostle himself to unravel these mysteries, which have confused the mightiest

minds of earth, it is certain that our Peter, not unlike other successors of the Apostle elsewhere, (when asked to solve questions hard to be understood,) found it safest and best to shield his infallibility by keeping his own counsel.

"One day the priest produced his Bible to refresh his memory with a text, and it occurred to our Peter that he might help himself out of the dilemmas in which he so constantly found himself, by making use of the sacred writings. The subject next up was the occupations of the invisible world, about which the captain had his own notions.

"'For his part,' he said, 'he didn't believe men would be forever singing hymns as we see 'em represented in the churches of the old countries, a parcel of unbreeched cherubs, sitting on a damp cloud with psalm books in their hands\*—nor do I think men would be likely to follow the seas, as I'm compelled to do, away from my wife and children. That wouldn't suit me, though, for aught I know, it may be a heaven upon earth to some men.' The captain looked at the priest as though he meant he should take it, but this gentleman only smiled, and renewed the topic of angelic intercourse with Peter, who, taking the Bible, opened it to the following passage, which he marked with his pencil, 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God.' The priest deemed this rather an evasive answer, and, delighted that the Apostle had condescended to give him a reply of any sort, pushed his inquiries still further. Peter bore it with great firmness and forbearance, but getting weary of all this, he marked the following text, 'Avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of *science*, falsely so called, which some professing, have erred concerning the faith.' The captain clapped his hands and cried out:

"'There he's into ye, doctor!"

"It must be confessed the apostle sunk some degrees in the esteem of his host, who could not conceal his mortification at this repulse, and the want of conformity of his guest to his own cherished opinions.

"But it was evident from the looks of Mr. Kemble, that the apostle rose in his respect as rapidly as he fell in that of the priest. The mate had taken to reading Swedenborg's books, which lay on the transom, from the commencement of the voyage, and his attention was especially rivetted by the treatise on conjugal love,† so much so that the captain had jeered him about

\* Robert Hall.

† Delights of Wisdom, concerning conjugal love. Boston: printed by J. Harrington Carter & Co., pp. 458.

being in a fair way to become a convert to the 'new church,' quoting the assumptive title of the priest. And now having the sanction of so high authority as St. Peter to back him up, he ventured to try his hand at an argument. 'Till now he had listened to all the priest had said, and read the books, consisting of the Arcana and other standard writers of this new religion, of which this work on conjugal love, held, as it would naturally do with a young man, a chief place in his studies; so laying down the book, he addressed the priest.

"Here are revelations upon revelations! who stands sponsor for all these astonishing visions? The gospel has the high authentication of prophecy and miracle, but what has Swedenborg to show he was not a maniac, or worse?"

"My dear Mr. Kemble, I am happy to find in this company *one person*—looking as he said so, to the chair of St. Peter, with some bitterness of expression—ready to discuss the claims of Swedenborg to the faith of the world. I had hoped to have been sustained where as yet I have been doomed to disappointment. But this may be explained from the tenacity of men in adhering to their "*prevailing loves*," and I presume no one will doubt the love of a certain Apostle to power, and if tradition can be credited, a supremacy among the disciples."

"Gently, gently!" said the captain, not exactly certain how it would do to beard an Apostle on board his ship, and having no desire to have any head winds in consequence of the disputations below deck.

"The priest bowed politely to the captain and said, 'The liberty of speech and of action were the first of the privileges of the citizens of the New Jerusalem.' Then turning to Mr. Kemble, he said: 'Swedenborg addresses himself to the reason—the consciousness. If a man has a soul and will but bring it to the light, it must be enlightened—he must believe; not by force, but by love—for "miracles *force* men and take away their free agency in spiritual things." "Faith produced by miracles is not faith; there's nothing rational in it, still less spiritual—it being merely external without any internal principle."\*

"The mate replied, 'Our Saviour, who is the only God, by your system, and who cannot err, performed miracles, and made the unbelief of Jews an aggravation of their sin—but it may be I don't understand the meaning of these words, for if there is a mystical meaning under every text, how am I ever to know what is truth? The Bible, I was once taught, was a plain simple book, but this 'Dictionary of Correspondences,' continued Mr. Kemble,

\* True Chr. Religion, sec. 501



laying his hand on a work of several volumes, 'upsets all confidence and all hope; for here, the very first word, Aaron, has no less than nine distinct meanings, and so, after having rejected most of the canonical books, you make of the rest *hodge-podge* by your theory of correspondences.'

"'Captain,' said Mr. Kemble—turning to the excellent commander as he sat leaning his head on his elbows, looking for all the world like a good-natured Newfoundland dog, who seems taking in all his master's discourse—the captain pricked up his ears, and sat upright—'here's a book which I have been studying these few days past,' putting his hand on the book of conjugal love, 'and I am at a loss what leaf to refer to; which I might venture to read aloud.'

"'My dear fellow I'm really a thousand times obliged to you, to have a care of my morals; they need looking after; but who would have thought such a terrible book would have ever been written by an old bachelor of a doctor? I'm sure I sha'n't dare to read a line in it,' taking the book for the first time into his hand, and really beginning to read it; turning to the table of contents, the captain whistled—'This opens rich!' and he soon grew so deeply enamored of the book, turning from the table of contents to the sections, as to have very little concern in the course of conversation, which was continued by the mate and priest. The subject still being on conjugal love, a passion existing, and constituting, as Swedenborg has it, 'the delight of all delights in heaven!\*' 'Now here,' said Mr. Kemble, 'is a copy of Sale's Koran, and I will read you the passage from it, describing *his* conceptions of paradise, and we will then contrast it with Swedenborg, and if the apostle will be pleased to decide, I wish he would do so, which is the purest picture of a future life. I am willing to abide by his decision.' So saying, Mr. Kemble read from the Koran, the following passage:—

"'The Lord hath prepared two gardens, planted with shady trees; in each of them are two fountains flowing, and of every fruit two kinds. Ye shall repose on couches, the linings where-

\* Socrates preceded Swedenborg in his theory of Conjugal Love. In the Symposia of Plato and Xenophon, his views are stated, but he was far more refined than the Swedish Ghost-seer. "According to Xenophon, physical love was directly excluded by Socrates; according to Plato, it was considered as an approximating step to the proper and true love. At last, however, Alcibiades comes forward in Plato's dialogue, and testifies, what certainly is historical, as he himself knew it from experience, that Socrates was unsusceptible of every lower kind of love, being devoted to spiritual or moral love alone. According to both dialogues, heavenly love is different from the earthly, the heavenly Aphrodite from the common.—Xenophontis, Convivium, ch. 8, sec. 9.—Plato, Symposium, p. 385, ed. of Becker."—*Tholuck on Heathenism.*

of are thick silk, interwoven with gold, and the first of the two gardens shall be near at hand together. Therein shall be beautiful damsels, whom no man shall have embraced before thee, neither any spirit, having complexions like rubies and pearls. Shall the reward of good works be other than good? Beside there shall be two gardens of a dark green. In each of them shall be two fountains pouring forth plenty of water. In each of them shall be fruits, and palm trees, and pomegranates. Therein shall be agreeable and beautiful damsels, having fine black eyes, and kept in pavilions from public view—which of the Lord's gifts will ye ungratefully deny? Blessed be the name of the Lord—possessed of glory and honor.' 'Such are the scenes of a future state, as revealed by Mahomet the false prophet.

" 'Now we come to the descriptions of the Baron Swedenborg, the true prophet. If you please, hand me Apocalypse Revealed.' The book was handed. 'I purposed to read, venerable sir,' said Mr. Kemble, looking to the chair of St. Peter, 'section 566 of this work, but I believe you must pardon me, if I merely make a brief of it. We have here, then, "a splendid palace, tiers of oil and wine, tiers of fragrance, and a feast of sweet cakes and condiments, a fountain overflowing with nectareous wine, the stream of, which disperses itself and fills the cups of the guests. After dinner, games of hand-ball, rackets, and the sports of love." I will not presume to read the passages which give the *physical* reasons for the superiority of the conjugal relations in heaven. They may be found in sections 4403, 5050-5053 of Arcana Celestia, and in sections 44, 103-114, 183 of Conjugal Love. It seems the ladies have the advantage of us, in having a *sixth* sense. And if it be said by the advocates of this new heresy, that though I have not misquoted Swedenborg, I do not understand him as he designs to be understood in this matter, I beg leave to say, Swedenborg affirms, "there is *altogether* a similar love between consorts in heaven, as in earth," and not only so, but that it results in "*similar ultimate delights*;" if it were fitting to speak more plainly, the language is all here,' laying his hand on Conjugal Love.

"The captain, who had been all the while reading and examining the book, with an attention so absorbed, as to admit of no consciousness of what was being said,—now that the mate laid his hand on the page he was reading,—lifted up his head with the look of one amazed, and leaving the Swedenborgian no time for the elaborate reply he, no doubt, had ready for the mate, broke in upon all order of debate, by asking the priest—a very strange question truly! and in a most abrupt tone—

“ ‘Where’s your wife?’ The priest hesitated an instant, and the captain repeated his inquiry.

“ ‘For what cause did you separate yourself from your wife? Are you divorced?’

“ ‘The priest now recovered his presence of mind, and replied, ‘I am at a loss to know, captain, why you put such inquiries to me, and beg before I reply, that you will explain your object in putting them to me.’

“ ‘Certainly!’ exclaimed the captain, all wide awake, ‘here I read of fifty or more “legitimate, just and truly sufficient causes which justify separations, and the taking of a concubine to supply the place of a wife.” Fifty causes for divorce, when the Bible allows but one. Pray tell us what these fifty causes are?’

“ ‘The priest replied, ‘they are both mental and physical; I need not go into particulars; but Swedenborg teaches, “it is a legitimate, just and truly sufficient cause of separation and concubinage that a wife is subject to a severe hysteric disease.”’ Here the captain lifted up both hands; the priest continued: ‘or “the highest stubbornness in not obeying what is just and equal,” or “that she talks upon nothing but insignificant things, and trifles,” or “that she has crude eructations from the stomach,”\* which was the case with my wife.’

“ ‘By the Lord Harry! did I ever hear the like before?’ cried the captain; ‘and so, instead of giving your wife a prescription of magnesia, you write her out a bill of divorcement. Really this is matrimony made easy, with a witness. And what provision does the old Swede make for such young bloods as Kemble?’

“ ‘Swedenborg,’ continued the priest, with all gravity, ‘as you will see in *Conjugal Love*, page 353, and in section 459, sanctions the largest liberty any virtuous-minded man can desire, to the unmarried.†

“ ‘And how many mistresses may a man have at a time?’

“ ‘Only one,’ replied the priest, calmly, ‘and then only in the temper of conjugal love.’

“ ‘Only think of that, Kemble!’ exclaimed the captain. Then turning to the Apostle Peter, he said, ‘I’m not half so good a man as I might be, and not in the least like a saint; but after all I can give a small appendix to the next edition of this book, which will make it sell as rapidly as did De Foe’s vision of Mrs. Veal, or “Reflections on Death,” by the Rev. Dr. Drelincourt. Now, sir,’ addressing the priest, ‘what I have to say, you may

\* See *Conj. Love*, Sects. 252, 253, 462, 470.

† This subject is treated of by Rev. Dr. Pond, in his “*Review of Swedenborgianism*,” with a fullness of detail that may be allowed of in a divine, but would be very wicked if repeated by—Peter Schlemihl.

put in front or behind, I don't care where it is, of the next edition of this book. I am sure everybody will say there's more gospel in my way of managing women, than this old ghost-seer ever dreamed of, with all his dreams. Let me tell you, sir, this breaking up the relations of husband and wife is no child's-play; 'tis not a game of "fast and loose," to be so much as thought of, even if there were no children whose rights and affections are to be consulted. But now, sir, for my method of curing the first of those horrid enormities, which justify your New Jerusalem saints in sending their wives adrift, "the having a severe hysteric disease." The captain having put into his mouth a fresh plug of tobacco, and pulling down his vest, with a most positive air and look, commenced as follows:—

"When a man speaks of his own wife, he is allowed to be a little poetical, I suppose, and I claim the right to say that my wife is one of the finest built women that lives on the shores or bays of the Hudson. She has a bright black eye of her own, and her head has a trim set, when it's rigged out with a new bonnet, and her step a pointing of the toe, which can't be exceeded anywhere in all the world. When she's drest you'd swear she was made for the clothes, and not the clothes for her, and she walks with an ease and air, which not one man in fifty but stops and looks round to take another look at her; now, sir, there's my wife! And is such a woman as that to be sent out, bag and baggage, because she takes it into her head to get up a scene or two of hysterics? certainly not!" exclaimed the captain. 'I appeal to the Apostle Peter!' The captain now turned to Peter, and with the air of a man about to state a case, in which he felt the deepest interest.

"Sir, you had a Madam Apostle Peter, a woman who went with you in all your journeyings, establishing and confirming the churches, perilous journeys they were, no doubt, and your saint-like lady doubtless had her ups and downs, and like another Mrs. Whitefield, might have been a little jealous of the fair converts, when they made too free with her husband, as they are apt to do. Now, sir, did it ever come down to you, in a vision, or any other way, that Mrs. Peter was to be sent about her business, because she sometimes was a little out of sorts, and thought her rights infringed upon? Not at all!' Here Peter gave his knock on the table, which he had from the first adopted as a sign, when he would answer in the affirmative.

"My dear sir," said the captain, leaning toward the apostle in a confiding and familiar manner, 'how has it happened that the Church of Rome has never put your wife's name in the Calendar of Saints? They have canonized all sorts of women, some for preferring hair shirts to linen ones, and for sleeping on boards in-

stead of beds. Now this is very strange; and if you will allow me to advise you as to your course of proceeding when we arrive home, I will show you how all this may be set right. "Our Church," I mean the one to which my wife belongs, is very anxious to be put at the head of all the churches of the world, as the pure Apostolic Church, and if you will keep yourself aloof from all the Presbyterians, and Methodists and Baptists, and turn up your nose at them as *dissenters*, and not make a fool of yourself, as Mah Yohannan, the Armenian bishop did, during his late visit to our country, by mixing himself up with all sorts of people, you can have everything your own way, and they will be right glad of the chance of making you their Primate, and your wife Arch Primate of our House of Bishops, and we will get up such a glorification, as will put all the poor outcasts of the Church to shame.'

"Peter rapped on the table his affirmative, and the captain was so delighted with the anticipated triumphs of *the Church* of the Republic, that he seemed to have forgotten all about what he had promised to tell them as his remedy for hysterical wives.

"Mr. Kemble reminded the captain of his promise, and claimed his compliance.

"'Certainly,' said the captain. 'You must know, then, that last October was a year, when I arrived at Babylon with a cargo of teas from Canton, and as soon as it was possible, I left the ship, and under the highest steam-pressure, set out for my little nook of a village, on the Hudson, where my whole stock of human hopes and affections lay invested in a wife and three children. It is singular, perhaps, but so it is, that I never have any dread that anything can have happened to my family, till I get on soundings, and then I can neither sleep nor eat, till I get into port, and have seen my owners, and found out if all is well at home. I had the happiness to learn that my family had been increased by a fine boy, born one month after my departure. You may guess my impatience to see him. I sent off a letter announcing my arrival, and the day on which I should be at home. My welcome was as joyous as I could have wished it to be. The boy was a noble fellow, a year old, and as like me as two peas. These are bright days of sunshine, which repay a sailor for some of the storms of his ocean life, and of which his owners, though they get all the profit of the voyage, can't deprive him, though they would do so if they could, for they grudge everything to their ship-masters.

"'After I had been at home three days, I returned to finish up the voyage with the owners, and haul up the ship. This done, I returned, bag and baggage, to my wife, to make a long stay at

home. The opening of a sailor's boxes is always a matter of interest to captains' wives, and I had procured for myself all the presents Canton provides. Two pieces of rich silk for dresses, a set of lacquered tea-tables, a set of carved chessmen, and things of that sort. I saw a look of disappointment upon my wife's face, but she said nothing, and so the matter passed off. But when Sunday morning came, my wife was exceedingly cross, and declared she wouldn't go to church, though she was as regular as the sexton, "for," she said, "I've nothing fit to wear." I thought it very odd, but said nothing, and taking my little boy and girl, set off for church. Everybody was glad to see me, and I quite forgot that all was not right at home, till I found my way back into my house. There my wife stood, ready to scold the children for muddying their shoes, and would have spanked them on the spot, if I had not interfered, with a good deal of firmness in word and look. The children were undressed, and dinner served, and nothing on the table was cooked fit to eat. And so the next week passed on. My coffee was as thick as mud—my turkeys done to a crust, and I well knew the devil was about to be let loose, but for why, I couldn't guess. In the meanwhile, my wife's sister, who had been a sort of ship's-cousin quartered upon me, ever since my marriage, looked all the while as demure as a Connecticut deacon under the parish pulpit, and gave no sign to show me what all this was about.

"On the next Saturday afternoon, as I was sitting with my wife and children, I heard a knock at the door, and called out "Come in"—and in came my old friend, Captain Thomas Bowline, and his wife, in all the splendors of a new rig. He had returned the week before me from Calcutta, and we were the only sea-faring men of the place, and though our wives were neighbors, it so happened, that we had not been home, at the same time, for six years.

"I was delighted to see them both, and my wife, I thought, was wonderfully cool, though exceedingly polite. I soon forgot all about her manner, in the pleasure of talking over our several fortunes since we last met; and as we had not met before, he having been absent from the village since my coming home, we had many things to talk over. They made a long call, and when they went away, my wife went up to her room, and I saw no more of her, for when tea was ready, she sent word down that she had a headache, and had gone to bed.

"The next morning matters wore no more pleasant aspect than they had done, and when the first church bell began to ring, my wife burst out into a flood of tears, and set off for her chamber. I followed her, and there she lay, on the bed, in a regular fit of hys-

terics. When she came to herself, I asked—"Why, what on earth! what is all this about?" She rose, and putting her hands on my shoulders, looked me full in the face, and said—"Captain Weathersfield, if you don't know, *you ought to know*," and I wilted down under her look, like a boy caught in the act of playing truant.

"'There's very few men,' said the captain, addressing the Apostle Peter, 'who, after a long voyage, could have stood such an appeal as this. I felt some rascal had been telling stories out of school; but for the life of me, couldn't conceive who it could be. And then my wife went off again, into another fit, worse than the first. I took off her shoes, and her feet were as cold as ice. As I rubbed them, I conjured up all the recollections of my voyage, and they were not half as pleasant as I could have wished them. But finding it impossible to restore my wife, I ran down stairs, leaving the doors all open behind me, to the kitchen, to make some mulled wine, and there was my wife's sister, with her demure face, which helped to irritate me no little. I called for wine, and spices, and a porringer, and while it was heating she began, by saying—"She wished to Heaven her sister knew how to treat a husband as he deserved to be treated—that if she was a wife, she should know how to prize a man who did everything a man could do to please her." I was in no humor to hear my wife abused, and so I burst out upon her in a rage, and told her "I believed she was a snake in the grass, and that I had rather have her sister, than ten thousand such hypocrites as she was; that if there was any mischief made between me and my wife, I knew whom to thank for it all." She lifted up her hands, and said: "She believed all men were fools, and of all fools I was the greatest." This brought on a spirited altercation, in which I spoke my mind pretty plainly. So soon as I had heated the wine, I decanted it into a tumbler. My wife's sister had recommended hot vinegar, but I told her "I would leave the vinegar cruet all to herself; I knew a better thing than that for my wife."

"On my way up stairs, I thought I heard my wife's footsteps about the chamber, but on entering, I found her lying on the bed, crying in a very sensible way, so I found no difficulty in persuading her to drink the mulled wine, and then I set to work rubbing her feet again. She now began to sob, and to say, "She didn't deserve to have such a husband—I was too good for her—nobody would love her—nobody ought to love her." I felt encouraged to leave rubbing her feet, and take to rubbing her hands, and to kiss her, begging her to tell me "What was the matter." And then she fell to crying again, and sobbing, she said—"She couldn't tell me, for I should hate her, and she deserved to be

hated," and all that sort of thing. The more she decried herself, the more penitent I became, and was on the point of making a clean breast, and asking her forgiveness; but luckily, I did no such thing, for after sobbing, the secret came out, "Captain Bowline had brought home to his wife a Cashmere shawl, and I had only brought her a silk dress." "Is that all!" I exclaimed, and I kissed her as heartily as ever a woman was kissed before. And now 'twas my turn to complain, to tell her "how unkind she had been to keep me in such suspense all the while," and then came her turn to put her arms round my neck, and to kiss me, and beg to be forgiven. All which, I assure you, was a very agreeable winding up of this scene.

"I was not long in discovering the whole secret of my wife's grievances. She thought I didn't love her as much as Captain Tom loved his wife, because I brought *China* silks from *Canton*, instead of an *India* shawl; but I explained to her that Cashmere shawls came from one part of the world, and silk from another; but these women believe shawls are made everywhere beyond the seas.

"Now, as your reverence knows," continued the Captain, bowing to Peter's chair, "every woman has her *Napoleon Bonaparte*, and my wife's was *Mrs. Tom Bowline*, and the thought of being outshone by her at church had caused all this commotion, now so happily ended in a clearing up shower. I told my wife her wishes should be gratified so soon as ever I had it in my power to do so, and intended that this should be done as soon as ever I could find a shawl to my mind.

"By dinner time my wife was dressed, and as we sat down to dinner she looked as happy as a bride, and as for myself, I never was happier in my life. My wife's sister looked on with astonishment, and I was surprised to see for the first time, that my wife spoke to her with a little tinge of sharpness. I had reason to believe afterwards, that my wife hearing our loud talking, had come to the head of the stairs and overheard us. It was one of those few instances in which listeners hear good things of themselves; and resulted in my wife's sister finding the house too hot for her; so she married herself off to a saddler, and removed to Babylon.

"But to go on with my story; the next day my wife and I set out for Babylon, she to have her *China* silks made up, and as for myself, I really had no other business than to accompany her, and to buy a shawl, which should outshine *Mrs. Tom Bowline's*. Fortunately, I found my old friend Briggs, of Salem, just in from Calcutta, with a half dozen magnificent shawls, of which he allowed me to make my pick, at cost price, and a bill made out



at any price I pleased to have affixed. So I modestly told him he might receipt a bill for one at seven hundred and fifty dollars, for which I paid him three hundred. This I had safely stowed away in my trunk as a coat I had been buying. I purchased, besides, a fine satin bonnet with a plume that drooped down on her shoulder in the most bewitching style, and she was perfectly delighted with her visit. We remained in town a week, when her silks came home from the milliners. Her dresses were just as she liked to have them; a most rare thing, I can tell you, and as to the bonnet, *no* language could express her admiration of it. And so we reached home on Saturday night, perfectly well pleased with everything in the house and out of it.

“The next day was rather a bright frosty day, and my wife dressed in her beautiful bonnet and rich silk dress, certainly looked charming. She had a pretty fur cape on, and with a sweet smile said, “Now, dear, let us go, for the bell is tolling.” You must know my wife never goes into church too soon, but just before the minister commences his prayers. “Why, my dear, where’s your shawl?” “Oh! I don’t need a shawl to-day.” “But, love, just please me, and wear one;” she was for an instant a little displeased, but quelling the feeling, she ran up stairs, and there lay my splendid present on her bureau. She came running down with it on her arm, and throwing her arms round my neck, burst into tears. As I knew these tears did her good, I let her cry them out, and so soon as they could be dried away, she put on her shawl, found it all right, and though I say it, there never was a finer looking, nor a happier woman in the world than my wife at that moment.

“We walked up the head of the broad aisle, in presence of the whole congregation, to our pew, next to the minister’s, and it would have done your heart good to have heard her sweet, clear, ringing voice, making the responses; she seemed especially desirous that all the congregation should know what a miserable sinner she was, and how “she had done the things she ought not to have done;” and when the service was over, she had a kind word for every one, especially was she anxious for the health of Mrs. Bowline, and all her children, and on the church steps she lingered to speak to all our neighbors, high and low, far and near; so it was pretty well advertised before we got home, that my wife had a splendid shawl, the prettiest bonnet, and the richest silk dress ever seen in that parish. As for poor Mrs. Tom Bowline, her dinner was spoilt for one day. Nor was she the only woman made miserable by my wife’s finery. Many an old cloak and shawl, which in the morning was thought good enough to last another winter, was now taken off with a feeling of absolute

loathing. The wives of all the parish praised me up to the husbands, as "such a kind man," "one who loved to see his wife look like somebody;" and the daughters teased their fathers for new bonnets and shawls, so that I was abundantly abused on all hands by the men, for spending all my money on my wife's back; and when the secret leaked out what my wife's shawl cost, for I took care to hide Brigg's bill, where my wife was sure to find it, the admiration of the women, and the contempt of the men, rose to the highest pitch. One thing is certain—never had the parish church worn such a fashionable air before as it did that winter. Now,' said the Captain, with a thump on the table which made the glasses dance, 'there's my method of treating women with hysterics. And I will give you, sir,' addressing the priest, 'the exact proportions of spice to be put into a pint of wine, and in your next edition of *Conjugal Love*, I beg you will put it in as Captain Weathersfield's remedy. Women will sometimes be cross-grained; it can't be helped! but instead of breaking up all the relations of husband and wife, mother and child, the most terrible of all calamities, let everybody try my prescription—a *pint of mulled wine taken warm on going to bed, and a Cashmere shawl in the morning*—and I pledge you my life it will work wonders. There need never be another divorce on that score—don't you think so?' said the Captain turning briskly to Peter.

"Poor Peter had listened with all the ears in his head, and now only saved his reputation for sanctity by running on deck and stepping up into the main top, where he had his explosion of mirth out of hearing. So soon as he had regained his composure, he returned to the cabin. He found the priest had retired to his state-room—the Captain was taking a nap, and Mr. Kemble was on deck, walking with his accustomed air of abstraction and thoughtfulness.

"At supper, however, the priest returned to the attack, and after telling Peter of the grounds for his own convictions of the truth of Swedenborg's revelations, was shocked beyond measure by Peter marking the verse, 'Refuse profane and old wives' fables.' But I should weary you to tell you of all these controversies, which are fully related in Peter's letters to his sister.

"It appears that in proportion as the Apostle lost ground with the priest, he gained favor with the captain, who, one morning, begged him to remain after breakfast, 'as he had something particular to say to him.' Peter, accordingly, kept his seat, wondering what was to happen. The captain, when all had left the cabin, drew up his chair yet closer to the table, and, in a low voice, told him 'he had a great secret to tell him, and that *he*, Peter, could

do him the greatest favor he could possibly receive, and for which he would make him any sort of compensation he might ask of him.' Peter was all astonishment and expectation. The captain paused as though the confidence he was about to repose was almost too much to give even to the Apostle Peter, and his countenance was full of the intense interest he felt in what he was about to say. Screwing his courage up to the sticking point, he said, 'I have discovered how to square the circle!'

"'Is it possible!' exclaimed our Peter, in the very best of English.

"Now he could not have said three words which went so directly to the heart of the captain. It at once assured him of his success, and the glorious visions of wealth and fame were, at that moment, all his own.

"'Yes, that I have, and I will show how it's done. You see, I've always thought it could be done, and there's a hundred thousand pounds deposited in the Bank of England, ready to be paid over to me so soon as I shall apply for it.'

"'And why did you not apply for it?' said Peter, still speaking, entirely off his guard.

"'Ah! my dear fellow,' said the captain, clapping his hand on the Apostle's back (you see how that one exclamation of our Peter made a boon companion of him," said the Gentleman in Black, parenthetically); "'it was because I couldn't exactly bring out the answer.'

"And the idea struck the captain as being very odd that the Apostle's coat felt as if made of broadcloth, and he thought he felt buttons on the sleeve as he laid his hand on his arm, while making this last remark.

"'Now,' said the captain, 'you know as well as I can tell you, for I suppose two and two make four in heaven just the same as they do on earth, that the quadrature and rectification of the circle are problems which have exercised the abilities of the most eminent mathematicians in all ages, and that if the ratio of the diameter were known, these problems, by the known properties of the circle, would become very simple. Now Archimedes found the perimeter of a circumscribed regular polygon of 192 sides, is to the diameter in a less ratio than  $3\frac{1}{8}$  to 1, and that the perimeter of an inscribed regular polygon of 96 sides, is to the diameter in a greater ratio than  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to 1, therefore, he inferred that the ratio was  $\frac{3}{2}$ , which is certainly very near the truth; but my method is by fluxions, and comes *almost* to the very thing itself.'

"'But that won't do,' said Peter; 'a miss is as good as a mile.'

“ Ah! but you can help me in this matter; I'm sure of it; and I'll give you half.”

“ Peter smiled at the idea of being bought up by the captain, who now took from his desk a paper on which his calculations were made; but before the captain had commenced showing him his method or calculus, Peter candidly confessed ‘that he could not help him, for he knew nothing about mathematics.’

“ The captain was very greatly disappointed, and, to use the expressive phrase of the Scriptures, ‘his face became changed’ towards Peter from that time, and putting up his papers, he went on deck, which he paced for an hour without speaking a word; but, doubtless, like the celebrated old parrot of the Irishman, he made up for what he did not say, by keeping up a ‘devil of a thinking,’ the effects of which Peter had good reason to apprehend.

“ After a while, he went forward and spoke to the steward; ‘Tom, we have on board ship a strange sort of a saint.’ ‘Yes, sir,’ said Tom, who had his own thoughts upon the subject. ‘Do you know he wears a broadcloth coat?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘Well, he does, and with buttons too.’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘I want you to cut off a piece of his coat-tail, and let us see what sort of cloth it is; and be sure you cut off one of his buttons with it.’ ‘Yes, sir.’ And Tom did as he was ordered, all unconsciously to Peter.

“ Now I may not have told you,” continued the Gentleman in Black, “that so soon as anything is separated from Peter's person, it becomes visible. The steward took off the end of the skirt with a button attached, and brought it to the captain as he came on deck after dinner. The captain examined the texture of the cloth, which was a fine blue, but his surprise was greatly increased by the button, which, on being examined on the inside, had stamped on it ‘extra-fine, treble-gilt.’ ‘By George!’ exclaimed the captain, ‘who would have thought it? I supposed the streets were paved with gold where he came from. Hollo! Kemble!’ The mate came on deck. ‘Tell me, Kemble, isn't it said somewhere in the Bible that the paving stones of heaven are all of gold?’

“ Not that I know of—I don't remember any such text.’ ‘It must be there,’ replied Captain Weathersfield, ‘for I couldn't have dreamed it; and certainly it runs in my head that they are so.’

“ I guess you have got it out of the hymn-book,’ said Kemble, ‘for it was a favorite hymn of my childhood to sing about Heaven and its golden streets.’

“ It may be so. Can you remember the verse?”

“ I'll try,’ and then recited—

“ The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields, or walk the golden streets.’

“ ‘Yes,’ said the captain, ‘that is it. I thank you, Kemble, I have nothing more to say,’ and on he went thinking. ‘After all, the priest must be right, for if they wear broadcloth in heaven, then there must be sheep, and weavers, and button-makers, and tailors,’ and, finally, he was all adrift, as he afterwards acknowledged. ‘By George!’ he exclaimed, ‘how strange! *Gilt buttons* in heaven, when I thought there was no *gilt* there of any sort.’

“Nor was this the only instance of confidence reposed in Peter while on this voyage. One fine moonlight night he went on deck about midnight, during the mate’s watch. The cresting of the waves, the glitter of the stars, and the calm face of the moon ‘walking in brightness’ through little cloud-flakes, which were flying across her disk, all conspired to make the scene one of beauty, and to inspire sad and tender thoughts in Peter’s mind. He was alone, all alone in the world, and he felt deeply the force of the saying of Marmontel, ‘How sad it is to behold a beautiful scene, and to be unable to say to some one, oh! how beautiful!’

“He had remarked, during the voyage, that the mate wore the aspect of one of a higher grade of society than the captain; that he said little and thought much, and was without any appetite at table, and seemed the victim of a profound melancholy. He was standing leaning on the capstan, and had stood there for an hour without a movement of any sort. ‘A fellow feeling makes us wond’rous kind,’ and the aspect of sorrow gave a strange interest to Mr. Kemble, the mate, in the mind of Peter. He was always courteous at the table, and had the manners of a gentleman. Though Peter had determined never to let his voice be heard, yet, as he had spoken to the captain, why should he not speak to the mate? He felt that it would be an act of kindness to do so; perhaps the mate wanted sympathy; if so, who had a heart like his, in which all the deep fountains were welling up, longing for objects on which they could be exhausted? Prompted by such sentiments, Peter came down from the taffrail, where he had been sitting, and going towards the mate, he said to him,

“ ‘Master mate, the beautiful stars which are shining on you, should win your eyes to gaze at them.’

“The mate, surprised, looked up, and seeing no one, exclaimed, ‘Who spoke?’ There was no reply: after waiting a few seconds, he asked,

“ ‘Have I the honor of addressing the Apostle Peter?’ taking off his hat and bowing. Our Peter was silent; he did not like to avow that he was St. Peter, and feared to disavow the distinguished honor which had been conferred upon him by common consent of all on board. Finding no answer, Mr. Kemble said,

“ I believe I heard the voice of some one. It must have come from our spiritual guest, and whether you are a saint or satan, you can resolve for me some questionings of my soul, respecting which my mind is in a whirl of doubt, almost to frenzy. Will you be pleased to do so ?”

“ Peter replied, with tones of earnest sympathy, ‘ It may not be in my power to reply to the inquiries you may make of me, but if it is, I assure you that it will give me much pleasure to do so. One thing I can promise you : if you are in sorrow of any sort, you have my warmest sympathy.’ ”

“ ‘ I am well aware,’ replied the mate, ‘ that it may not be in your power to tell me of the conditions of a spiritual world. The relations of a life separated from all the objects of sense may have no fitting vehicles of thought, but *you* can tell me if the creature of yesterday lives forever. This is the great enigma I wish solved. Is there a future for man ?’ ”

“ ‘ The highest of all evidence is *consciousness*,’ replied Peter. ‘ Do you not possess this ? Do you not feel that you are destined to live forever ?’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, do not ask *me* to resolve a question of this sort,’ said Mr. Kemble ; ‘ but tell me truly, am I a worm of the dust, an inhabitant of a world, a mere speck in this wide universe, an object of God’s care ; a being destined to immortality ?’ ”

“ ‘ You are,’ said Peter. ‘ To God there’s nothing great, there’s nothing little. The sun shone as brightly to enlighten *one man* as it now shines on millions. The providence of God is as truly exerted over your destinies, and *you* are the object of as exclusive care as you would have been had no other creature existed to absorb the regard and love of the great Creator. Such is the character and conduct of God toward his creatures.’ ”

“ ‘ Alas ! how impossible it is to realize this,’ replied the mate ; ‘ I see so many anomalies in the condition of the world ; so much of misery in man and animals, that I am at times full of dark surmises which lead me to skepticism and despair.’ ”

“ ‘ My young friend,’ said Peter, ‘ believe me ’tis perilous to trust to the teachings of unassisted reason. There is but one safe guide through these labyrinths of doubt. God has given you *a sure word of prophecy. God is light—and in His light, you shall see light.* As to divine matters, my dear Mr. Kemble, the senses are like the sun, which displays the face of the earth, but shuts up that of the Heavens.’ ”\*

“ ‘ But, reverend sir,’ replied the mate, ‘ how various are the opinions entertained on these subjects, even among those best in-

\* Lord Bacon, “ *De Augmentis Scientiarum.* ”

formed. And among such a conflict of religions, which am I to adopt?"

"Peter replied with emphasis, 'It is true, there are a vast variety of *opinions*, but there are but *two religions* in all the world.'

"'But two!' exclaimed Kemble; 'I thought there were hundreds.'

"'There are but *two*,' replied Peter, in the same expressive tones of voice, 'the *subjective*, and the *objective*, to use philosophical terms, or in other and better words—the religion of *faith*, and the religion of *forms*.'

"'But what do you call *the religion of faith*?' asked the mate.

"'The religion of faith is best expressed in the expiring cry of an English martyr, "None but Christ!—none but Christ!"\* The religion of forms is known in all its varieties, by presenting as the object of highest veneration rites or ceremonies, and in effect saying "anything but Christ! Everything but Christ!" Do you comprehend me?"

"'Yes, sir,' replied the mate, 'I think I do. My mother taught me so; but how hard it is to believe that man, an inhabitant of a world which is but as a speck in our universe—which may be, in itself, but as a grain of sand on the vast shores of creation, can have been so distinguished as to have been redeemed by the death of Christ, the Creator of the race for whom He died. This thought overwhelms me in a sea of doubt.'

"'How strange,' replied Peter, 'that men make themselves so utterly insignificant, that they may have a show of reason for discrediting the word of God. Who can conceive the dignity and value of a creature created in the image of God?"

"'I do not presume to reply,' replied the mate, 'but I would like to know if I may ask the question where is God?"

"'The Apostle replied—"Of God it has been said—"His centre is everywhere, His circumference nowhere"—Do you comprehend this?"

"'I have heard this definition before,' replied the mate, 'and thought it was felicitous and forcible.'

"'It is,' answered Peter, 'and I want you to go a step beyond this. Every creature, whether an ant or an angel, is *the radiating centre of God*, for whom and to whom the entire universe ministers, as fully and entirely, as though *it* had been created and was sustained for the sake of that insect or angel alone. God has thus identified himself with His creatures, for their happiness and protection. They live because He lives. And every lash inflicted upon an ill-fed, weary and overtaken animal, is an act

\* This was the dying cry of John Lambert, burnt at Smithfield.

of cruelty with which the Creator profoundly sympathizes and will fearfully avenge. Would that this truth was brought home to the business and bosoms of men !”

Mrs. Smith here broke in upon the narrative of the Gentleman in Black, by saying—“I wish from my heart it was ! The wretched horses who drag our omnibuses should petition the clergy to give this subject the prominence it so well deserves, and holds in the mind of Peter Schlemihl. How much better it would be to make men feel the force of the claims of animals, than to build up opinions which have no bearing on their conduct.”

“Pardon me, madam,” replied the Gentleman in Black, “it is a philosophical as well as a scriptural truth, that men entertain no opinion which does not make them what they are :—‘as a man *thinketh so is he* !”

“Forgive my interruption,” said Mrs. Smith ; “please go on. What did the mate say to Peter ?”

“He asked, ‘Does not this lead to *Pantheism* ?’

“No,” replied Peter, ‘far from it ! It is “the glorious gospel of the Blessed God ;” which teaches us that Christ Jesus “*is all and in all*”—that “all things were created by him and for him, and *in him all things subsist*”—and do you call this pantheism ?’ continued Peter.

“‘Alas !’ replied the mate, ‘I am utterly bewildered and lost. I cannot comprehend it.’

“‘No, my dear friend,’ continued Peter, ‘like most men, you raise the telescope to the heavens to gain some feeble conception of God’s majesty and might, and then reverse the telescope to make man more insignificant than he really is. His soul was designed for the Temple of God, and it is his high destiny to dwell with God ; to be changed from glory to glory, in endless progression, ever approaching and never reaching the attainment of those perfections, in which he will delight, and to which he is ever more and more to assimilate. The finite can never comprehend the infinite, and with enlarged powers of apprehension, new discoveries will be made of the wisdom of his Creator, and of the heights and depths of *the mystery of mysteries*, the redemption and sanctification of his own soul. This greatest and grandest of all the manifestations of the mercy of God, which angels desire to look into, will be in heaven a greater mystery than it is on earth, for there it will be more fully developed and more perfectly realized. To be an angel is indeed a glorious destiny, but to be a man, redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the blood of Christ, and the Spirit of God, will never cease to inspire the supremest wonder, and to excite in the soul the highest and noblest expressions of gratitude and adoration.’



“ ‘Yes,’ replied the mate, ‘such were the teachings of my pious mother : and my soul has sometimes found safe anchorage in a sea of doubt, when such views of the destiny of man have been, to some extent, realized. Alas! with my loss of confidence in woman, I have lost my hope in God.’

“ ‘You are young, my dear Mr. Kemble,’ said Peter, ‘to talk so wildly. Will you not tell me the cause of such deep despair? You have but begun to live, and all is bright to one not yet twenty-two years of age.’

“ ‘Reverend sir,’ replied the mate, ‘may I ask, do you still retain your sympathies in the affairs of men?’

“ ‘Most deeply and truly,’ replied our Peter.

“ ‘Then you will bear with me, if I tell you of trials which may to you appear trivial, and which, I trust, you may have never known, for the woman you once possessed as a wife is now an angel in light.’

“ Peter replied with earnestness—‘She was, indeed, an angel of goodness, gentleness, and loveliness; long since taken from earth to the open vision of her God and Saviour, there to burn and brighten with the souls of the redeemed in light forever and ever.’

“ Mr. Kemble, sighing deeply, continued—‘Oh! how great a mercy to know that heaven contains the loved ones of earth—that they are “not lost, but gone before,” awaiting our coming, and perhaps, aiding us in our weary journey of life. I will tell you my story. My tale is no novelty in the experience of men; I have the fortune to be a fool, and what is rare, I know it, and with the abiding conviction that the angel form I once loved and still love, covers a heart of stone, and, contrary to every motive and dictate of my understanding, I love her to frenzy. Is not this being possessed of the devil?’

“ The Apostle replied, ‘It is, in truth, very like it.’

“ The mate went on—‘She was a young girl, when we first met, but oh, how graceful and attractive were all her looks!

“ ‘A number of my young friends formed a Thespian Club, of which I was the master spirit. To me was assigned to play the parts of Richard, and Hamlet, and Shylock, and we were much courted and caressed by the girls, for they all wanted to be present at our performances, which were private, and our tickets necessarily limited. Among the number who came was this young girl, invited by my dearest friend, by whom I was introduced to her, and my admiration was instantaneous and all absorbing—she realized all the creations of my fancy—and I lived only to think and dream of her. To my inconceivable pain, I saw that my friend was preferred before me. I asked him “if he loved her.”

He replied with an air of surprise, "No, truly, she is a mere child; she has no soul." I said to him, "I do;" he remonstrated with me; telling me my affections would certainly be misplaced. I begged him to keep out of my way, which he did effectually, for he soon after removed with his mother and family to the southern states. When he left, I found it an easy task to take his place. She needed admiration, and she had it to an immeasurable extent from me; and after some months of devoted attention on my part, I received from her the fullest assurances of her affection; and secure of these, I was rich indeed. It then became necessary for me to adopt a profession which should give me the means of providing for her, and assuming the relations of married life. My friends offered me employment with fair prospects of promotion, and I went out to Calcutta, to acquire the necessary practical knowledge of a sailor. At our parting, I painfully felt her love for me was far less than mine for her, but I was made happy by the fondness she manifested towards me on my return, and which I now have reason to believe was inspired by some articles of taste and personal decoration, which I brought her as a present. She wore them gracefully, and I was happy, thinking all the while it was because they were my gifts. After remaining at home about three months, I sailed as mate on board the same ship bound for Canton. Our parting was passionate on my part, and full of fondness on hers. "On your return," she said, "we will be married." There are no sweeter words a woman can whisper to a parting sailor! I wish they had been the last she uttered, but calling me back, as she said, "to give me one more kiss," she whispered in my ear, "don't forget my crimson Canton crape shawl!" Well, I strove to forget this, and only to remember what gratified my wishes and sustained my hopes: and I succeeded, for *we can believe* what we anxiously desire.

"'I was gone,' continued Mr. Kemble, 'a little more than a year. During this time, my syren made a visit to a neighboring town, where was a post of our army. Among the well-dressed young officers was one, who was attracted by the beauty of my affianced wife, and on my return home, the aspect of my mother warned me of some dreadful tidings. I asked, "Is *she* dead?" "No, my child, worse than that; she is married!"

"'All these events are very common—quite every day occurrences, and I tried to be very calm and contented; but, sir, there is no rest for me. I have every motive to live. I have an aged mother to support, my fortunes are bright, but the iron has entered my soul, and I long for death more devoutly than most men desire life. I dread to die a maniac, and would be glad to be relieved the weary task of contending with my tendencies to a vio-

lent death.' The Apostle urged his young friend to better hopes, and a higher destiny. He exclaimed, 'Yes, I do hope for peace and purity in heaven. The prayers of my mother still follow me; and there are gleams of hope, when I think I am but being trained up for a future existence; but, sir, 'tis hard to see all the beautiful creations of hope darkened down to naked waste and flat despair.' The Apostle could not reply, for the watch coming up, notified the mate, it was time for them to call the captain's watch and 'to turn in,' and so shaking the mate affectionately by the hand, they separated.

"For some days the meals were taken in silence; the captain had his own thoughts, and the priest and mate were absorbed by their own reflections. Peter was permitted to eat his food undisturbed. After dinner, as Peter was standing near the priest, on the quarter deck, the captain broke the silence which he had observed for so long a time, by asking the priest,

"Do you believe there are manufacturers of broadcloth in the other world?"

"The priest surprised said, 'He did not believe there was.'

"Well, sir,' said the captain, 'I am sure of it.'

"How is it, captain, you have changed your opinions so entirely?—My belief only extends to the perpetuity of our passions, and the development of the prevailing loves."

"You are in the dark, then—I can prove to you that there are sheep, of course grass on which they feed; hills and dales in which the grass grows; an atmosphere to feed the grass with showers; a sun to warm it into life; mines to furnish the shears to cut the wool; cards to card it, and spinning jennies and looms to weave it into cloth; tailors to cut it, and to make it up; and in fact, all the conditions of society as it exists in this world."

"Upon my soul, captain, you surprise me,' replied the priest; 'and have you been all these days in a brown study to come to these results?'

"You have hit it exactly! and here is the proof of all I have said,' producing the piece of Peter's coat, with the button on it, which Peter for the first time discovered had been shortened by some four inches.

"Here,' said the captain, 'is the Apostle's coat-tail, cut off by the steward,' handing the piece of cloth to the astonished priest. 'Look,' said the captain, 'see, gold is not so plenty as I had supposed it was—*extra-fine treble gill.*'"

"The priest was speechless, as he saw these mystical characters on the reverse side of the brass button. The captain then, like another Cuvier, commenced showing from the single button and piece of cloth, how wide was the range of '*correspondences*'

between the invisible world and the present, to produce that single pattern and the button; but I will leave you, my dear madam, to follow out his course of cogitation in your own way. The priest was graveled. He did not know what to answer, contenting himself with saying, 'that there were doubtless many things in heaven, as well as in earth, not yet developed even in the revelations of Swedenborg.'

"You are aware that Peter, as Chamisso states, wore over his famous seven-league boots, a cover of *felt* which made his steps noiseless, and which took from them the spring which carried him so great a distance at every step. He, therefore, was unheard in his movements, and overheard this conversation which was carried on in a low and confidential whisper.

"The priest had been for some days busily occupied with an examination of his trunks of books, and Peter feared he was destined to an attack in a new quarter; and so it was, for after supper on the same day of this communication by the captain, he addressed the Apostle in the blandest tones, and spoke of the great controversy which had so divided the Christian world, in relation to Peter's own self; and thinking Peter might have been too fully occupied at the gate of Paradise with his keys, and perhaps from a harmless vanity, he told him, what 'tis certain he never knew before, of the various views entertained on the question, whether after all, he, Peter, had ever been at Rome; for, said he, 'your office as an Apostle, seems to render it impossible for you to have been the first Bishop of Rome, and to have resided there, as is contended, as its first bishop for a quarter of a century, because, to have become so, you would have ceased to have been an Apostle, which necessarily required you to go from country to country. We read, too, of you at Jerusalem, and at Antioch, at which place some of the fathers say, you resided seven years, and at Babylon and Corinth, but we never hear of you at Rome, and Paul, though he wrote so many of his Epistles from Rome, and one to Rome, never speaks of you in his numerous salutations. So that I have doubted if you *ever* were at Rome. But the important question I have to submit to you, is as to your primacy in the Apostleship. Now, I deem this to rest solely on that vivacity of temper, which, Eusebius says, "made you the *prolocutor* of the other Apostles," or it may have been because, in Luke vi. 14, you are first in the list of the disciples of whom 'tis said, "he chose twelve and called them Apostles, Simon whom 'tis called Peter, &c.," and this is noticed by St. Cyprian; but others again have supposed it was because you were a married man, and consequently had made greater sacrifices than others.'

"The captain, who was listening very attentively, here inter-

rupted the priest, and said, 'If he was the only married man amongst them, that was a sufficient reason. It seems to me,' continued he, turning to the Apostle, 'that in writing your epistles, you have said nothing about the duty of ship owners to masters of vessels!'

"The priest looked his surprise, and our Apostle taking the Bible, opened to the text, which he marked with his pencil—'No scripture is of any private interpretation—'

"'That's all very well, so far as it goes,' replied the captain; 'but that's not explicit, and to the point. Now I'll show you—my wife wanted to go to sea with me, for though we've been married ten years, I've not slept in my own bed, but just forty-four weeks and five nights of all that time; she didn't like it, no more did I; so I told my owners I desired to take my wife along with me for the voyage; but though they are deacons in the church, godly men as need be, they refused their consent, and said, "they would not let me make a baby-house of their ship;" well, I was hard put to it, and so I quoted the Bible at them, and told 'em it was written, "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." And what do you think they said to this? Why, they laughed in my face, and said, "they didn't come to me to interpret the Bible for them, but to sail their ship." Now, how easy it would have been for you to have put in a little verse like this into your general epistle—"As concerning ship owners, I ordain that they make all due provision to such of their captain's wives as will go with them on their voyages over the great deep." Then the thing would have been settled: but we poor sailors,' said the captain, with great emphasis, and a thump on the table, 'were never so much as thought of in those days!' at the same time looking drawn daggers at the Apostle's chair.

"Peter with difficulty restrained his inclination to laugh, and the priest, finding the captain had got through, went on to say,

"Jerome supposes it was because you were first in age, and he replies to the question, "Why was not St. John elected, being a bachelor? because Peter was elder; that a youth, almost a boy,\* might not be preferred before men of good age," though Epiphanius affirms that Andrew was your elder. There is another reason which, to my mind, is yet stronger, and that is, that your name in all the lists of the Apostles stands first. It is upon such grounds, and others worth as much and no more than these, that Romanists claim for you the *primacy* over the apostles and the church universal. And I have thought it strange, if it had been so, that any such contest should have arisen among you as is

\* St. John is so represented in the window of Trinity Church, New York.

recorded in Luke xxii. verse 14, as to who should be greatest: and, that James and John, too, should have made the request they did, to sit next the Saviour, an honor to which St. CHRYSOSTOM says—"it was a clear case that St. Paul should obtain the preference." I beg you to understand me as expressing no opinion in this matter, but merely as quoting so distinguished a father, and as bearing on the question of your supremacy. And it has also been deemed doubtful, in my mind, whether any such distinction was ever conferred, from the conduct of our Lord in placing a little child in the seat of honor, and saying, "Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, shall be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven,"—a phrase which, doubtless, had reference to his reign on earth, and not his kingdom in heaven. Indeed, that distinguished scholar, George Campbell, translates this phrase—"The reign of God." But I am confirmed in my impressions in this matter, by the censure of our Lord to those who sought the title of *Rabbi*, in Matthew xxiii. 8; and upon this text St. Chrysostom remarks, "*We were designed to teach the word, and not to exercise empire: we do but rank as advisers, exhorting to duty.*"

"'In connection, venerable father,' said the priest, 'with this question of your *primacy*, is another monstrous assumption over the consciences of men, and which has caused great misery and bloodshed since the days of your apostleship, and still is held by those churches who rely on an unbroken line of apostolical succession, and which they claim to be the essential to all public acts of Christian worship. This claim is not peculiar to the Romish church. The Anglican church, on both sides of the Atlantic, prefer the same claims, under the sanction of your great name. Dr. Seabury, in the *Churchman*, has said, "A ministry of the *apostolical succession*, empowered to act as Christ's ambassadors, and *representing* him on earth; the divinely appointed *limitation* of the blessings of salvation and the gifts of the Holy Spirit to *communion with this ministry*, in the sacraments, laws, and ordinances of the church; *regenerated in baptism*, the supreme authority of the Scripture, as *explained and interpreted by the church*;—these are our principles, which are plainly written in our *prayer book, and on them we stand.*" And, sir, this is no new position. Bishop Sherlock, in his *Vindication of Dr. Stillingfleet*, (p. 389,) says, "Whoever separates himself from the Church of England, cuts himself off from the Catholic church, and puts himself out of a state of salvation. Separation from the church is a schism, and a schism is as damning a sin as idolatry, drunkenness, or adultery;" and so Bishop Taylor, speaking of the necessity of apostolical succession of bishops to make ordinations valid, says—"Without this, no priest, no ordination, no

consecration of the sacrament, no absolution, no rite or sacrament legitimately can be performed." And also, Dodwell, in his work, "One Altar and one Priesthood," says, "None but the bishop can unite us to the Father and the Son. Whence it will further follow, that *whosoever* are *disunited* from the visible communion of the church on earth, and particularly from that visible communion of the *bishop*, *must* consequently be disunited from the whole Catholic Church on earth, and not only so, but from the invisible communion of the holy angels and saints in heaven; and which is yet more, from *Christ and God himself*. It is one of the *most dreadful aggravations* of the condition of the damned, that they are banished from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power. The *same* is their condition also who are disunited from Christ, by being disunited from his visible representative." *Such*, venerable sir, are the claims of your successors in the nineteenth century. *Such* the unblushing audacity of men who would render salvation impossible to all who have not come under their domination—who thank God that baptism is *regeneration*, by which an infant "becomes a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."\* You are aware, sir, as a follower of Swedenborg, I deny this doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and repudiate the great dogma of the Reformation, of "justification by faith;" still, sir, it is a matter of moment, in presenting this great subject for your solemn and final decision, to state the present condition of this great controversy, and to show you how nearly a *Protestant* Episcopal Church may become re-united to its *Papistical* parent. Doctor Hook, of Leeds, says of the prelates of the English Church, that they are "validly ordained by those who, by means of an *unbroken spiritual descent of ordination*, derived their mission from the apostles and from our Lord." \* \* \* "Our ordinations," he continues, "descend in a direct unbroken line from Peter and Paul." Now, sir, I beg leave to say, in the presence of Captain Weathersfield and Mr. Kemble, that by *your personal testimony* only, now to be given or withheld, can such succession be made out? On this subject I wish to say a very few words more. The early chronicles of the church on this subject are full of confusion. Dean Prideaux, a learned episcopal writer, speaking of this claim of apostolical succession, says of it, "No certainty is to be had." Howell, another writer of the same church, after a laborious examination, calls it—"the stupidity and fables of Romanists," and Platina, the Roman Catholic biographer

\* Bishop Brownell's charge, "Errors of the Times," delivered June 13, 1843, says on this subject, "The change of state, effected in baptism, is called in Scripture, and in the language of the baptismal office, *regeneration*."

of the popes, as cited by Prideaux, says, "that they who were appointed prothonotaries, to register the passages in the church, were, in his time, become so *illiterate*, that some of them could scarce write their own names," and complains of "the neglect of registering, and the confusion of the lives of the popes." Nor is this all, sir; your successors were often elected "by intrigue, contentment, violence, bribery and bloodshed."

"By George," exclaimed the captain, whose looks were full of the subject, glancing at Peter, 'he goes it, like a thousand of brick.'

"The priest's smile showed how much this encouraged him in his assault.

"I have made no assertions not sustained by the highest authority of the church. Listen," said the priest, turning to the captain as he spoke, 'listen to the testimony of Cardinal Baronius:—taking up an old volume, he read from his *Annals*: Anno. 912, tome x. p. 679.\* "O what was then the face of the holy Roman Church! How filthy, when the vilest and most powerful harlots ruled in the court of Rome! by whose powerful sway dioceses were made and unmade, bishops consecrated, and, which is inexpressibly horrible to relate, false popes, their paramours, were thrust into the chair of Peter, who, in being numbered as popes, serve no other purpose, *except to fill up the catalogue of the popes of Rome*. For who can say that persons thrust into the popedom, without any law, by harlots of this sort, were legitimate popes of Rome? In these elections, *no mention is made of the acts of the clergy*, either by their choosing the pope at the time of his election, or afterwards. All the canons were suppressed into silence, the voice of the decrees of former pontiffs were not allowed to be heard, ancient traditions were proscribed, the customs formerly practised in electing the pope, *with the sacred rites and pristine usages, were all extinguished*. In this manner lust, supported by secular power, excited to frenzy by the rage for domination, *ruled all things*." And Mosheim† specifies what is here pointed out. "Theodora," he says, "a famous courtesan, by the interest and faction which she then had in Rome, got her professed lover chosen pope, who was called John X." And he adds, "In short, such a series of wild disorders gave occasion to historians to say, that those times produced *not popes but monsters!*" It was no uncommon thing for one pope to excommunicate another—to curse and annul all his acts, including the administration of the sacraments.'

"Stay one moment!" interrupted the captain. 'Did this turn over to the devil all who had been pardoned and sent to Paradise

\* The original is cited in Dorking's Papacy.

† Vol. ii. p. 120.



by the bishops and all the priests, ordained by the pope so de-throned?"

"If there were any truth in all this, it would be so," replied the priest, addressing the captain; "but who can for a moment believe it?"

"And yet there are millions who profess to do so," said Mr. Kemble.

"With the captain's leave," said the priest, bowing to that officer, "I will recite an example of the manner in which Pope Alexander VI., the father of Cæsar Borgia, was elected. After the funeral obsequies of Pope Innocent VIII., the cardinals shut themselves up in conclave to choose a successor. In order to secure the votes of a majority of the cardinals, he entered into a solemn bargain; that Cardinal Orsino should have a palace and two castles; that Ascanius Sforza should be made vice-chancellor of the church; that Colonna should have the Abbey of St. Benedict, with all the castles and right of patronage to him and his family forever; that St. Angelo should have the bishopric of Porto, with the town, and particularly a certain cellar full of wine; and so it was by simony Roderic Borgia was elected pope.\* Nor was this all. The very day of his coronation he created his son Cæsar, a ferocious and dissolute youth, Archbishop of Valencia and Bishop of Pampeluna. He next proceeded to celebrate in the Vatican the nuptials of his daughter Lucrezia by festivities, at which his mistress Julia Bella was present, and which were enlivened by farces and indecent songs. "Most of the ecclesiastics," says Infessura, the historian, "had their mistresses, and all the convents of the capitol were houses of ill fame." The dissolute entertainments given by the pope and his son Cæsar Borgia, and his daughter Lucrezia, are such, says D'Aubigné, as can neither be described nor thought of.

"This monster was not so infallible as to avoid the pit he had digged in order to rid himself of a wealthy cardinal, for whom he had prepared poison in a small box of sweetmeats, which was placed on the table after a sumptuous feast; the cardinal receiving a hint of the design, gained over the attendant, and the poisoned box was placed before Alexander. He ate of it, and perished!"

"A pretty scoundrel for a pope," exclaimed Captain Weathersfield.

"Nor, venerable sir, was this all," addressing 'Peter's chair,' Panvinius, in his *Chronicles of the Pontificate*, admits of twenty schisms in the seamless robe of the church as connected with the popedom, during which each party denounced and excommunicated the other, dividing the clergy and people

\* Gordon's *Life of Alexander VI.*, quoted in *N. Englander*, p. 284.

into fierce and ferocious factions, one of which lasted for eighty years. The most summary processes were adopted to get rid of competitors; Gregory VII. poisoned six popes, and then without election assumed the popedom. The scenes of strife, of stratagem, of wickedness, of bribery, of poisoning and of blood-shedding, which have transpired in these struggles, venerable sir, for the right of sitting in a chair, never filled, as I am confidently assured *you* will tell us, by yourself. But to proceed one step further in this history of crime.

“ ‘The enormities of those days far transcend all that history records of the treachery and crime by which men have secured the throne of empire: so that Baronius was compelled to write that “in those days the church was for the most part *without a pope.*” Are you not, most reverend apostle, called upon and *compelled* by every consideration of humanity and of truth, to disavow all such successors, and to sweep away the basis of all their claims by a disclaimer of any primacy of the apostles, and of all those monstrous doctrines, based upon an apostolical succession in *the church?*”

“The priest looked earnestly at the chair of St. Peter for a response. Our Peter was overwhelmed with the vastness of the crimes laid to his charge, and the claims on the consciences of men, for which he was held responsible. The captain was equally earnest in his gaze, and even Mr. Kemble was evidently anxious for his open and frank abjuration of any and all sympathy with such impostors and tyrants.

“While Peter was deliberating what course to adopt, the priest, thinking he had not made out his case sufficiently strong, went on with his appeal. ‘If I could believe, sir, which, as a Swedenborgian I do not, in the doctrine of total depravity, and wished to find the most striking and horrid illustrations of that doctrine, I would read the lives of the popes, written by Catholic historians, as presenting a list of criminals unequaled in any penitentiary now existing in any Protestant country. Let me cite, sir, a few examples. Virgilius waded to the pontifical chair through the blood of his predecessor. Pope Joan, *they* tell us, was elected and confirmed as John VIII., and proved to be a female!

“ ‘Oh!’ interrupted the captain, ‘Pope Joan—bless me, I thought she was one of my old grandmother’s goblins, and was as true a story as that of the Salem witches.’

“ ‘What I have said, captain, rests on the testimony of their own writers. Platina says, “that she became with child by some of those about her, that she miscarried and died in her way to the Lateran Church, and that her pontificate lasted one year, one

month, and five days,"\* and Martin Luther, when he visited Rome, was astonished to find in his days, the spot marked by her statue in canonicals with an infant in her arms, and was told it was in commemoration of this event;† and Dean Prideaux says: "There are fifty authorities of the Church of Rome in favor of it;" and certainly, if tradition is to be relied on for the immediate succession of St. Peter's chair, there is abundant reason to rely on so great a mass of testimony for Pope Joan. But, suppose we give up Pope Joan, then who is to supply the place in their own lists of popes? Who was Pope John VIII. if Pope Joan was not? No, captain, as the Rev. Mr. Powell‡ has said in his review of Dr. Hook's sermon preached before the Queen of England, on 17th of June, 1838, entitled "Hear the Church:—" "If half the history of popery has any truth in it, there was really a female strumpet, as a link in this chain, as a *progenetrix* of the popish priests and Oxford tract men of the present times."

"'And after all,' continued the priest, with emphasis, 'Pope Joan is not to be compared with her predecessors; what did she do but follow the promptings of conjugal love?' addressing himself to Captain Weathersfield.

"'That's true. We must not be hard on the poor lady,' said Captain Weathersfield; 'I cheerfully restore Pope Joan to her seat, and let the devil take the rest;' then, as if recollecting himself, he bowed to St. Peter, and added—'the present company always excepted.'

"Peter kept silence, and bore it all with the patience of a martyr—

"The priest continued—'Now, venerable sir, under false conceptions of the language of our Lord, as I have already said, the most astounding assumptions have been made, as you must perceive, not only of your own pre-eminence, but of that of those who claim to be your successors. "Our most holy Lord"—is the ordinary style attributed to the pope as your successor by the Council of Trent;§ and it is said in the *Canon Law*—"Let a pope be so bad as by his negligence and mal-administration to carry with him innumerable people to hell, yet no mortal man whatever must presume to reprove his faults; because, he being to judge all men, is himself to be judged of no man."|| From what I have said, you will see, most venerable Apostle, the importance of the question which I have now to submit to you, the

\* Platina de Vita Pontif. Rom., p. 133; New Englander, p. 285.

† See D'Aubigne's Reformation.

‡ See "Essay on Apostolical Succession," &c. by Thomas Powell. New York—published in 1842.

§ Council Trid., session xx. chap. 11, &c.

|| Grat. Dis., xl. chap. 6.

answer to which I pray you to grant me as the most distinguished honor I ever hope to receive; the promulgation of which will render me illustrious in all the coming ages of the world. The immensity of the benefit you have it in your power to render mankind, is evidenced by the vastness of the wrongs inflicted for so many ages, by those who claim to be your successor as supreme head of the church, successors all unworthy of the name they have worn, made conspicuous by vices so infamous that Pope Marcellus II. has expressed the doubt whether a pope could be saved;\* and, sir, from the days of John VIII. to Leo IX. your successors have been "either rake-hells or sots, intolerable for their insolence and arrogance, and ravenous as wolves."†

"Marcellinus sacrificed to idols! He denied the fact until he was convicted on indubitable evidence.‡ The Council of Constantinople condemned Pope Honorius for heresy.§ The Council of Basil condemned Pope Eugenius as a "notorious offender of the whole universal church; a simonist; a perjurer; a man incorrigible; a schismatic; a man fallen from the faith; a wilful heretic."|| Pope Damascus II. poisoned his predecessor Clement II., and then invaded the chair by force.¶ Pope John II. was publicly charged in a Synod of Rome with incest.\*\* John XIII.

\* Thuanus, lib. xv. p. 566.

† Machiavel's Hist., lib. xvi. p. 1271. Baronius, Ann. 912, sect. 8. This recital, as quoted above, is the language of Bishop Barrow, Sup. of Pope, 213.

‡ Notitia Eccle., p. 86, 87.

§ Bishop Jewel's Defence of the Apology. | Idem.

¶ Platina's Life of Clement II. Life of Popes, p. 170.

\*\* Bowyer's Life of Popes, vol. v. p. 107. See Lives of Alexander VI., John XII., Paul III., for like examples.

An American gentleman writing from Rome, (see New York Courier and Enquirer of 11th July, 1846,) speaking of Gregory XIV., who died on the 1st of June, 1846, says, "As a man, if not greatly calumniated, he was passionate, not much restrained by his vows of chastity, and habitually addicted to the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks. He left money and personal property valued at two millions of dollars to his nephews and nieces!" Pope's nephews and nieces are well known as the children of the Popes, and as such, figure largely in the history of papacy.

*The Infalible Heads of the Infalible Church.*—John XXII. was a heretic, and denied the immortality of the soul. John XXIII., Gregory XII., and Benedict XIII., were all Popes and infalible heads of the church at the same time; and the Council of Constance cashiered the whole of them as illegitimate. The Council of Basil convicted Pope Eugenius of schism and heresy. Pope Marcellinus actually sacrificed to idols. Pope Liberius was an Arian, and subscribed to that creed. Anastasius was excommunicated as a heretic by his own clergy. Silvester II. sacrificed to the devil. Formosus was promoted to the chair through perjury. Sergius III. caused his predecessor's body to be dug out of the grave, its head cut off, and then flung into the Tiber. Boniface deposed, imprisoned, and then plucked out the eyes of his predecessor. And Pope Joan was a *profligate female*. In a word, many of the

usurped the pontificate and spent his time in hunting, in lasciviousness and monstrous forms of vice—he fled from the trial to which he was summoned, and was stabbed in the act of adultery;\* and to speak of Alexander VI. is a task under which all language halts and fails; “his beastly morals, his immense ambition, his insatiable avarice, his detestable cruelty, his furious lusts, and monstrous incests with his daughter Lucretia, are described indeed at large by Guicciardini and others, authentic papal historians.”

“Under the sanction of your great name and authority, *dispensations* and *indulgences* of all sorts have been granted—*tributes* imposed—*inquisitions* established—*commutations* for every crime have been made—and painful pilgrimages enforced and practised at the sacrifice of family and fortune. Indeed, history furnishes no greater catalogue of crimes and miseries than those which are laid down at your door, and 'tis to you, the Apostle Peter himself, my honored guest, that I make this solemn appeal on behalf of the millions now alive still subject to the sway of these dreadful delusions, the slaves of this hateful Hierarchy! and in behalf of the coming millions of souls whose happiness in this life, and whose destiny in the life to come are to be determined by their obedience to such superstitions, all resting, sir, on *your primacy* and *supremacy* in the church. I rest the question there—If these claims be set aside, the whole structure of papal power falls in one vast ruin, never to be rebuilt. In view, then, of all the tremendous responsibilities resting upon you, let the truth be spoken; say! *What are we to believe?*”

“The tones of the priest were earnest, his look eloquent, and he sat looking toward where our Peter sat, with an eager gaze, in which the captain and mate deeply sympathized.

“Peter sat mute, astounded by the difficulties in which he was involved, in being called upon to decide questions about which he was profoundly ignorant. He was indeed at his wit's end, or as a distinguished Senator of Babylonia when similarly situated in

Popes have been atheists, rebels, murderers, conjurors, adulterers, and sodomites. Papal Rome has far exceeded in crime her Pagan predecessor. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the Popes, though always assuming a new name, yet never take the name of Peter. It is a curious fact that they always shun it. Those who have received that name at the font have always changed it when they reached the chair. Petrus de Tarantasia changed his name to Innocent IV. Petrus Caraf became Paul V. Sergius III.'s Christian name was also Peter. This practice looks like conscious guilt. They fear the name of Peter would but too plainly show their apostacy from the Apostle Peter's virtues; and men would be apt to exclaim, “how unlike is Peter the Pope to Peter the Apostle.”—*Stephen's “Spirit of the Church of Rome.”*

\* Platina's Life of John VIII. Lives of Popes, p. 155.

the senate chamber once said, when called upon to give a casting vote, 'We are in a bad box,' but with a sagacity and 'sober second thought,' not unworthy of that eminent statesman, Peter opened the Testament, and having searched for the passage, marked the text—'Brethren, stand fast and hold the *traditions* which ye have been taught, whether by word or our epistle.'

"The priest looked his unsurpassed astonishment. The captain's curiosity could not be controlled, and he reached his hand for the Bible, the priest still gazing at the text with speechless amazement, all unconscious of the captain's wish.

"For God's sake, let me have a look!" exclaimed the captain. The priest gave him the book, and with a countenance expressive of emotions of contempt and abhorrence, rose and walked into his state room. 'By George!' exclaimed the captain, after reading the text over and over, 'if this is not as dark as a pocket. I think your Apostleship must have been taking lessons in *non-committalism* from my neighbor at *Kinderhook*.'

"Peter kept quiet—he breathed freer and deeper when the captain went on deck, and he found himself once more alone.

"Shakspeare tells us 'sorrows come not as single spies, but in battalions'—and so our Apostle thought on the night following this conversation. Walking on deck in the midnight watch, he went forward and found the men sitting on the windlass, earnestly engaged, conversing in a whispering tone, so that he was compelled to approach very near to hear what was said. He found himself the subject of the conversation.

"I wish he were the devil himself as you say he is,' said the Spaniard, 'rather than St. Peter; but do you think I'm such a fool as to meddle with him if it be so? Suppose we could throw him overboard; do you think he would drown? The devils took to the water once upon a time as a matter of choice; now if you want to try your hand at this sort of business, you may; I'll have nothing to do with it; but if you want to borrow my knife to stick the pig, mind I loan it to you to kill the pig, and not the Apostle, why here it is.'

"Oh!" said the steward, who was evidently the instigator of this conspiracy, 'I'm not a chivalrous gentleman like General Pickens; I candidly confess, *I was born to fear*.'

"A puritan sailor now spoke: 'Though he wished the saint to the devil, or the devil was with the saint, he would not consent to any such rascally way of getting rid of him. And how do you know, steward, that he's not at this moment at your elbow, you scoundrel!' The idea was so startling that it brought the steward to his feet in an instant, and Peter, following in the footsteps of so many of his illustrious predecessors, who have found

hard blows better than soft arguments, knocked him over, and laid him senseless. The terror inspired by such convincing evidence of Peter's supremacy, prevented any outcry, and terror-struck, the men ran aft. They feared to tell of what had so frightened them, lest their conspiracy against Peter should draw down the wrath of the captain, whose watch was on deck at the time; and full of fear and dismay, they crept into their berths when the watch was out, devoutly wishing themselves at the end of their voyage.

"The steward, the next day, waited on the table with much fear and trembling, but he determined to do by stratagem what he had failed to accomplish by force. And whenever he found the captain alone, after having searched the cabin to see that they were alone, he expressed his doubts as to the validity of Peter's claims to the Apostleship, and was glad to find the captain's confidence in his infallibility a good deal shaken. This was something accomplished. On the fore-castle, he did not fail to whisper to Patrick that Peter ate meat on fast days, but Pat said he had no doubt granted to himself a dispensation, and being an apostle, could eat what he pleased: still, this neglect of the rules of the church somewhat staggered Patrick, and if it was a satisfactory reply to the steward, it was not so to himself. And as it was now near Easter Sunday, this license, on the part of Peter, was particularly painful to Patrick and the Spaniard, who were all but dead with their extreme abstinence.

"There was one test which remained, by which Peter was to be tried, and which the Catholics both said would be convincing—and this was, whether he would eat meat on the coming Good Friday. The steward expressed his belief that he would, and if he did, 'he was no saint'—to which conclusion the Irishman and Spaniard both responded, 'Certainly, no saint would eat meat on Good Friday.' 'Now,' said the steward, 'we shall soon see.' The descendants of Puritans among the sailors had seized the opportunity of teasing these poor fellows by all manner of means, hoping to convert them, if not to their opinions, to their customs: and the steward, who was both a Frenchman and a skeptic, loved to repeat the epigram, 'Peut on croire avec bon sens, qu'un lardon le mit en colere, &c.,'\* to the Spaniard with great unction."

\* Peut on croire avec bon sens  
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere ?  
Ou, que manger un hareng,  
C'est un secret pour lui plaire ?  
En sa gloire enveloppé  
Songe t'il bien de nos soupés ?

"Pardon me!" said Mrs. Smith, "for interrupting you, but I don't recollect the epigram—can't you repeat it to me in English?"

"I will try and recall Dean Swift's version of it." After a moment's musing, the Gentleman in Black recited it as follows:—

"Who can believe with common sense,  
A bacon slice gives God offence?  
Or, how a herring has a charm  
Almighty vengeance to disarm?  
Wrapped up in majesty divine,  
Does he regard on what we dine?"

"To the Spaniard, who understood French, this was extremely puzzling, especially as he was excessively hungry. The Irishman sympathized in all these sufferings, but was too honest to doubt what he had been taught to believe. Now the second mate, who had his berth forward, as a punishment for getting intoxicated on the day of sailing, was a fellow of humor and education, and he told strange stories of the virtues of abstinence; virtues, which by a contrariety not uncommon in the world, he was the last to practise, though the first to preach. He told the puritans, 'that Patrick meant to outlive them all, and therefore 'twas he kept himself on such short allowance, and like St. Anthony, who limited himself to twelve ounces of bread and water, he meant to live 105 years; or like St. James, the hermit, to 104 years; or Arsenius, the tutor of the Emperor Arcadius, 120 years; or St. Epiphanius, 115 years; or St. Simon, Stylites, 112 years;' and then he told Patrick 'not to despair; he would not die before Lent was over, for there was the best authority for believing, that St. Simon Stylites, had fasted 40 days and nights on the top of his pillar on the burning deserts of Syria; and that it was told in the History of the Church,\* that a hermit in the Canton of Schwitz, lived twenty years without food. But Patrick,' said he, 'if you can't hold out, why not ask the Apostle Peter for an indulgence?'

"And a pretty fool I should make of myself, if he should put one under a penance of forty days longer, for making such a request,' replied Patrick. It must be confessed, the discussion of these questions tended to make their own sense of suffering extreme, in contrast with the latitude the Apostle evidently gave himself, of which they were daily spectators, as they peeped down the sky-light into the cabin.

Now, there was one pig on board, the last of the live stock, and this the steward kept for dinner on Good Friday, and when that day came, it was served up in the best manner, and with all

\* Histoire Eccl., lib. xii. ch. 21.



the skill which the steward and cook could command. And Peter, all unconscious of the condition of public sentiment above deck, and the importance attached to his course of conduct, took his accustomed seat with the sincerest intention of doing justice to the dinner. The effect upon the spectators, most interested, was all that the steward could have desired. Their veneration was fast subsiding into the extremest skepticism: and never did fish and potatoes seem such wretched fare to Patrick and the Spaniard, as they eat their only meal of the day, looking on their heretical companions enjoying the remains of the captain's pig.

"The steward having thus created, after the manner of politicians of all countries, a little 'public opinion,' felt himself safe in taking another step in his revenge on the Apostle for the blow he had received; and so there was a silver spoon missing. It was nowhere to be found. The captain, on asking the steward 'if he had found it?' whispered in his ear, 'that if he would search the passenger saint, no doubt he would find it.' A hint the captain declined to take. The steward went on secreting the spoons till all but three were missing: still urging the captain to search Peter; but the captain chose to believe that the steward or the cook was the thief, and so searched them without success. The loss of the spoons had the effect to irritate the captain, who had already become somewhat doubtful as to what sort of a spirit he had on board. If he was a saint, it was not so pleasant to have any one so near to overlook him; and if he was of another species, the sooner he left the ship the better.

"Finding that these petty larcenies did not have their effect, the steward ventured on purloining the captain's gold watch, of which he was especially proud, and boasted 'that it was superior to any chronometer in the possession of the Admiralty, and that he would not take five hundred dollars for it, telling how he had rated his ship by it, and how exact it had always proved itself.' The captain went down as usual, at meridian, to wind up his watch. It was gone! He came up in a rage, and swore he would search the ship if that watch was not produced. The crew were in consternation—Mr. Kemble alone looked perfectly calm; even the priest himself was disquieted by the terrible rage of the captain. During the dinner which followed, the captain drank several stiff tumblers of brandy and water, and eyed all about him as one fortifying his courage for some unusual exertion of strength or authority. His looks towards the apostle were far from being friendly, while his manners to the priest were cold or abrupt. The dinner over, he buttoned up his coat and went on deck, and Peter, not wishing to be shut down below, and having some suspicion that harm was brooding in some quarter, fol-

lowed the mate and priest with his usual unheard step. The mates were called to a consultation. The captain told them his watch was stolen; he was determined to search the ship, and it was his mind to begin with the cabin; that he had suspected the steward, and had searched his bag himself, but had not found either spoons or watch there, and now he wished to know how they advised him to proceed with the search. Just at this point the steward came up, and whispered to the captain that he had heard his watch ticking in Peter's pocket as they sat at dinner, and that if captain would allow him to seize Peter at the supper table, the captain would be sure to find the watch and spoons upon him, meaning, as he told me himself, to realize the prediction by shoving the watch and spoons into Peter's pocket the moment before seizing him—so making the case of Peter's guilt one beyond question. But unluckily for the steward, the apostle heard him, and at once comprehended the steward's plan of operations, and with one blow of his fist planted behind his ear, sent the steward headlong to the deck some ten paces distant, when lo! the watch and spoons fell out of his breast pockets on the deck. One would have thought so complete a justification of the apostle would have inspired the captain with sentiments of profound regret, but so soon as the terror of this thunderbolt had passed out of the captain's mind, blinded by rage that his authority had been usurped by even Peter himself, he cried out in tones of fiercest fury, 'Throw him overboard! Seize him, men! Overboard with him!' And the men ran aft and began a sort of blindman's-buff search for Peter, in which, to his unspeakable surprise, the priest joined with an ardor which astonished the apostle; the fact was, he had been thoroughly disgusted with his guest, and would have been glad to have been well rid of him, and now he had the captain's word for it, he was ready to lend his hand to heave him overboard. Peter looked over the side; there were several sharks following the ship, but seeing no one whose stomach would at all suit him, he sprung into the rigging, and took his seat on the end of the mizzén yard to watch the pursuit in which all but Mr. Kemble were engaged. He could not but be surprised at the scene going on below. He was no longer a divinity but a demon, and the priest, too! recently so reverential in his demeanor, was now seeking his life! Alas! thought he, how perishable is popular applause! The captain now ordered the men into the rigging, and before Peter could change his position, the Spaniard was feeling for him along the yard on which he sat. There was no escape, so waiting for his approach, he tried the virtues of another blow, which loosed the Spaniard's hold, and screaming,

he fell into the sea. The hen-coop was thrown overboard, and Peter saw, with pleasure, that the Spaniard swam to it. The crew now were engaged in rounding the ship, in lowering the boat, and rowing to take him up, which occupied some time.

"No sooner was the boat hauled in, than the attention of the captain was called to the portents of the sky. The sun was near setting, and on the horizon were seen those streamers so fearful to mariners, and to which they have given the euphonious name of 'mare's tails.' Soon after, fitful vapors of electric fluid, which the sailors style 'composants' (Corpus-Christi), were seen dancing from the ends of the yards to the tops of the masts, changing their positions up and down, and from one mast to another, in a manner always appalling to uninformed men, and which gradually descended lower and lower,—always a bad omen. This coming storm was regarded by the captain and his crew, as got up for the occasion by our Peter, in order to revenge himself for the treatment he had so recently received at their hands.

"The captain, however, was too thorough-bred a sailor not to take all the necessary precautions to meet the approaching tempest, and he gave command—'all hands! shorten sail, down with them—take in every rag of canvas! man top gallant clew lines! clew them up, clew them down, cheerily! cheerily!' The poor sailors, at their wits' end, alarmed at the signs of the heavens, and at the fearful contest in which they were about to be engaged, speedily executed his orders. They labored with all earnestness, making the booms well fast, unreefing the studding sails and royal and sky-sail gear; getting rolling ropes on the yards, setting up the weather breast back stays, and making all other preparations for a storm.

"The bright streak of light which remained open in the west, suddenly closed, and masses of heavy clouds darkened down upon the face of the ocean, while the moon, full-orbed, as if laughing at their calamity, and mocking their perils, was rising in the east all placid and serene.

"The crew having obeyed the orders, returned to the deck, and the captain, looking at the trim of his vessel, said to the priest, who stood near him, terrified by the aspect of the skies,

"She's as tough, sir, as iron and oak can make her, and as *wholesome* as a ship can be—a phrase which was as little intelligible to the priest as it was to Peter, though it has been made classical by Dean Swift in his celebrated voyages of Captain Gulliver.

"Having scanned his ship, again, the captain thumped on the roof of the gangway. 'Now, Peter, do your ——' A gust of wind

prevented Peter from hearing the close of this dreadful challenge, though the captain soon had reason to believe he was taken at his word; for the waves which had been cresting and foaming, rose in heavy masses, and suddenly the winds lulled, when the vessel, relieved of her canvas, yawed to and fro in the troughs of the sea, as the waves rose and fell beneath her. This calm was followed by a crash of thunder which struck the foremast and splintered it from the cap down to the deck, and at the same instant, a whirlwind struck them, which carried the mast over the side, taking the main-top gallant mast along with it, carrying away the bulwarks, and making that side of the ship a mere wreck. 'To cut away and clear the ship, was the work of some minutes, during which time, the spars were beating the sides of the ship with heavy shocks, and the crew, pale with dread and dismay, were all but paralyzed in the contest with the demon-saint who sat all this while in the mizzen-top shaking with fear. The captain's voice, once so clear and full, now became weak and tremulous. It was but in whispers he was able to speak to the man at the wheel—'ste-a-dy, man! ste-a-dy.'

"The ocean was now white with foam—the waves were flattened by the force of the wind to a dead level, and the captain and crew having effected a clearance of the ship, looked into each other's faces to see if there was anything of confidence or encouragement left. The whirlwind passed, and rain and tempest followed; the waves again rose in their majesty and might, and Peter saw with new terror, a dark mass rolling on, which crested and broke over the deck, and for a while he thought all was sinking to the depths of the ocean. The crew discovered it in time, sprung to the rigging and wound the ropes about them, when down the rushing ruin came, sweeping the deck of boats, caboose, and everything movable. The ship recovered herself slowly, and the voice of the captain, hoarse with fear, was once more heard giving command, and the crew reluctantly relinquishing their fastenings, obeyed him. 'Where is Mr. Kemble?' cried the captain. The crew looked around—he was gone! The waves had carried him away, and with him the storms of life were over. Peter then recollected he had heard amid the tumult a faint cry of 'None but Christ!—none but Christ!' The night was a long and perilous one, but when the morning broke, all was bright and beautiful, showing a sad contrast with the condition in which they found themselves. The captain's courage rose, and his temper came back in all its force; and as Peter was believed to have taken his flight in the tempest, which he had raised for his revenge, he berated the poor priest as the cause of all his misfortunes, and the death of poor Kemble, to whom the captain was

greatly attached. The priest was very penitent, and deprecated the wrath of the captain as best he could. 'You shall pay dear for all this, sir!' exclaimed the captain, shaking his fist in the priest's face.

"My dear captain, you won't hold me responsible for all your mishaps,' he replied.

"I wish I could! but you *shall* pay me for the passage of your rascally saint. This I have a right to demand. No man comes over the side of my ship, and does not pay his passage money. You invited this saint on board without my consent; he has had a seat at my table, and has eaten enough for all the saints in the calendar; what do you say to that?"

"The poor man had not a word to say, and Peter himself felt that this was, indeed, a home-thrust; and so it was agreed on, by the priest, that he would pay for Peter's passage, begging the captain to say nothing about the saint to his friends, on their arrival.

"The crew, weary and spent with labor, fear and fasting, were glad to get a watch below deck, and Peter availed himself of the opportunity to rummage the locker, and to supply himself with water. Towards evening he heard with delight, the cry at mast-head, 'land-ho!' and saw it rising on the horizon, over the bow of the vessel. So taking off the felt from his boots, he stepped ashore, and landed in this asylum of the outcasts of all nations."

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## CHAPTER IX.

Peter's visit to Babylon—Peter has his purse taken from him in the City of Magnificent Distances—Arrives in Babylon—Loses his "seven league boots"—His walks about the city—Mystified by the busts he sees in one of the banks—the sculptures on the University—Story of the Gong—The reptiles on the Tombs—Peter's cogitations thereon—Visits a Gothic church; his reflections on the Ritual—A party of ladies remain to examine the church after morning prayers—Peter listens to their conference concerning the symbols on the painted windows—The baby of one of the ladies brought in by her servant—Their conversation respecting baptismal regeneration—The celebrated enigma of the eagle solved by one of the ladies.

The adventures of Peter in the City of Magnificent Distances are omitted.

THE Gentleman in Black continued his conversation as follows: "Finding all my efforts to discover Peter fruitless, I dis-

missed all my old agents, and obtained the services of a new set, who had manifested great zeal in my employ in other places. These I brought to the city, and offered them the highest rewards for their labors, and they entered upon their duties with alacrity and earnestness. Especially was this true of a small sprightly man who was always on the alert, day and night. He was a famous *walker*, and had at a single heat marched from Pennsylvania to Mississippi, thence to the Capitol, and had recently overrun Texas, and has since walked into Mexico. It so happened that Peter was passing up one of the broad avenues of the City of Magnificent Distances, in a very careless manner, all unconscious of what he was about, when this gentleman ran into him, and upset him in an instant. Without the loss of a second, he was down upon him, had him by the throat, and his hand in his pocket, and my Corduan purse once more saw daylight. He threw it to one of his friends, who pocketed it in a moment, so that when Peter arose he saw at once how vain it was for him to contend the matter against such odds, and found himself once more condemned to his former state of poverty."

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Smith, "that he had not made deposits of money to his credit in any of the banks of Europe, or of this country? Had he made *no* provision for such an accident as losing his purse?"

"Why, madam, he was like many other men, who think no bank so safe as the sub-treasury of their own pockets; and as he thought he had this purse safe, he took no such precautions. And, indeed, it would have been somewhat difficult for him to have done so without visibility, for though these corporations are said to be without souls, they all have bodies, and would not be likely to transact business with one whom they could not see."

"And where is this purse?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Here it is," replied the Gentleman in Black, producing the strong well sowed Corduan purse, which seemed perfectly empty.

"The Gentleman in Black seeing the surprise of Mrs. Smith, begged her to shake it, which she did, and immediately it rained down a shower of gold guineas which lay in a heap at her feet. She picked up a handful and examined them; they all wore the usual aspects of the English mint. The Gentleman in Black very politely begged Mrs. Smith to accept a large handful which he had gathered up, but she bowed and declined the gift.

"I find," said she, "the *safety fund bills* of our state answer all my purposes just as well as gold."

"But are they *solvent*?" asked the Gentleman in Black, with earnestness.

"They are deemed very powerful solvents," replied Mrs.

Smith, with a smile; "at least I find them so. If you please, what became of Peter, after he lost his purse? How did you trace him to this city?"

"The Gentleman in Black now replaced the gold in the purse, which, after all that was thus deposited in it, seemed as empty as at first, and then carefully put it up in his pocket:—

"By his letters to his sister," continued the Gentleman in Black, "I found he had come to Babylon; a place he had visited often, but which he now hoped would offer him some nook of retreat where he could earn his subsistence, free from my pursuit: and it so happened, whether from design or accident, he never wrote to his sister what he was doing, or where he made his abode; thus you see the regaining of my purse was more difficult than to trace his steps."

"Yes, I should deem that an impossible thing, certainly—"

"It would have been, but for a happy accident which I will now relate to you. You are aware, that he usually wore an overshoe of felt to take from his celebrated boots their seven-league elasticity, and which, too, had the important advantage of making his steps unheard. But it seems they required a new pair of soles, and not long since he ventured to entrust these precious boots to an honest German to be mended, sending him a note with half a guinea, and telling him to have his boots mended and in his hand at 11 o'clock at night, when he would take them from him, giving him a watchword to show it was all right.

"Now, this honest German had a stupid Dutch boy as his apprentice, and on the night before Peter was to receive them at the hands of the honest boot mender, the boy took it into his head to abscond. Having seen his master at work putting a pair of English soles on this pair of boots, he thought it would be a bright thought to try them on, and they were found to fit admirably. So soon as all were in bed, the boy came down in his stocking feet into the street, and putting on Peter's boots, sat out on his journey.

[We here omit the travels of Jean Paul Feuchwanger, narrated by the Gentleman in Black, and also the flight of Phelim O'Brady, by whom the boots were found after Jean Paul had thrown them away, on his return to Babylon.]

"This great loss of his boots occurred to Peter soon after his arrival at Babylon. His grief and surprise at finding himself defrauded of his boots, was even greater than the loss of his purse. He had been so long accustomed to the luxury of wandering at large, that a fixed residence seemed all but a prison-house. And he tells his sister that now she must depend wholly on his letters, for they may never meet again. This was a fortunate

circumstance to me, as I was made better acquainted than ever with his movements; still, I am inclined to think, from motives of safety or pride, he kept his own secrets as to his whereabouts.

"He seems to have been greatly mystified by all he saw in this city, and thought, from the various symbols he met with in all directions, that, like the city of Athens, Babylon the Less was 'wholly given to idolatry;' and even expected to see the counterpart of the celebrated golden image set up on the plains of Dura, somewhere in or about the city."

"He didn't know, then," said Mrs. Smith, "that our idols of gold had taken the wings of the eagle."

"No, madam; and if he had, he would never have supposed that when so capacitated for flight, they were destined to be kept caged in subterranean vaults and *sub-treasuries*."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Smith, "where else could they be safely bestowed? Riches, you know, are said to 'take eagles' wings and fly away.' Even as it is, they sometimes very strangely disappear. But did Peter find the object of supreme worship in Babylon the Less? if he did, he has done more than most folks."

"Yes, madam, after long search, he made that discovery."

"Is it possible? pray what may it be?"

"Why, madam, he says he heard one day an old man preaching, and he went in and took a seat in a vacant pew; at that moment, this old divine, thumping his velvet cushion with a fury of passion, told the people that it was a well-established fact, that 'they were all idol worshippers, and that the sole god of their idolatry was *the great number One*'—but what that meant, Peter was all in doubt. Still he presumed it would afford him a clue to his search, and so he went about in the mornings of each day, looking for this *great god, number One!*

"Peter's surprise was, perhaps, never greater than when, on entering one of the great banking houses of Change Alley, (named after one of the demi-gods of the ancient people of Babylon the Less,) he saw standing on the mantles, opposite each other, beautiful busts of the great poets of England. Their vocation and spheres seemed so foreign to all the purposes of the place, that Peter was entirely at a loss to unravel such strange incongruities as poets and financiers being so mixed up. He went into other banks, but found no such tutelary deities; all was strictly confined to the severe and hard aspects of money making. He then came to the sage conclusion that this must be the centre of those stocks called 'fancy stocks,' of which he had read in the papers of Babylon, and that the men who presided over this



institution, were the poets of banking, whose imaginations, like that of the poet—

“————— body forth the *forms of things unknown*,  
Turn them to shape, and *give to airy nothing*  
A local habitation and a name.’

“ But if Peter was mystified by what he saw *in* this bank, he was no less so by what he saw *outside* of the University of Babylon. His morning walks usually carried him past this beautiful edifice, and he found his attention attracted by those strange faces which peer out of the marble over the windows and doors of this pile of building.\* At first, it seemed to him that they were symbolical of the stupidity and obstinacy of the *rams'-horns* who were there trained, and certainly there never were beings sculptured with ‘foreheads’ more ‘villainously low.’ On a more careful scrutiny he discovered the heads of young puppies cunningly looking out over the door-way, from the points of the ancient decorative sculpture, with *their eyes* wide open, while the pupils in question are represented as having at best but one eye open, others are *stone* blind; so it looked as if the puppies were somewhat in advance of the pupils in this particular.

“ And phrenologically considered, the chances are certainly in their favor,” said the Gentleman in Black. “ Yet Peter thought the expression of extreme suffering—the look of agony which is sculptured in these faces, was designed to show these pupils as undergoing the ancient and well-tried process of flagellation, the posteriors being hid by the proprieties of the art in virgin marble, leaving the imagination to fill up the group, showing the vigorous Doct. Busbys, whose strong arms and stout birches could so start into agony the very stones.

“ One day, as he stood before the door, pondering what these things could symbolize, he heard the thunder of a gong † A sound so unusual in classic walls created a surprise which I presume was only equalled by what I once witnessed myself at Boyden’s hotel in the capital of the Ancient Dominion.”

“ I beg you will tell me the story; it will serve as an episode to Peter’s, and I shall be gratified with the illustration.”

“ Certainly, my dear madam,” replied the Gentleman in Black, with one of his most attractive smiles.

“ I was spending a few days with a friend who boarded at Boyden’s, and was sitting in a private parlor which we occupied together, when he entered, accompanied by a young fellow just from

\* This passage will be understood and appreciated by those only who have seen these gothic windows.

† A gong is actually used to call the classes in the University in question.

the interior, and who was in the finest spirits, having made a first rate sale of his tobacco crop. As it was near dinner time, this young gentleman said to us, 'Suppose we take something to start an appetite.' 'Agreed,' said my friend. 'Let's go down to the bar and get it.' 'No, we might as well take it up here,' was the reply. 'Good lick!' said the countryman, 'but how shall we call for it?' 'Ring the bell there.' 'What bell?' 'Pull that rope hanging there.' The young fellow laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk, and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before, and the rumbling crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed, 'Great Jerusalem, what a smash! I've broke every piece of crockery in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow,' addressing me, and laying his hand on my shoulder, 'don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop won't half pay the breakage. What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?' said he, turning to my friend, who was all but bursting with laughter. A servant entered the room at the instant, and looking round at us inquiringly, asked—'Did you ring that bell, sir?' addressing the young tobacco planter. 'Bell, no; d—n your bell! I never touched a bell in my life: what bell? I never saw your bell.' The waiter, not a little surprised at the earnestness of the reply, said, '*Somebody* rung the bell in this room, that's certain.' 'No they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell—and whispering to me, he said: 'Let's lie him out of it; I sha'n't have a cent left to get home, if I pay the entire damage. What do they set such rascally traps as that for, to take in folks from the country?' My friend now recovered himself, so far as to be enabled to explain 'that it was only the *gong* sounding for dinner—a simple summons to "walk down to soup," got up on the Chinese plan.' We made our way to the dining-room, but it was some time before the young tobacco-grower could get over the stunning effects of that dreadful gong. 'It was a God-send,' he said, 'that the crash did not turn my hair gray on the spot.'

Mrs. Smith gave one of her bright silvery laughs, and said, "she was certain she should now be the better able to understand the surprise of Peter at the sounding of a gong in a college-hall."

"Peter," continued the Gentleman in Black, "sprung across the street, and in an instant all these faces assumed a new aspect. 'This,' thought he, 'is a "Dotheboy's Hall," and this the signal to take their several doses of brimstone: or if it is broth, they doubtless know the truth of the old Scotch proverb—

"He that sups soup with the De'il, must have a lang ladle."

"Nor was the sign of the pelican swallowing the fine golden fish, unnoticed by Peter, but what it meant he had not the same means of knowing, which, unhappily for me, I possess. But of all the symbols, which seemed to him the most ominous and fearful, were the glyphs on the 'Tombs;' and as no Champollion or Lepsius had as yet visited the city, to decipher these mystic signs, our Peter was left to find out what they indicated, as he best could. He watched the poor culprits carried there by the 'star police,' and, as they never returned, he had fearful forebodings of their fate. He, too, saw certain sharp, well-dressed looking men, with hands in their pockets, going in and out, sometimes with books bound in sheep under their arms, whom he took for the cormorants of courts. Now the winged globes over the grand entrance, seemed to show the rapidity with which the poor culprits were caught up, and spirited away; but what appalled him most, were the Gorgons, whose wondrous jaws and saw-teeth, set upon bodies, 'whittled down,' as *Sam Slick* would say, 'to the little end of nothing,' was a new species of reptiles, which would have puzzled Cuvier himself, to have assigned to any known order of animals, or to have reconstructed, had he found their lower jaw among his fossil remains. *Indeed, they were all jaw*; and Peter guessed they must symbolize certain professional men, whose length and strength of jaw are proverbial.\* His terror was so great, that he never could gain courage to enter these dread portals, which stood wide open at all hours of the day.

"My dear madam, you must remember that Peter had nothing to do but to think, and it will not surprise you, if such a symbol spoke to him of human life, its fortunes, and the fatal experiences of man. This globe wore various aspects to him, as often as he came by these tombs, in his morning walks, and he, as often as he passed, sought to decipher this hieroglyphic. At one time, he writes his sister, they seemed to speak of the vanity of human desires, blown up from those slippery saponaceous mixtures of air and water, which Hope so well knows how to place in the hands of children, of all ages; and though the containing vessel of some, is of earth, while others are made happy by bowls of great beauty of shape and of tint, and a few hold vases of crystal, or of gold, yet all are alike full, and a straw, as well as a golden pipe, answers all the purposes of blowing up these

\* Those who are residents of this great city, will be best able to judge of the truthfulness of the Gentleman in Black's description of these symbols in *Babylon the Less*. This building is of the Egyptian style of architecture, and contains the Police and Criminal Courts, and the city prison. All executions take place in the central court.

beautiful bubbles. And then how exquisitely beautiful the globes, as they ascend above our heads! so soon, alas, to be broken. Then, again, the symbol spoke to Peter of the fairness, roundness, and completeness of human hopes; while the nondescript reptiles pictured the grim realities of life, by which all such airy dreams are soon and forever destroyed.

"The next time, however, the globe pictured the helplessness of a poor man, hemmed in with the ravening wolves of social life; he has no powers of resistance, but must endure the process of mastication, of those who are so happy as to be possessed of jaws full of teeth. Society seemed to him divided into two great divisions—those with teeth, and those without; or the fed, and the unfed. That society was striving to fulfil, in this life, the retributions of God, in the world to come; enriching those who have, by the spoils of those who only seem to have, so little do they possess.

"And then, by another twist of his mental kaleidoscope, these symbols spoke of the awards of human laws. These claim to be the perfection of reason, but, as in these sculptures, these laws were devoured by those who administered them, and who, so Peter thought, were pictured in the reptiles. And, the winding up of all these cogitations was, that his first impressions must be the true elucidation; that the defenceless *globe* was the personification of the *culprit*, or *client*, as the case may chance to be, and the *reptiles*, those well known gentlemen, who, however nice they can be at words, never mince matters when dealing with *choses*, and never were known to make *two bites of a cherry*.

"Peter deeply felt the solitude of this vast city, in which he was living, without a single object upon which to expend his affections and sympathies. And his utmost hopes were bounded by obtaining a subsistence, by some means, not unworthy of his principles. Weary with his long walks in a hot sun, and amid crowded streets, filled with busy men and women, who passed him, unconscious of his existence, and caring nothing for him, if they had seen him; all of whom, probably, had their firesides, and families, and familiar friends; with a deep sense of his own destitution of all that made life happy, seeing a Gothic church open, Peter walked in. Here he was released in a moment, from the glare of day. The hum of life was heard, only to heighten the sense of seclusion, from the whirlpool of existence by which he had been surrounded and oppressed. Peter advanced up the aisle, and took a seat near the altar. The silence, and dim religious twilight shed their soothing influence over his spirit, and he looked around to admire the grandeur of the building, and grateful emotions rose in his soul, that such a home for the miserable

had been erected, and opened in the centre of this great city, where the outcast and the wretched could come and commune with God; where all spoke of the future and eternal world.

"In a reverie, Peter recalled the days of his childhood—the forms of his parents, long since dead—the hopes of his boyhood—the warm friendships of those bright and buoyant days, when the world was all open before him, and hope pictured years of coming happiness. And he remembered his disappointments; how death had removed from him the objects of his love and friendship; and that life had now become to him 'a stern task of soul, renewed with no kind auspices;' that long since, to him, the disenchanting earth had lost its lustre. He asked himself:—

"Where now her glittering tow'rs, her golden mountains where?  
All darkened down to naked waste—a dreary vale of years!"

After a moment's pause, in which the Gentleman in Black seemed lost in thoughts which may have been busy with the bright days of his own youth, he continued:—

"There are moments, madam, in which one's whole life is brought visibly before the mind, and the links of destiny are all brightly and distinctly seen. Such do not often recur, and can by no mental power be created or renewed. Like the lightning's flash, they show the vista of by-gone life, and then all is swallowed up in deeper darkness. In such a reverie, Peter scanned the past, and sighed, as he said to himself—'happy the man who cannot remember the one event that made him old!'"

"And, as he thought of his childhood, by some slight attenuated thread of association, he says, there arose the remembrance of those beautiful golden-paper-covered-picture-books, which that most amiable of gentlemen, Mr. John Newbury, the 'Peter Parley' of his day, sent in ship-loads from his shop in St. Paul's Church yard, London; and which he was sure to find among his New Year's presents—and the stories of his childhood came up, of Cinderella and her slipper—Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday—and the dreadful Blue Beard and his beautiful lady; and as his thoughts ran over these stories, musing, he says, 'How like life was the history of this sweet lady! Doubtless, when Blue Beard went to his wedding, he arranged himself in all the enchanting splendor of baronial nobility, and the fair one, whom he brought home, looked upon life in his splendid castle, as the

\* Sismondi relates, that Guirano Veronese having spent some years at Constantinople, brought from thence two cases of Greek manuscripts, the fruits of his indefatigable researches, of which he lost one in a shipwreck; the grief of seeing the labor of years lost in a moment, turned his hair gray in one night. The same change of her hair in a single night is related of Maria Antoinette, Queen of France.

happiest on earth. But she must obey the resistless impulse of her nature, and entered the secret and awful chamber, and saw the mangled corpses of women on the floor, weltering in blood—then came the terrible certainty, that in a short time the same fate awaited her, and the treacherous key fell from her quivering hand.' *Such*, he says to his sister, would be the terror of all, could they turn from the flower garden of life, to its damp, and shade, and wretchedness. *Life has indeed a most melancholy reverse!*\* And tears filled his eyes, as he remembered what he had been, might have been, and what he was.

"While thus musing, the people assembled for morning prayers, and Peter was aroused by the recitation of that 'form of sound words' to which he had so often listened in childhood. 'All is not changed!' he mentally exclaimed, 'there is yet something which defies the tooth of time, and stands the test of human scrutiny!' The service never seemed so venerable,—simple, soothing and sublime. He felt its stern contempt of all ornament, that meretricious millinery of words, by which all that is grand is grotesqued by modern refinement; and there arose too the thought, 'that *these* were the prayers which had been inspired by the flames of persecution, and the chariots of fire which had borne the souls of martyrs to the paradise of God.'

"It chanced to be a Friday morning, and the litany was in due order of the rubric recited, and Peter writes, that when the priest commenced the reading of this part of the service for the day, it seemed in exact accordance with the melancholy of his own soul. 'Alas!' he says, 'how few hearts are ever placed in conditions of existence which give them the power of appreciating the depth of sorrow—the pangs of contrition, the wailing cry of agony, which finds in these dreadful appeals to the throne of God, the fitting and natural expressions of their own cries and tears.'

"He adds—'It is not because the service of the church is wanting in unction and fervor, but because its language is expressive of an elevation and spirituality few Christians ever attain, that it becomes of necessity a ritual of mere routine, and this is the reason why in the most fashionable of the English churches, the litany is committed to the choir to be sung with artistic skill and modulation.'"

"But why?" said Mrs. Smith. "I do not see, do you?"

"I suppose if Peter were present," replied the Gentleman in Black, "he would tell you, that there can be in the souls of prosperous men and women, *no real* sympathy in appeals to heaven's

\* This allusion to Blue Beard, is taken from "The Christian in Plato," by Ackerman.

majesty, only suited to souls struggling and in peril, as in the storms of life, or sinking in the agonies of expiring nature: and I doubt not, madam, that it was this want of sympathy between the prayer book and those who were enforced to use it, that led to the great civil wars of England."

"Well, this idea has all the charm of novelty to me," said Mrs. Smith.

"We will not discuss that now," said the Gentleman in Black, "and if you please, we will go back to Peter."

"With all pleasure," said Mrs. Smith, with her sweet smile.

"The service being over, the assembly dispersed, and Peter looked at them as they gradually disappeared with a feeling of sadness, for he was as much at home in that silent church as in any place in the wide world; so he retained his seat. Nor was he alone in doing so, for near him was a party of three ladies and four young girls, all very gracefully dressed, and distinguished for beauty and bright and speaking eyes. They evidently had remained to examine the architectural embellishments of the church. The eldest of the party acted as the cicerone, as they came up slowly toward where Peter was now standing; when their attention was attracted to the splendid painted window, to which the cicerone pointed with her sun shade, while indicating the figures of the evangelists, aided by the emblematic figures of the lion, the ox and eagle, and lest these should fail, the artist had helped the *looker-up* by scrolls, on which the names of Mark and John are printed.

"'The figure at the right of our Saviour,' said the lady, with a voice of great beauty and refinement of tone, 'is St. Peter, to whom were committed, as you see, the keys of heaven and hell.'

"One of the ladies looked up and smiled very significantly. 'My dear Virginia,' said the cicerone, 'what amuses you in the picture? is it the drawing or coloring?'

"'Well, Alice, I don't admire such muscles in a picture of a saint, that's true; but I'm surprised that you should have restored the keys to Peter. I thought they were taken away from him a long time ago. The last I heard of them they were, where I'm willing they should remain, in the hands of our Saviour.'"

"'My dear friend, how ignorant you are of the Holy Scriptures, and of *the universal belief of the church.*'

'Not so ignorant, dear Alice, as you may imagine. The keys, I believe, were given Peter before his sad apostacy, and I read in the Apocalypse that our blessed Saviour says, "I open and no man shutteth! I have the keys of death and hell!" Now, for

\* See Revelations, chap. i., 5th verse.

my part, I was never well satisfied that Peter should have the keys in question. I fear, from his conduct at Antioch, he would have left us Heathens in our blindness to worship wood and stone.'

"How can you say such things of one of the Holy Apostles, Virginia?"

"I say nothing but what I find in the Acts of the Apostles. I suppose you deem that good authority.'

"Good authority, if rightly interpreted,' replied the cicerone; 'and the true interpreter of the Scriptures is *the Church*; and it is the universal tradition of the Holy Catholic Church that Peter has the keys, and they are, therefore, so represented in the window above us.'

"I think, Alice, it would have been more modest in Peter, after what happened, even if he had retained them, to have put these keys in his pocket.'

"Oh, you are *a dissenter*,\* Virginia, of the Old School of the Ancient Dominion, the most deeply dyed in the dark blue of Presbyterianism. I've little hope of your conversion.'

"Yes, I do dissent to Peter's having the keys of heaven or hell, Apostle though he be, aided and abetted by the universal Popish Church.'

"Universal Popish Church! What do you mean, Virginia?"

"Didn't you just say that the universal Popish Church held that Peter had the keys, and doesn't the Pope claim to hold these very keys as his successor?" replied Mrs. Virginia.

"I said, Virginia, it was the belief of the Universal Holy Catholic Church; I didn't speak of the *Roman Schismatical Church*.'

"Oh! this is news! Well, dear Alice, where is this "Holy Catholic Church," whose traditions are a little *in advance* of Holy Writ?" said Mrs. Virginia.

"The Holy Catholic Church is the Church of the Apostles, wherever it exists, of which the Anglican Church, from whence we come, is, perhaps, the purest of all; unless it be our own Episcopal Church.'

"The third lady, who had been gazing upward and around without any attention to this discussion, now asked the cicerone, 'whose figure that was designed for with the long double-handed executioner's sword, on the extreme left of the Saviour?'

"That,' replied the lady, 'is St. Paul with the sword.'

"And why put a sword into the hand of Paul, Alice?" said Mrs. Virginia. 'Who but Paul possessed the "gentleness of Christ?'"

\* The Bishop of Connecticut, in a late charge, so calls all other religionists.



“ Ah! ’ replied the cicerone, ‘ but *that is the sword of the Spirit.* ’

“ But why select a sword for the symbol of the Holy Spirit? The Holy Spirit selected a dove with its white wings and gentle movements, and why change the symbol for an ill-shapen sword, which looks more like an old-fashioned spit of the kitchen? ’

“ Dear Virginia, are you not captious? St. Paul speaks himself of the “ sword of the Spirit. ” ’

“ Yes, ’ replied Virginia, ‘ so he does; but is the sword a symbol for Paul? There’s Luke with his patient ox, Matthew with his lion, John with his eagle—not that I see anything in these emblems significant of their characters; but let that pass; Paul, with a high two-handed sword, is not Paul of the New Testament, whose soul was the seat of every noble and tender affection, whose love was God-like beyond all that is recorded in man; whose spirit was melting with sympathy, and whose heart was the living temple of the Holy Ghost; the only man that ever lived who could say—“ Walk as ye have us for an example? ” Who but Paul could say—“ We have the mind of Christ! ” ’

“ Don’t you think, Virginia, ’ said the youngest of the three ladies, ‘ that it would be more characteristic to have put the sword into Peter’s hand? ’

“ Yes, ’ replied her friend Virginia; ‘ if any one should be so represented, it should be Peter, though I think he wore his, when in Pilate’s palace, under his cloak; where I would advise his keys should now be kept. ’

“ Poor Peter, ’ replied the cicerone, ‘ you really have a sad spite against him; but you will be very glad to have him open to you the gates of Paradise. ’

“ I’ve no doubt I shall revere and love the Apostle Peter in heaven, if I am ever so happy as to get there, ’ said Virginia; ‘ and I love his epistles now, for they breathe the spirit of deep humility, which his successors would do well to imitate. ’

“ Tell me, dear Alice, ’ said Mrs. Virginia, ‘ what those characters symbolize in the compartment immediately over the head of the Saviour; they look like some such characters as I have in an old book on Astrology. ’

“ Mrs. Alice looked up, evidently in doubt. ‘ I think they must be Greek characters, of an old style, perhaps, and if so, then they stand for Alpha and Omega, though I really don’t know. ’

“ Well, suppose it were so, ’ said Virginia; ‘ what would they then signify? ’

“ *The Church!* the beginning and the end; which is, as you know, “ the pillar and ground of the truth, ” ’ replied Mrs. Alice.

“ If *the Truth* had no better foundation than *the Church* to rest

upon, the pillar of the Truth would have been in all ages a leaning tower, to which that at Pisa would have been a poor comparison.'

"My dear Virginia, doesn't the Bible say so?" said Mrs. Alice.

"Certainly, it does *not*,' replied the Presbyterian Virginia.

"Well, dear Virginia, let's leave that till we get home.'

"The young ladies now pointed out to the frequent signs which they read as repetitions of *the*,\* and asked of Mrs. Berkley what they could mean.

"I presume,' said Mrs. Berkley, 'they, like the letters over the Saviour, indicate the one Church—the Church!' The young ladies bowed, and doubtless deemed the answer satisfactory; as to the other ladies, they were at the moment engaged in speaking together, and did not catch the conversation with the girls.

"At this moment, a fine bright-looking negro girl came up with a brave baby boy in her arms, who was crying with the finest lungs in the world, and said—'O Missis, Masser *Jeames* has been kicking and crying dis hour, he's so ongry.'

"Come here, you little villain,' said the gay-hearted mother, 'you shall be fed.'

"My dear Marion, you don't mean to suckle your child in the church?" said the Episcopal lady.

"In the church,' said the lady, looking round to see if there were any spectators, and seeing none, she said, 'yes, and why not?'

"But, my dear, the proprieties of the place would seem to forbid it.'

"Proprieties of the place! Bless me, I wish the people that come here to worship may be as desirous of "the sincere milk of the word," as my boy is of his mother's milk; I reckon they will be far better Christians than they now are.'

"And so saying, she carried off her boy to a pew not far off near the wall, and soon hushed his uproar by giving him all he wished, and her kisses and smiles besides: and Peter says he was never so conscious of the music of those sweet sounds given out by a hungry baby, when smothered and satisfied in the bosom of a young mother."

Mrs. Smith sighed deeply, as the Gentleman in Black spoke of joys of which she knew nothing. There was something malicious in his eye, as he saw her lids close, and the tear welling up under

\* This symbol read t. þ. e., as most persons read it, is, in fact, the *Gothic* letters *i. h. s.*—PETER SCHLEMIHL.

the lids unshed. Lest he had gone too far, he proceeded with his narration:—

“ My dear Alice, do *you* believe that children are regenerated in baptism ?” asked the Presbyterian lady.

“ Certainly I do. It is distinctly affirmed in our catechism.”

“ And is it possible that all that our Saviour meant in his conversation with Nicodemus, and which excited his astonishment, can admit of so simple a solution.”

“ It is the only regeneration which the Church has any knowledge of,” replied Mrs. Berkley.

“ I fear it may be so, indeed,” was the reply. “ But it may, perhaps, be that the Bible may demand something which the Church does not; and if it should, how fearful will be the mistake. I knew it was so stated in the prayer-book, but I thought the *evangelical* Christians of your Church did all they could to counteract such a papistical dogma.\*

“ Dear Virginia, we have known of no such distinctions as you speak of. One must be in the Church or out of it; if they are in the Church, they are Christians.”

“ But, Alice, every body baptized cannot be regenerated.”

“ I do not know how better I can reply to you, dear Alice, than in the words of Bishop Brownell’s charge to his clergy: “ The change of state, effected in baptism, is called, in Scripture, and in the language of the baptismal office, regeneration.” ”

“ But, my dear, do we mean the same thing? By regeneration I mean a change of our spiritual nature, the implantation of holiness as a divine principle, and which leads us on to eternal life, through daily renewals of grace, to a life of glory.”

“ I presume we may not mean the same thing, for I don’t understand you; but Bishop Hobart, whose pious hands confirmed me before the altar which once stood on this sacred spot, taught us, in the sermon he preached on that occasion, that “ in

\* The Rev. Dr. Stone, of Christ Church, Brooklyn, in a work entitled “ The Mysteries Opened, or Scriptural Views of Preaching and the Sacraments, as distinguished from certain Theories concerning Baptismal Regeneration and the Real Presence,” says, page 245, “ The great law of interpretation, so important to us as *Protestant* Episcopalians, which I find in the writings of the late venerable Bishop Griswold, is this: That in cases of apparent conflict, ‘ the *Prayer Book* must be explained into an agreement with the *Bible*, and not the *Bible* into an agreement with the *Prayer Book*.’ If the two appear to differ, much more, if they really *do* differ, the *human* must bow to the *divine*. It were *impious* to force the *divine* to do obeisance to the *human*. And that the theory of baptismal regeneration, as I have exhibited it from the writings of its actually greatest masters, does, not only apparently, but *actually* and *irreconcilably* differ from the true sense of the Scripture, is a position which has, I humbly conceive, been sufficiently demonstrated.”

the sacrament of baptism we are taken from the world, where we had no title to the favor of God, and placed in a state of salvation in the Christian Church.\* And, also, "that this was the *only mode* through which we could be admitted into the covenant with God; the *only mode* through which we could obtain a title to those blessings and privileges which Christ had purchased for his mystical body, the Church, *is the Sacrament of Baptism.*" "

" 'My dear Alice, if I could believe this, what a state of mind I should be reduced to.'

" 'Just the state in which I could wish to see you, Virginia.'

" 'See me, Alice! why I should be all but mad.'

" 'About what? I see nothing to excite frenzy, but everything to inspire peace and assurance. If Christ has given this grace to His Church, to be conferred by His Apostles and their successors, you have only to know that you have been baptized to know that you are regenerated. *Now* you have nothing better than the present condition of your religious affections, which are varying every hour in the day.'

" 'My dear Alice, let us be serious, for I feel it indeed matter for sobriety of speech. 'Tis true, as you say, my religious feelings vary, but I hope my faith is centered in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ; that He is my prophet, priest, and king, whom, with all these changes of affection, is yet the object of my highest reverence and supreme love; and that I do so love him, I regard now, and ever shall rely on it, as the highest and best evidence, *the evidence of consciousness* that I am, with ten thousand faults and sins, adopted into his family, and have been regenerated by the Holy Ghost, sent down from Heaven, the gift of His love, and the fruit of His intercession. But if I held the views which you have just expressed, and could not (as I trust you do as truly as myself), read my title to the skies, in these evidences of a new nature engrafted by the Holy Ghost, but was compelled to rely on the fact of my having been baptized, by one properly authorized to do so, as a successor of the Apostles of our Lord, my anxieties would be far beyond a crew at sea, in a ship without a compass or a chart.'

" 'My dear Virginia, all this would be very true, but *our* Church has indubitable evidence of a divine succession.'

" 'Indubitable evidence, dearest, in a matter on which your soul's salvation depends, *is, of all things, most necessary*, and I had supposed this could only exist in the deep convictions of one's own soul.'

\* Sermon on Confirmation, page 26.

“ ‘How can you trust the convictions of a nature you hold to be totally depraved?’

“ ‘True, I may be self-deceived. I often fear I am; but yet this is better than the broken chain on which your hopes (theoretically, I hope and believe), rely; in comparison with which, it may well be said, “the spider’s most attenuated thread is cord—its cable.” My confidence does not rest on my feelings. The sun shines, Alice, though clouds intercept my clear and comfortable view of it. But now, Alice, tell me, are you certain you have been baptized?’

“ ‘I have a copy of the record, under the seal of the Reverend Verdant Green, by whom I was baptized,’ replied the lady gravely.

“ ‘Then as a first step, your confidence rests on the truth of this certificate. But how do you know the Reverend Verdant Green was duly authorized to baptize you?’

“ ‘Ah! my dear Virginia, you are going into a dispute about the apostolical succession; that is really a very long topic, and one about which I am sure you and I shall never agree.’

“ ‘Perhaps not; but let me ask, what are the requisites of a single priest in order to his being “an ambassador of Christ, duly empowered to act, and to represent him on earth,” and so confer “the divinely appointed blessings of salvation, and the gifts of the Holy Spirit, in the sacraments, word and ordinances of the Church,”\* commencing with “regeneration in baptism?”’

“ ‘Well, that is a specific question, and I will attempt to answer it. A priest, then, must have been himself baptized by an Episcopal priest, confirmed by an Episcopal bishop, ordained by a bishop who himself has been ordained by not less than duly ordained bishops of the Episcopal church.’

“ ‘Indeed! the chances of a broken link in this golden chain grow in geometrical progression as you go on. And I very much fear there has been some link broken in the centuries which have elapsed since the days of Peter and Paul; and will only say I cannot conceive how such wretched quicksand, as I deem all this to be, can be assumed as the foundation of hopes on which rest our eternal destinies. “And supposing it granted that the alleged commission was regularly transmitted in later times,—admitting that the chain may be traced through the lower and later portions of its length, yet the higher links are absolutely wanting,—the sole material part of the evidence is totally deficient. If a *succession* be proved, it is still not *apostolic*.” †

\* The words marked as quoted, are Dr. Seabury’s.

† Westminster Review, for June 1846, p. 167.

"Here the lovely Marion came up with her baby, crowing and clapping his hands, and presenting him to the Episcopal lady, said, 'Isn't he a cherub?'

"The lady kissed him very fondly, and patting his cheeks, replied, 'He is a very precious child, but I do not like to call him by so sacred a name.'

"'Sacred! Why, dear Alice, are not all the cherubs of the Holy Catholic Church babies about the size of my boy? If they are half as beautiful as he is, they will be among the prettiest of all God's creatures. None that I have seen on canvas, is to be compared with him.' So saying, she dumped her baby into the basin near which they were standing, where he sat as merry as Puck upon the toadstool in Sir Joshua Reynolds' celebrated picture, while she employed herself in arranging her dress, deranged by her recent avocation.

"'Why, Marion!' cried the Episcopal lady, 'what strange uses you make of the sacred symbols of our church.'

"The lady looked inquiringly first at her boy, then at the lady, evidently unconscious of what new act of sacrilege she had committed; and hastily taking her child into her arms, she for the first time discovered the baptismal font, into which she had so irreverently seated him. She asked, with a sort of breathless anxiety, 'and is this the bowl which holds the water for baptizing babies?'

"'My dear Marion, *we* call it a *baptismal font*,' said Mrs. Berkley.

"'And so does our dear minister on the mountains of Virginia call an old china cup he has, and isn't one just as much a font as the other?' asked Marion with all sincerity of tone.

"'Undoubtedly it is, if you speak of the Episcopal Church in your neighborhood.'

"'Certainly I do; but, dear Alice, what would the china cup be in Virginia's old barn of a meeting-house down in Henrico?' asked Marion.

"'I leave Virginia to speak for herself. *This* is fittingly styled a *font*. It is constructed after those found in the churches of the Elizabethan age, after which our present edifice is constructed, and was thus spacious because in those days it was the practice to administer baptism by immersion.'

"'Immerse the children!' exclaimed the Presbyterian lady; 'and is it possible that your love of antiquity is to lead to the revival of the custom? This would be bringing back the dark ages upon us with a witness.'

"The lovely mother here spoke and said: 'After all, it must be confessed to do so would be very scenical, and if done skilfully,

might become artistically graceful; though I think the effect on the babies would be rather startling.'

"My dear Marion, do not fear that we shall revive any custom so decidedly inconvenient, though I must confess, I don't see how our ancient practices of the church can be fully restored without so doing, for our Rubric speaks expressly, "that the priest shall dip the child in the water discreetly and warily," and which, I believe, was the primitive custom.'

"Well, Alice, you shall have it all your own way,' replied the Presbyterian lady; 'but a drop of water is as much *water* as a whole ocean.'

"Ah!' replied the Episcopal lady, 'but our baptism is "*the laver of regeneration*," and not the mere affixing of the *seal of a covenant*, as it is among your dissenters.'

"And yet you owe this change to our example,' replied the Presbyterian; 'but for the determination on this subject by the Westminster Assembly of Divines, you never would have thought of such a change.'

"I do not know when or how the change was introduced, but we have the example of the Romish Church, which, though now schismatical, is still an Apostolic Church, to countenance us.'

"But the Greek Church,' said Virginia, 'is not that too an Apostolic Church? and the Greek Church have adopted no such custom, and would regard the sprinkling of water no more baptism, than do our highly respectable and worthy Society of Friends the application of water, a rite prescribed by the Lord Jesus. And yet, the Greeks may be deemed the best judges of what the Greek words import, when they speak of this ordinance.'

"My dears,' said Mrs. Marion, interrupting the disputants, 'you seem to be at pins-points in this matter; but what after all is the difference? what does it all amount to? whether a child is baptized one way or the other, or baptized at all? That is a question of some moment. Can you tell me?'

"Neither of the ladies addressed seemed ready to speak, evidently waiting for each other to reply.

"At last the Episcopal lady said—'As by baptism, duly administered, (and which only is baptism,) our children are transferred from "the kingdom of Satan" into "the kingdom of Christ," from being the children of Satan, become "members of Christ," and "inheritors of the kingdom of heaven," their state before baptism must be deemed in the last degree perilous; what that is, I leave you to infer, my dear Marion, and may the love of your child lead you to an immediate flight to the only ark of safety,

provided by God for your own soul and that of your sweet child, *the church of Christ on earth.*'

"And you, dear Virginia, what do you say?" said the anxious, tender-hearted mother.

"Baptism, dear Marion," replied the Presbyterian, 'is the seal of the covenant, which is applied to children of believing parents, who dedicate their children to the Lord in baptism, so bringing them into union with the Church of Christ on earth, and securing them all the blessings promised to Abraham and his children—blessings temporal and spiritual under the dispensation of the ancient church, and spiritual under the Christian; for the promise, says Peter, "is unto you and your children, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."'

"Virginia, you are not quite so specific, nor so denunciatory as Alice," said the mother with a desponding tone; 'but what you tell me, is after all not very comforting to a poor sinner, as I know I am ungrateful to God for all His unspeakable mercies, and especially for this most precious boy, whom I love more than life.' And here the tears rose to her eyes, as she held up her boy and gazed in his beautiful face, while he, all radiant with smiles, stretched out his little arms toward his mother; and then clasping him to her bosom, she cried—'O God, is it so? Dost thou love my boy the less for my sinfulness?' And she hid her face over her child and was for an instant silent, and then looking up through her tears as bright and buoyant as ever, said: 'It can't be so! I don't believe it! A little water, or much water, can make no such great difference—I believe the blessed Saviour is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever—and that he loves little children in Heaven, as truly and as tenderly as he did while on earth;' and she walked away with her baby to where her servant stood, to whom she gave it.

"See!" said the Episcopal lady, in a tone of severity, 'see where dissent leads you. Oh, this right of private judgment! to what schisms and indifference it leads multitudes, who would, but for its fatal tendencies, be gathered in safety and in unity, in the embrace of our divine mother.'\*

\* The church as a divine mother, is thus spoken of in a sermon of Bishop Hobart's, preached in 1810.

"Our church has made the most ample provision for the devotions of her members assembled in the congregation, under their authorized ministers. Private associations for devotion for this purpose, *she dare not countenance*. Among other communities, for aught she knows, they may be harmless; they may prove edifying. But experience, raising a warning voice in the sad pages of her history, proves that within her bosom, they have been the nurseries of enthusiasm and spiritual pride; the engines by which ambition, cloaked under



“ ‘My dear Alice,’ replied the Presbyterian, ‘we are not responsible for the sins or neglects of others; and as to private judgment—what is it but the exercise of your private judgment, which has determined you to be an Episcopalian, rather than a “*dissenter*,” as you please to style us?’”

“The young mother now rejoined her friends, and said, ‘Pray don’t let us renew that sad controversy over this basin—what else is there to see?’”

“One of the young ladies now came up, and asked the young mother to ‘come and see something very strange’—pointing to a stand on which a prayer book or Bible was supported on the wide-spread wings of a large dark-brown bird, standing on a globe.

“ ‘Bless me!’ exclaimed Mrs. Marion, ‘what does this turkey-buzzard mean?’”

“The cicerone and her companion, and the girls all stood around this wondrous bird, which was certainly nondescript; and for once Mrs. Berkley was in doubt.’”

“ ‘It can’t be a turkey-buzzard,” she said; ‘it is an eagle!’”

the mantle of extraordinary sanctity, has excited against her sober order, the rage of ignorant fanaticism, and whelmed in ruin her fairest forms.”

The late Reverend Dr. John Mason, in the *Christian Magazine*, pp. 453-455, in a review of this sermon, having quoted this sentence, says: “We stop for breath. This is a frightful picture. Never did we behold such a group of living creatures in so narrow a space. The scene resembles what is fancied by a man in a violent fever. The disordered brain covers the curtains of the sick-bed with living angry forms; and the patient is terrified at the creatures of his own frenzy.

“This is a specimen of the eloquence of Dr. Hobart, very unlike the eloquence, however, which the Roman orator recommends.

“In one sentence, Dr. Hobart presents to our view *experience* personified, raising a *warning voice*; *pages* of history personified, *sad* and weeping; the *church* personified as a matron, *within her bosom*—and a capacious bosom this dame must have, for it contains whole *nurseries*—nurseries swarming with very unruly children; *within her bosom*, they have been the nurseries of enthusiasm and *spiritual pride*. These too, are in their turn endowed with life, and committed to the *nursery*; but they are speedily deprived of animation, and converted into *engines*. *Ambition* is personified, in order to employ these engines, and appears *cloaked*, but not with a cloak, nor yet a surplice, but *under a mantle*, a mantle too of singular contexture—*extraordinary sanctity*. The order of the church is personified, *sober order*. Fanaticism is personified; it is *ignorant*, and *angry* with this *sober order*. *The two unruly children*, spiritual pride and enthusiasm, which were first converted into an *engine*, and again simplified into stimuli, to produce *excitement*, are afterwards speedily transformed into an overflowing flood, which, ‘horrible dictu!’ *whelms in ruin the church’s fairest forms!* All these personifications and transmutations take place in one short sentence. Everything comes alive from the pen of Dr. Hobart.”

“‘It is the strangest looking eagle I have ever seen,’ said Marion.

“‘What has a bird of prey to do with a book of prayers?’ asked Virginia, in a tone which spoke her want of the bump of reverence.

“The question was a puzzler, and Mrs. Berkley said musingly :

“‘No, it can’t be an eagle. Oh, I have it!’ brightening up as she said it—‘it is a rook!’

“‘Very well,’ replied Virginia, ‘let it be a rook; what has a rook to do with the prayer book?’

“‘My dear Virginia, can you have so soon forgotten the legends of the nursery?’

“‘I must confess,’ replied Virginia, with a good-natured smile, ‘it is some years since I was graduated into the parlor, and I am now completely mystified as to what you allude.’

“‘See,’ said Mrs. Berkley, ‘what a speaking face it has; you can almost imagine the rook capable of speaking.’

“‘He has a most speaking face, I must confess,’ said Mrs. Virginia; ‘but though we read of the dumb ass speaking, I don’t remember to have heard of birds talking excepting those of the famous Esopian *genus*. Do you know, Marion?’ turning to the mother of young Master *James*.

“‘No, dear Virginia, I am all in the dark, and as to nursery legends, I never heard of them in the mountains where I was raised.’

“‘And can you both,’ said Mrs. Berkley, with a tone of triumph, ‘have forgotten the pathetic story of Cock Robin? If so, here it is—

‘And who’ll be the priest?’

I, said the Rook;

With my little book,

I’ll be the priest!

And HERE IS THE ROOK with his little book.”’

“‘Now, ladies, could anything be more delightful and felicitous than for *the Church* thus to connect the sweet associations of infancy with the sacred services of piety and of prayer?’

“‘But I don’t know that the rook is of a very reputable family; do you recollect?’ said Mrs. Virginia with all possible pertinacity, determined to have the victory.

“‘I do not,’ replied Mrs. Berkley; ‘but here is Adeline and her friends just out of school.’ Turning to one of the young ladies—‘My child, *you* have just been graduated from the Troy Institute, and ought to know everything. Tell us, of what *order* is the rook?’

"The young lady, with great sweetness of manner, and in a timid tone, as if repeating a lesson imperfectly memorized, replied—'The Rook, or *Corvus frugilegus*, is of the order of Omnivora, so styled, says Mudie, because *they can eat everything*; and some of them prey upon living animals, *though generally weak ones*, or when they are *in an enfeebled state*.'\*

"'Thank you, my dear Adeline,' said Mrs. Berkley, as if perfectly satisfied with the reply.

"The party now walked down the aisle to leave the Church. Marion whispered to Virginia—'I always thought a crow looked like a priest, and do you know, I think McLeary's theory begins to look probable? I'm sure, if it be so, the crows must be of the order of the priests—don't you think so?'

"'Oh Marion,' Virginia replied, laughing, 'how can you say such wicked things, and in the church too?' Peter followed these ladies out of the church, and saw them take their seats in two beautiful and costly carriages which awaited their coming. The young mother entered the one in which Master *Jeames* and his nurse were seated, and with a look of joy and pride, took her boy into her lap. The party, duly shut in by their footman, drove up town, leaving Peter, as they rapidly passed out of the reach of his vision, the happier for the society they had unconsciously supplied him.

\* Mudie on British Birds, vol. i. p. 154.

## CHAPTER X.

The arrest and trial of Peter Schlemihl—Peter is arrested by the Star police and carried to the Tombs—Conference of the Judges, as to the crime on which he should be tried—Astonishment of Rabbi Ben Jarchi, on being told it was libellous to call a Congressman an office-seeker—Peter to be held as a vagabond—Colonel Bang-bang offers Peter his “unbought” services—Case opened by the State’s Attorney; evidence produced; exceptions taken by Colonel Bang-bang; quarrel between the Rabbi and the Colonel—Peter’s shadow pinned to the wall—Peter is placed against the wall in order to have his profile drawn; kicks over the Judge and escapes—Uproar consequent thereon—Colloquy of the Rabbi and Colonel Bang-bang—Notes of the Judges—Peter sends to the *Babylonian Times* the Judges’ notes, which are read by the Gentleman in Black—The Rabbi’s leader to the Evening Star, giving an account of the arrest, trial and condemnation of Peter—Judge Tomkins’ Letter to the Bishop of Peach Orchard—Necessity of saving the Vestal Virgin of the Anglican Church, from the embrace of the “man of sin,” and the company of the “scarlet whore”—Undertakes to prove “Dissent” to be the “man of sin”—His essays on this subject—Has received a letter from the Bishop of Green Mountains; and his remarks thereon—Urges upon the Bishop of Peach Orchard the importance of reviving the ancient discipline of flagellation—Testimony of Father Ripa; of Cardinal Damiana; Abelard—Mrs. Smith’s remarks and the reply of the Gentleman in Black.

“FROM the letters of Peter, I learned he was in the habit of taking his walks through the upper part of the city, and as he frequently spoke of the pleasure of meeting with school girls, and the sports of children; I presumed these walks must have taken him into the University Square. I communicated these thoughts to my friends of the Star police, and they were acted upon with unexpected success. Peter was fond of showering down sugared almonds upon the path while these little children were running their romps, or driving their hoops, and looked on with pleasure at the delight with which these fairy gifts were gathered. The police, who were strolling on duty, observed the frequency of this event with suspicion. But Peter’s *felt* made his steps as soft as those of a cat, and he was too wise to be very near any of these worthy guardians of the public peace. For a long while, therefore, they posted themselves on this ground, and stood hid behind

the trees, awaiting any crackling of the grass, or disturbance of the gravel, which might help them to the invisible Peter.

"A little girl was one day driving her hoop, at the top of her speed, when she stumbled and fell, and hurt her little hands. Peter, forgetting himself, ran and picked her up, and was busily engaged in brushing her clothes, when a Star policeman sprang upon him with a lion's grasp, and cried out 'at last I've found you!' Peter was too astonished to say a word. And when he recovered himself, he thought it best to be perfectly silent.

"The policeman, proud of his success, led Peter down the Broadway of the city, calling to his aid one of his companions, to take the other side of the culprit. When Peter found they were leading him to the Tombs, he began to struggle and fight. The strangeness of such a contest soon attracted the attention of the passers by, and in a moment or two, a multitude of people were on their way toward the Tombs, and running on filled up the Court room almost to suffocation.

"The Judges were assembled in their private room, adjoining the Court room, when a Star policeman came in and informed them that Peter Schlemihl was arrested, and now on his way to the Tombs.

"My worthy friend, the celebrated Rabbi Ben Jarchi, was the presiding Magistrate of the Court, to whom I had communicated my wishes to arrest Peter, as a low fellow, who had been guilty of the greatest ingratitude to me, his best benefactor; telling him it would be rendering the state some service to apprehend one, who was likely to do no good by being left at liberty. The excellent magistrate assured me of his readiness to co-operate with me in this matter, which would be attended with no possible difficulty, if he could once be brought before him. And in all this I am sure he was perfectly honest. He knew what it was to be black-balled, and though I don't think he was as sensitive as myself to such annoyances, and would, perhaps, have been perfectly indifferent to have had a column or two of the daily gazettes discharged in volleys at himself, yet he fully sympathized with me, and said he would gladly abate a nuisance annoying to one, who was so little disposed to be held up for the amusement of the reading public. During former years, we had often met in society, and I have rarely met a more amiable and excellent man. With his associate, to whom he introduced me, when I called to ask his aid in this matter, I had no acquaintance. He was a formal person, very rubicund and looking very rubrical.

"Brother Tomkins inquired of the Rabbi, 'on what crime will the criminal be indicted?'

"'Really, I have not thought of that,' replied the Rabbi, 'but

such is the opulence of the statutes, I presume we shall be at no loss in this matter; we shall, I think, be able to make out a felony, or misdemeanor of some sort. He has, as you know, knocked overboard the Spaniard, and at the hazard of life; can't we make that answer?"

"It would do very well," replied Judge Tomkins, "but as it happened on the high seas, I fear it may be ruled as out of our jurisdiction."

"I think not," replied the Rabbi. "By 2d Massachusetts Laws, p. 711, it is provided, "that where a person shall be feloniously stricken, poisoned, or injured on the high seas, and die thereof in any county within the commonwealth, the offender may be indicted and tried in the county where the death shall happen." Now, by a liberal construction of that law, I think we may read it as intending simply this, "where a person shall be stricken on the high seas, the offender shall be tried in the county where he may be caught."

"I'm afraid it won't hold," replied Brother Tomkins.

"It must hold," replied the Rabbi, "for by 1 Dallas, 338, and 2 Browne, 251, whatever amounts to a public wrong may be the subject to an indictment. Now, is it not a public wrong to endanger a man's life on the high seas? Indeed, it is not necessary that there should be actual force or violence to constitute an indictable offence. Acts, injurious to private persons, which tend to excite violent resentment, and thus produce fighting and disturbance to the peace of society, are themselves indictable, so 5 Binney, *Commonwealth v. Taylor*."

"But see!" said the scrupulous magistrate, "we must not put the prisoner where he can find any loop-hole of retreat. This misdemeanor was committed on the *high seas*; now, if we rely on that act, we shall certainly lose our game; we must find some act committed against the sovereignty and laws of Babylon—"

"The presiding judge gently inserted his fore-finger under his wig as men do, who, like the Rabbi, wear *scratches*, which seem to forbid all *scratching*, and so stimulated the organ of acquisitiveness, it being more accessible than the organ of benevolence, which, had it been well rubbed, would doubtless have been more fortunate for Peter.

"That's true," replied the Rabbi; "but *misdemeanor* is a wide word, and can be applied to any crime for which the law has not provided a particular name: so Hawkins, chap. xl. sect. 2; and 'twill be strange if we can't find something of the sort."

"It must be something which *has been done*," replied Brother Tomkins, "the *bare intention* is not, you know, punishable.

Now, what has he done since coming into Babylon? that's the gist of the question.'

" 'I think we can hold him on the charge of uttering false coin, knowing it to be such; for you know, he paid a half guinea to old Gottfried Jahn, for mending his boots; coin which was never issued from the mint of England.'

" 'I don't remember,' replied Judge Tomkins, 'of any statute of the republic relating to frauds in bullion.'\*

" 'And suppose there be none; I presume the common law can be made to serve upon this occasion.'

" 'But,' replied the Associate Judge, 'where is the coin in question? Can that be had? Will James swear to the identical coin?'

" 'The worthy judge was once more gravelled—and again rubbed the organ of acquisitiveness, for he had good reasons for believing it would be quite a *weighty* affair for him to make sure of Peter.

" 'Well, d—n the coin; I suppose we must give that up,' he replied. 'How will the charge of coining instruments answer? The 8 and 9 William III., chap. xxvi. sect. 1, enacts that "no smith, founder, or other person or persons whatsoever, (other than, and except the persons employed in, and for his Majesty's mint or mints in the town of London or elsewhere, and for the use and service of said mints only, or persons lawfully authorized by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, or Lord High Treasurer of England for the time being,) shall knowingly make or mend, or begin to proceed to make or mend, or assist in making or mending any *puncheon, counter-puncheon, matrix, stamp, die, pattern, or mould of steel, iron, silver, or other metal or metals, or of sand or fine founder's earth or sand, or of other materials whatsoever*, in or upon which there shall be made or impressed, or which will make or impress the figure, stamp, resemblance or similitude of both or either of the sides or flats of any gold or silver coin current within this kingdom; nor shall knowingly make or mend, or begin to make or mend, or assist in making or mending any edger or edging tool, instrument or engine, not of common use in any trade, but contrived for marking of money round the edges with letters, grainings, or other marks or figures resembling those on the edges of money coined in his Majesty's mint, nor any press for coinage, nor any cutting engine for cutting round blanks by force of a screw out of flatted bars of gold, silver, or other metal; nor shall knowingly *buy or sell, hide or conceal*, or without lawful authority, or sufficient excuse for

\* There is none—Coin of United States protected by Act 21 April, 1806.

that purpose have in his, her, or their houses, custody, or possession, any such puncheon, counter-puncheon, matrix, stamp, die, edger, cutting engine, or other tool or instrument before mentioned; and every such offender or offenders, their counsellors, procurers, aiders, and abettors, shall be guilty of high treason, and being convicted thereof, shall suffer death, as in case of high treason." "There!" exclaimed the judge, taking a long breath; "there's law enough to hang the devil himself."

"Judge Tomkins, whose wondering looks, as the recitation was going on, testified his astonishment at the fluency and precision of the Rabbi's memory, said—"It is most surprising, judge, that you should have this law of uttering false coin at your fingers' ends; you seem to have got it by heart."

"The judge seemed rather restive under the compliment, and said—"That's not to the purpose. Can we not make that *fay*\* in this case? Has not Peter Schlemiehl come within its provisions? Has he not been guilty of having a purse in his possession, by which coin has been made to wear "the resemblance or similitude" of current gold coin of the country? has he not "bought it and hid it about his person without lawful or sufficient excuse," and why may we not hang him as high as Haman of old? I don't see why!"

"I'm loth to put any obstacles in the way of one so astute as my learned brother," replied Judge Tomkins, "and I will only ask, if we criminate Peter Schlemiehl, in what fix shall we place the Gentleman in Black, from whom he obtained this purse, feloniously, it may be said, by giving a *shadow* in exchange for what all the world will acknowledge was *substance*? But then, what becomes of him of whom he obtained the purse, and who appears as prosecutor in this case—may it not be asked, how did you come in possession of it? If it be *treason* in Schlemiehl to possess, what crime is it to have created, supposing the Gentleman in Black to have been the originator of the celebrated Corduan purse in question? Should we not think of this aspect of the case?"

"The devil's in it," exclaimed the worthy judge. "Yes! we must give that up."

"Here one of the police came into the private room of the judge to notify them 'that the prisoner was now in custody and awaiting them in the court room, carefully held by a policeman in the prisoner's box.'

\* This is an old French expression found in Spenser, synonyme to *fit exactly*, still in use, I believe, in our country.



“ ‘Tell him to hold on to him,’ said the judge, in a voice of thunder, ‘and wait till we are ready to proceed with the trial.’

“ ‘It is vexatious, indeed,’ said the worthy Rabbi, ‘now we’ve got the fellow, we can’t find out the law to hold him! Can’t you help me in this conjuncture?’

“ ‘I think we must give up the crime of uttering and tendering foreign coin; but, perhaps, we may get a hitch on him on the ground of blasphemy, for if what the Gentleman in Black says of him is true, he has shown a great want of reverence for our Holy Catholic Church in all its apostolical branches, and has uttered words tending to bring into contempt our Liturgy and its most reverend priesthood. Now Starkie has collected a great variety of cases, in his work on Libels, pages 486 to 504, which exhibit all the points which can be made in this matter. Now if,’ continued Mr. Justice Tomkins, ‘if it is libellous to publish—*“that a member of Congress is a fawning sycophant, or a misrepresentative in Congress, and a grovelling office-seeker, that he has abandoned his post, in Congress, to seek office—”*’

“ ‘Libellous to call a member of Congress “a fawning sycophant, and a grovelling office-seeker!”’ exclaimed the Rabbi. ‘You astonish me! I thought I knew what a libel was, but this exceeds all I have ever heard of. And where is it, in this wide-spread republic, a libel to say, a member of Congress (the facts being so, and I presume the examples are plenty in and about the Federal City) acts the part of a fawning sycophant, and has become an office-seeker?’

“ ‘The case is sustained to the very letter,’ replied the associate, ‘and is to be found in 7 Johnson’s Rep., 264, *Thomas v. Croswell*. Now, permit me to go on; if it be libellous to so speak of facts of such public notoriety, what must it be to defame and calumniate that economy, order, and constitution of things which make up the general system of the law and government of the country; see Holt on Libels, Book 82. Now, my dear friend, you very well know, a libel may be as well by descriptions and circumlocutions as in express terms; therefore, scandal may be conveyed by allegory or irony amounting to libel. And Russell\* gives as an example, “as where a writing, in a taunting manner, reckoning up several acts of public charity done by a person, said ‘You will not play the Jew, nor the hypocrite,’ and then proceeded, in a strain of ridicule, to insinuate that what the person did was owing to vainglory.”’

“ ‘But my dear sir,’ interrupted the Rabbi, ‘don’t go all round

\* Russell on Crimes, vol. i. 303.

Robin Hood's barn; let's have it. What are your bill of particulars—let's hear that.'

"'Why sir, it is said he has been guilty of defaming the Gentleman in Black, and through him the great doctrines of the Church, by various publications, tending greatly to lessen the claims to universal belief of the greatest of all truths connected with the Christian religion—'

"'Such as what? said the Judge impatiently.'

"'The doctrine of the Apostolical succession, and the unity of the church, and—'

"'Heaven save the mark!' exclaimed the Rabbi, 'and is this all you have to offer—and do you think *that* charge would bear the strain of a spider? No, my dear friend, the church must take care of itself; we should have the whole press of Babylon, from the "*Universe*" down to the "*Subterranean*" out upon us; and too, I don't think the Gentleman in Black is desirous of the notoriety which this personal charge must give to him.'

"'I can't help you,' said Judge Tomkins, who was not a little offended at the contempt with which *the Church* had been treated by the Rabbi.

"'We are in a tight place truly!' said the Rabbi, lifting off his scratch and wiping off the perspiration.

"The murmurs of the crowd reached him, and the frequent cries of the little men who now made use of their brief authority, and stilled the crowd by those magical cries, 's'lence the court!' 'Walk light!'—steps only known in the halls of Justice, since the beautiful mythology of Greece has ceased to exist.—It is a curious fact, that where there is so much light in walking, there should be so much leaden-headed dullness in the favored few who are privileged with seats, especially upon those known as *the bench*.

"'We must give up, then, all Peter's acts *over the seas* and *on the seas*—because they are beyond our jurisdiction. Uttering foreign coin, we can't prove for want of the coin so paid away by him. The purse, considered as an instrument for coining, must be given up for the sufficient reasons you have cited—and as for scandal, I can't go that. It would be mixing up matters which must be kept separate—now what's to be done?'

"The honest Judge again said—'he did not know how to help him.'

"'Well then, I must help myself,' and with this he snatched up an old book, all blackened and soiled by handling, bound in calf, on the cover of which the leather had been cut out with a pen knife, so as to show, somewhat indistinctly, the sacred symbol of the cross: showing that the only use which had been made

of the book, was the administration of oaths as occasions required. With the desperation of a man at his wits' end, the Rabbi opened at the five books of Moses.

"I remember a case in point, in the Jerusalem Talmud, Vol. xvi. p. 896, on this text, pointing to the 11th verse of xviii. chapter of Deuteronomy, and I will send for it, that you may see it.

"You may do as you please," said the associate Judge, very grumly, "but I think though, your authority would do better in a synagogue than in a court of justice."

"Yes! yes, that is true." And he took up the statutes, and ran over the Index of crimes; and read in passing, the laws which seemed to offer a hope of good and sufficient cause for arrest—looking at his associate for his opinion on each, as he read each item.

"Here is the chapter "of incorrigible rogues," what say you to that?" The associate Judge shook his head—"of burglary? can't we make a burglar of him?" another shake—"of house-breaking? how will that do?" shake third—"of larceny? larceny! no! that won't do." Shake fourth—"of receiving stolen goods? nor that! of falsely personating another?"

"I think we *must* make something out of this," said the Rabbi.

"And who does he personate but himself?" said the associate.

"But he don't personate himself. There's the falsity of the act. He walks about unseen, spying into everybody's windows, and must be deemed a spy, and hung up as such," said the Rabbi, now really furious with the delay; and in this the crowd seemed fully to participate, from the noises which reached the Rabbi's ears.

"Perhaps," said the associate, dryly, "we might make it do, if we could determine where he was born. But I think there will be no question of his being a vagabond; and as such should be taken care of."

"Vagabond it shall be!" cried the Rabbi, and taking up their portfolios under their arms, they walked with all possible gravity into the Court, amid the cries of 's'lence the Court, walk light!' and took their seats, opened their portfolios with all that gravity and decorum, which the Honorable Judges know so well how to wear on all solemn occasions.

"The clerk read the warrant, and the Rabbi called upon the invisible Peter to say, 'guilty or not guilty?' Peter believed it best to say nothing. The question was repeated; no reply. 'Sirrah!' said the Rabbi, in a tone, which had often made evil doers tremble, and a look toward the apparently empty prisoner's

box—"you shall be sent to prison for contempt of Court. Answer, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"But poor Peter thought discretion would be the better part of valor, and that if he said nothing, nothing could be said of him, so he persisted in his silence—and here was a puzzler, and while the wise heads were pondering the difficulty, and what steps to take, the question was determined by the love of mischief in an Irishman, who felt over, and placing his hand on Peter's head, gave him a heavy pull, which brought out the exclamation, 'Oh!' The Rabbi instantly lifted up his head, and said, 'he pleads not guilty, let the trial proceed;' and asked Peter if he had counsel to defend him.

"Here that distinguished and eloquent advocate of the cause of the people against the oppressions of law of all sorts, and society in all its phases, Colonel Bang-bang, came forward, and claimed the privilege of defending his friend Peter Von Schlemihl, Esquire, whom he had long known by reputation, and to whom he was proud to offer his unbought services. 'May it please your honors, *unbought* by the miserable gains of insatiable wealth, wealth which has been won at the cost of the tears of the orphan, the sighs of the widow, and—'

"'Stop! Colonel Bang-bang, if you please. All this eloquence is uncalled for. The culprit is charged as being a vagabond, and when the evidence is offered you will be heard, if Schlemihl wishes your aid—'

"'I do,' said Peter, 'and, thank God, I am not left desolate in the midst of the merciless wolves around me.'

"'Who do you mean by wolves?' said one in the crowd.

"Peter saw his mistake in losing the sympathy of the crowd, and cried out—"These land pirates—the star-police!"

"'Damn the "stars!" pirates! Yes! that's your sort,' cried out several voices.

"'S'ience the court!' was now cried out by all the functionaries."

The Gentleman in Black proceeded—"My counsel, the state-attorney, was sent for and came in at this point of time, with all the documents I had placed in his hands—telling him all I wanted was a commitment, so that if I could but lay my hands on him, all would be attained.

"In compliance with these instructions, his path was a very plain one. He asked to see the commitment, and having seen the crime charged upon Peter, addressed the court; and said, as is usual, I believe,

"'His very highly reputable friend, the Gentleman in Black, has felt the strongest repugnance in permitting any of the

abundant proof possessed by him to be produced in court in this prosecution. He had been induced, however, by a sense of duty to the state, and the rights and privileges of society, to furnish the court good and sufficient evidence that the prisoner at the bar was the notorious Peter Schlemihl—a man who has been wandering up and down the various countries of Europe, in different shapes and disguises; holding up his highly respected friend, the Gentleman in Black, as his greatest enemy, and who has defrauded him of his shadow, for which he acknowledges he received an invaluable purse. Such an exchange, I venture to affirm, no sane man would make, and which I don't believe any twelve men in Babylon can be found to credit as possible—a shadow for a purse inexhaustible as the mines of Mexico! And his falsehoods, too, have not rested there. He has attempted to satisfy men that he lost his shadow by sleeping on the ground, during a long winter's night, in Russia, and on waking, his shadow was fastened to the snow, and he never could recover it. This tale he affirmed to Chamisso, his friend, and it has been told in every capital on the continent. Now here is a lie direct. If he had lost his shadow in Russia, he could not have sold it for the purse on the terms stated by him. I mention this contradiction only to invalidate his testimony before this highly respectable assembly of my friends and fellow citizens,' said the attorney, bowing to the crowd, 'whose sympathies must ever be with the generous and the noble, and who can have no sympathy with blackguards and vagabonds.'

“ ‘To the divil wid him,’ cried out a real son of St. Patrick.

“ ‘S'lence court!’ cried the man with a long pole, gilt at the end.

“ ‘Silence!’ reiterated the Rabbi.

“ ‘May it please your honors! I have in my pocket the veritable shadow of the vagabond and purse-taker, now in the custody of the court. A most miserable shadow, which my noble friend, the Gentleman in Black, took as a pledge for the safe-keeping and return of the Corduan purse, which he had the kindness to loan to the culprit, the vagabond now before you, for a few days only, to help him in his extreme poverty.

“ ‘And what has this vagabond been doing? May it please your honors, his ingratitude is immense. The vast wealth which he has possessed himself of, has been expended in every town and City of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—and he has had the astonishing skill, by some unknown process, to render himself invisible, and so elude the pursuit of justice; and has recently reached our city, where he has been wandering up and down, having no known place of abode, nor any acknowledged and fitting mode of obtaining a livelihood. He is charged with being a

vagabond—to that charge I shall confine myself. It is certainly treating the prisoner with most surprising lenity to inflict on him no greater punishment. It is, therefore, may it please your honors! unnecessary for me to prove anything beyond the indictment, and it by no means follows, that it is necessary to prove the offence charged in the indictment to the whole extent laid: for it is fully settled, that in criminal cases, it is sufficient for the prosecutor to prove so much of the charge as constitutes an offence punishable by law. This distinction is made by Lord Ellenborough, in the case of *Rex v. Hunt*.

“‘The volume and page!’ said the Court, ‘making the memorandum, as though they meant to sift the law carefully.’”

“The learned judges, indeed, both showed that they were not the men who do nothing for their money but to sit back upon their cushioned seats, and pick their teeth as so many learned judges are wont to do; but had at once, on taking their seats, been hard at work; especially was this true of the associate judge, who never took the least interest in the trial, unless he was taking notes all the while; and of course it was believed by all he was so, as well as the Rabbi; but Peter Schlemihl addressed a letter to the *Babylonian Times* and transmitted what he assures the public were the veritable notes of these judges; and as they caused no little stir at the time, I have preserved the paper in which Peter’s communication appeared, which I will read to you, madam, so soon as I get through his trial. I will now, therefore, proceed.”

“I thank you, sir, and beg you will,” replied Mrs. Smith; “I am deeply interested in the fate of poor Peter Schlemihl.”

“The attorney bowed, and referred to his brief—‘You will find it in 2 *Campbell*, 585.\* “This distinction,” says this very eminent jurist, with whose character, and the value to be placed on his opinions, I have no need to speak before your honors, “runs through the whole criminal law, and it is invariably enough to prove so much of the indictment as shows that the defendant has committed a substantive crime therein specified;” and should any variance appear between the indictment and the evidence, which in the singularity of this case, may chance to appear, there would be no material variance between the indictment and the evidence adduced in support of it: and on this point I have to refer you to the rule laid down in 1 *East*, *Pleas of the Crown*, chap. v. sect. 115, p. 145, if your honors desire to look it up: “That a variance between the indictment and the evidence

\* Should any of my readers be curious, they will find all the citations in this trial made according to authorities.

is not material, provided the substance be found." With these remarks, I will now proceed with the evidence which may be necessary to show to your honors, that the culprit before you, is indeed, and in fact, the veritable Peter Schlemihl.

"Before the trial proceeds," said Colonel Bang-bang, "I wish to confer with my client, and ask leave to withdraw with him to the judges' room."

"It can't be done," said the Rabbi; "he must not be trusted out of the prisoner's box. If you want to speak with him, you must do it here. Stand back from the box and let Colonel Bang-bang confer with the prisoner."

The colonel came to Peter, while the police officers stood as far back as the crowd would permit, and applying his voice to Peter's ear, whispered—

"How much money have you got?"

"Alas!" replied Peter, "I am as poor as a church mouse."

"Where's all the money you have shaken out of the bag; surely you haven't been such a fool as not to have a hoard of it somewhere?"

"Indeed it is so; I spent it as I wanted it, and gave it away to those who needed it; and I had no chance to hoard any of it."

"What a fool you must be," replied the colonel; "and so when you lost your purse, you lost your all?"

"Yes! that is it."

"And how do you suppose I can live, unless I'm paid for my services. Can't you fork out a V?"

"What is that?" inquired Peter.

"A five dollar bill," said the colonel; "that's the least fee I can take for my services."

"I've got a half eagle in my pocket," said Peter, "but 'tis all I have."

"Well, since it must be so," replied the colonel, "I must take it. What about this shadow, is it yours?"

"Yes!" replied Peter.

"Well, the case is a bad one; but we will make the best of it."

"The trial must proceed," said the Rabbi, in his loudest tones.

"We are ready, sir," said the colonel in a confident tone, as though Peter had given him all the means to repel the charge.

"The learned attorney for the prosecution went on—" May it please your honors, I am aware of the extreme difficulty of proving the identity of one, who has doubtless, by some diabolical arts, made himself invisible; but I hope to do it satisfactorily. I shall produce his letters, written to his sister, showing you that he is leading the life of a vagabond, and further, that the letters so written are the handwriting of the prisoner now in the

custody of the court. And with the consent of the court, I will begin at the end.'

" 'A strange beginning, by St. Patrick,' cried out an Irishman.

" 'Silence court!' cried out the man with the pole.

" 'Walk light,' cried out another.

" The attorney smiled very graciously at the commotion made by his Irish friend, and begged the court to call as witness in the case, Gottfried Jahn.' He was called and took the stand.

" 'What do you know of the prisoner at the bar?' said the attorney.

" 'I don't know any ding ov de brisoner,' replied the old German.

" 'What do you know of Peter Schlemihl, then?' asked the Rabbi.

" 'Von night, as I was closing mein shopt, a bair of boots vas drown down mein steps, and dis letter, which contained a half guinea, vich I spend next day.' Here he handed the note to the clerk, who at the direction of the judge read it.

" 'Monday night.

" 'Mr. Jahn:—Please put on the very best pair of English soles on these boots, and at eleven o'clock to-morrow night, stand with them in your hand at the top of your steps, and they will be taken out of your hands, by one who shall say to you, "It is well;" and oblige,

" 'PETER SCHLEMIHL.'

" 'And what did you do with the boots?' said the Rabbi.

" 'Vell sir, on Monday I but on de soles meinsel, and but dem on de counter, and dat night dey vere stolen by a pad poy who vas my abbrendice, and I never saw dem more.'

" 'How did you satisfy Peter Schlemihl, sir?' asked the Rabbi.

" 'Vy, de next night, I took one of my best bair of boots of de same measure, and as I stood dere waiting for de man, somepody took de boots out of my hand, and said, "it ish well," and before I could say a vord to him, he was gone.'

" 'Did you see the man?' asked the advocate.

" 'No sir, I never seed him at all, so I shouldn't know him from Adam.'

" 'Very well,' said the attorney, 'that is enough. Now may it please your honors, I will place before you some of Peter's letters, and by a comparison of the very peculiar handwriting, you will see that the same hand wrote this note and these letters.'

The letters were handed up and compared, to the entire satisfaction of their honors, who replied, this point was made out perfectly. The letters were then read, and the fact of his vagrant



life was equally well sustained. Nothing was left, but to show the identity of the prisoner with the shadow, which was now unrolled, to the wonder of the populace. The attorney shook it out, and held it up so all might see.

"And what do you mean to make of that?" asked the colonel.

"That we shall see by and by," replied the attorney.

"May it please your honors," said the colonel, "I object to the evidence just offered, as being in no way conclusive in any particular, and before any further evidence is offered, I wish to offer my exceptions."

"Let these exceptions wait awhile," said the attorney, "till all the proof is adduced."

"I shall do no such thing," replied the colonel. "My client has rights, and he has committed them to my care, and I demand the privilege of excepting to evidence I deem pointless, and not worth a straw in any court of Christendom."

"You make your assertions very confidently," said the Rabbi. "What are your exceptions; to me the chain of evidence is very clear."

"May it please your honors," said the colonel, evidently addressing himself to the work as one well acquainted with his business, "I presume this is a Court of Justice, in this great city of Babylon the Less, and that your honors have no blinders on your eyes, to prevent your seeing both sides of this question."

"Put a bridle on your tongue, colonel," said the Rabbi, "or you will find your way through that door," pointing to a door leading to the prison.

"I know all the ins and outs of this building, may it please your honors; and I shall keep within the bar of my privileges, and no threats shall deter me from discharging my duties to my client in my accustomed outright and downright, and (bowing to the judges) I hope I may be permitted to say, my *upright* manner. What, then, are the facts in this case? a poor unfortunate man, bereft of his shadow, flies from his persecutor in the old world, and seeks safety in this asylum of the oppressed. And who, my friends and fellow-citizens, ever heard of the like; a man so persecuted as is my friend and client, Peter Schlemihl? After, by his own confession, robbing him of his purse, the Gentleman in Black now seeks to rob him of his reputation.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he, that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed."

"Garrick could not have made the recitation better than the

colonel. His air at the close was the personification of despondency and despair.

“‘But,’ continued the colonel, ‘how does this evidence attach itself to my client? Here are letters written, said to be written by him, but who is here to prove it?’

“‘May it please your honors,’ said the attorney, ‘I beg to be permitted to say one word at this point of my brother’s remarks, and beg his pardon for the interruption,’ bowing to the colonel.

“‘Go on,’ said the colonel, ‘the truth can bear the test of time.’

“‘The attorney bowed very graciously to the colonel, and turning to the judges, said—‘Your honors will find, by a reference to Gilbert on Evidence, p. 142, that presumptive proofs are ruled to stand good till the contrary is proved. Now I undertake to say, that the evidence I have offered and shall offer, meet all the demands of Coke upon Littleton, Book vi., as being violent, probable and light. Now I need not remind your honors, that in all such dark transactions as those in which the prisoner is engaged, from the very secret manner in which guilty actions are generally done, it is seldom possible to give direct evidence of the offences charged. And in 1 Phillips, 155, it is held, that there is no difference between civil and criminal cases, with reference to the modes of proof by direct and circumstantial evidence, except in the former; the *civil*, (I beg to call your honors’ attention to this point,) where civil rights are ascertained, a less degree of probability may safely be adopted as a ground of judgment. Now the indictment is on the mere charge of vagrancy; hardly a crime, and, therefore, this liberality of construction and application, I presume, your honors will apply to the case in hand.’

“‘Certainly,’ said the Rabbi, ‘nothing more proper.’

“‘Really,’ replied the colonel, ‘all that my brother says seems to have the force of Gospel truth. I shan’t cite learned authority to prove facts as plain as *the nose your honor* (bowing to the Rabbi) *has the happiness of being possessed of.*’

“‘I shall allow no personal reflections upon myself,’ said the Rabbi, sternly.

“‘Well, your honor, if you don’t feel assured as to your own nose, I think there’s no one but yourself that does not know *it* to be a *fixed fact.*’

“‘Go on, sir!’ cried out the Rabbi.

“‘I will, may it please your honors—I will go on to say, I shan’t cite Newton, nor Laplace, nor even Doctor Bowdich, to prove that the sun shines. Nor will I presume to disgrace the court by telling them where they will find the authorities for the axiom in law of evidence, in criminal as well as in civil proceed-

ings, for the counsel for the prosecution does not seem to know which he will call it, that "he who affirms a fact has to prove it;" nor that other axiom of law, "my client is to be considered innocent till he is proved guilty;" or that other rule, "that the facts proved must be strictly relevant to the particular charge, and have no reference to any conduct of the prisoner unconnected with such charge." And still further, "that the admission by the prisoner even, that he had committed such an offence at another time, and with another person, and that he has a tendency to such practices, ought not to be received."

"Your authority, if you please," said the Rabbi.

"If the court needs law for such plain obvious truths, I would respectfully recommend them to take the first culprit they can find, and put him in the seat now so inadequately filled."

"I will order your arrest instantly, if you again address the court in this style," cried the presiding judge in a towering passion.

"The colonel was as cool and 'as calm as a summer's morning.' 'I had supposed,' said he, bowing to his honor, 'that you held to the doctrine of reform and rotation in office; and I have seen men who have had the agreeable occupation of tying slip-knots under the ears of culprits, whose turn for such a sublime eminence ought, by this time, to be attained.'

"You are enough to provoke a saint," said the Rabbi, in a tone of extreme impatience.

"I beg your honor's pardon," replied the colonel, with the greatest gravity; 'but I was not aware that the rare felicity accorded, I believe, through mistake (of being canonized while yet alive), to St. John Nepomecun had been conferred upon your honor. I trust, if your honor has already attained the beatitude of canonization, there's no such mistake in a matter of such vast importance.'

"I must insist on your ceasing your banter, and go on with your reasons for excepting to the evidence already before the court," replied the judge.

"Most willingly, your honors; I have further to say, you want authority for my law. Well, I can quote law sometimes, as well as my learned brother, though, I must confess, the best of all law is the law of common sense and common honesty; very rare," bowing lowly to the bench, 'I am well aware, in all courts of justice, "falsely so called." In the positions taken by me, I then beg leave to refer you to *Rex v. Cole*, Michaelmas Term, 1810, see 1 Phillips, 170; and, also, *Viney v. Barsa*, 1 Espinasse's Reports, 292. See, also, *Balcetti v. Serani*, Peake's

Nisi Prius, 141; Graft v. Bertee, Peake's Evidence, 104. Will that do ?

“ ‘ All sufficient,’ said the judge ; ‘ please proceed.’

“ ‘ And, may it please the court,’ continued the colonel, ‘ I have one word to say as to the evidence of handwriting, on which the state’s attorney relies so confidently. Who is to prove the prisoner at the bar ever saw them ? and how will the prosecutor show that the prisoner is *the* Peter Schlemihl, whose shadow has been paraded like an old silk apron to the wonderment of the free and enlightened citizens of Babylon, here present ?’

“ ‘ If the colonel will make a finish,’ said the state’s attorney, ‘ we will soon show him how this is to be done.’

“ ‘ All in good time,’ replied the colonel. ‘ Now I wish to refer the court to an extreme case, which shows what all these letters are worth in the work of convicting my client. In the case of Hardy—your honors will find it in 24 How’s State Trials, p. 452—certain writings of his were found in the possession of his accomplices, but were not allowed to be read against him, unless there was evidence to show their existence in his possession at the times they were so affirmed to be of his writing. Now how is all this to be shown ? I deny all that has yet been offered, and offer these as my exceptions.’

“ The district attorney then proceeded to say, ‘ I don’t mean to trespass on the time of the court further, in any reply to what my learned brother has said. I submit the case so far as already presented, and will now beg the court to permit me to show that the shadow I hold in my hand belongs to the well-known Peter Schlemihl.’

“ So saying, the district attorney entered the space behind the judges, and pinned the shadow very smoothly against the wall. This done, he produced a long lead pencil, and requested the prisoner to be placed against the wall, that his profile and shadow might be thus drawn on the wall, so that a comparison could be instituted.

“ Peter was led into the space and placed against the wall, and the attorney began drawing the profile, and when the pencil reached his mouth, he bit hold of it with his teeth, and held it fast. His honor, the associate judge, came to the help of the attorney, and Peter thinking his only hope for escape had come, gave his honor a kick in the belly, remarkable for its graceful curves and expansive waistband, which at once took his breath away and laid him lifeless. The Rabbi ran to raise him, and Peter, by a dextrous grab pulled off his scratch, and threw it into his honor’s face, blinding him with the dust from his wig, and with a back-handed blow, sent the state’s attorney reeling, and

having thus disposed of the court, in some unknown way escaped.

"In an instant all was an uproar in the court room.

"Seize him!" vociferated the Rabbi.

"Fair play is a jewel," cried the Irishman, "let's have a fair fight."

"The crowd, frightened lest they should be engaged in a *melée*, rushed out of the room. The policemen were groping about, seizing first this man and then that, and receiving blows from all sides.

"Give him a fair chance, fellow-citizens," cried the colonel, and the search was greatly impeded by the state of the public mind, which seemed panic-stricken for fear that the invisible Peter would make them the examples of his powers.

"In the meanwhile the search was made behind the judges, seat, but this was no little impeded by the anxiety for his honor, the associate judge, who as yet gave no signs of life.

"Send for the Doctor!" was the cry behind the bench.

"Don't press here."

"More air! more air!"

"The court room was now cleared of all but a few who remained by the lifeless judge. The Doctor came, and the eyes of the judge opened with a vacant stare. Gasping for breath, he was at last restored, and able to be put into a hack and sent home. In bearing him to the carriage, the Rabbi helped in this labor of love, and on turning round, saw the colonel standing with his hands in his pockets in a musing posture, as though he was thinking deeply.

"What a jackass you have made of yourself, Bang-bang!" was the very awakening address made by the Rabbi to the colonel.

"The rascal!" said the colonel, "he's off and defrauded me of my fee."

"What could have induced you to act the Marplot in this affair?" said the Rabbi.

"If the Gentleman in Black had had a thimble full of respect for my talents, or of his own interests," replied the colonel, "he would have retained me; but he will learn a lesson which, I hope, will be equally valuable to him, as to myself."

"And so ended, madam, the arrest and escape of Peter, and from that time to this, I have heard nothing of him."

"Poor Peter!" said Mrs. Smith, "I sincerely pity him, and beg you will pardon him; I'm sure he is every way to be pitied."

"Pardon! madam, pardon! is with me 'an unparliamentary word.' His only safety is in keeping out of my way. To be outwitted would be both dangerous and dishonorable to me, and

would set an example which others might seek to follow. It is, therefore, not less a matter of pride than necessity for me to continue my pursuit of him. No, madam, I must have the *body*; I have never yet taken the *shadow* for the *substance*.

"Soon after this arrest and trial," continued the Gentleman in Black, "there appeared the communication of which I have told you in the Babylonian 'Times,' purporting to have been written by our Peter, and as it afforded some amusement at the time, and appears probable to have come from him, I have carefully preserved a copy of the article, which, if you should be pleased to hear it, I will read to you."

"By all means," said Mrs. Smith; "I feel deeply concerned to know all you can tell me of this most unhappy wight."

"I have no sympathy for him, madam; but if it will please you to hear his own story, I will read you the article." The Gentleman in Black took from his pocket the paper in question, which was tied up carefully with a bundle of Peter's letters; and read the article as follows:—

"To the Babylonian Times.

"Messrs. EDITORS:—The public have been advised of the arrest and trial of Peter Schlemihl, and of his escape. I shall not recount the grounds of my arrest, nor the course adopted for my conviction. With these the public are already informed. But I wish to place before your readers the notes of the judges, which, as they were matters of special interest to me, I ventured to take up and put in my pocket, in my way out of the hall. I presume every person present, as well as myself, from the assiduity with which the judges plied their pens, believed that they were making notes of the arguments of the counsel. They may be as much surprised, as I must confess I was, on reading the following, which is copied with all exactness from the notes now in my possession. The notes of the Rabbi Ben Jarchi, shows the hopelessness of my case, though defended by the admirable Col. Bang-bang, to whom I beg to make my acknowledgments; and I am sure the method adopted by me of effecting my escape will be pardoned by the public, whose sympathies must be enlisted on the side of their unfortunate friend and well-wisher,

"PETER SCHLEMIHL."

"The notes of the venerable Rabbi read as follows:—'Court Record.'

#### ARREST, TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION OF PETER SCHLEMIHL.

"We were present yesterday in the court room, and witnessed the arraignment of the notorious PETER SCHLEMIHL, of whom our

readers have doubtless heard, as having sold himself, or his shadow, or both, to a certain Gentleman in Black, whom he wickedly, and most maliciously dares to say, is the very distinguished financier, whose operations have been so extensively known in Change Alley, and whose character stands before the moneyed world in such strong lights, showing himself the very personification of honor and of fair business transactions; a gentleman whom he has libelled in every country of Europe, as being his chief enemy; by whom, he affirms, he has been basely defrauded of his shadow.

“In a city where the Gentleman in Black is so well known, and among a commercial community, where he is so well appreciated, we need say nothing in reply to the thousand libels which have been so industriously and widely circulated by the vagabond in question.

“The fact of the arrival of this well-known Peter, was communicated to the police more than a year since; but the difficulty of tracing a man who, by some compact with Satan, had disposed of his *visibility*, has made the pursuit one of extreme difficulty. But though it would seem all but impossible, thanks to our unsurpassed and unwearied star-police, they have at last laid their hands upon him.

“We presume there are but few families who have not been visited by this miscreant and vagabond, though utterly unconscious of his presence. They will now be able to solve many enigmas, heretofore especially perplexing and sometimes distressing. We have been aware of the source of the disquietudes which have been so constantly expressed in every section and circle of our city. Gentlemen boarders especially, in innumerable instances, having opened a bottle or two of O. L. P. Madeira, and drank some two or three glasses only, and carefully corked and set these bottles in side-boards, locked with patent keys, to their surprise and painful astonishment, on opening these closets, and handling these same bottles, have discovered that there had been a most mysterious disappearance of their contents—a mere taste or so, of wine at the bottom of a bottle, which the day before was all but full! The impossibility of accounting for the phenomenon, has induced the Babylonian Society of Arts and Sciences to turn their attention to this subject, and they have had read and printed various very curious papers upon spontaneous absorption, while the *Philosophical Academy* have traced this phenomenon to the rarefaction of the atmosphere, and have proceeded to show by strictest research and analysis, why this phenomenon is so common to *private rooms* in hotels and boarding-houses. And

though there is no reason to question the scientific results of these papers, nor that such is the law of the disappearance of liquids of peculiar descriptions under such circumstances; yet there were still other phenomena which remained unsolved. Professor Maybe's paper, read before the Academy, we deem one of the finest examples of reproductive chemical power, or of qualitative and quantitative analysis. We may be permitted here to state, in passing, that the professor has obtained, (by a process as yet secret, but which we are assured is perfectly simple and readily applied,) from four cubic feet of atmospheric air, taken out of Florence's Saloon, three drops of brandy, one of sherry-cobbler, and one of O. L. P. Madeira, each in its normal state; and he confidently expects to be able to condense the atmospheres of *Salles à manger*, so as to return to the bar the liquors in the exact conditions in which they were taken into the system. We can hardly conceive of any discovery more important to the Babylonians than this of Professor Maybe's.

“ ‘ But to return to the subject of our article.

“ ‘ The class of unresolved and carefully observed phenomena are so various, that we are at a loss how to enumerate them. For example, a beef's tongue which had just been cut into, with a bag of crackers, placed on the same shelf with the wine we have already spoken of, has been known to disappear under such circumstances as to render it all but impossible to have been the work of any other than that of a thief—and yet this, under the condition of the case and character of the lady of the house and of her servants, was beyond all question. Nor was this all, letters the most confidential in their character have been in some cases stolen; in other cases, these missives have been evidently taken out and read by some person unknown and replaced in the wrong envelopes; and secrets of the most momentous character have been by some means altogether inscrutable, communicated through a wide circle of friends to the greatest possible injury of the parties concerned. And so frequent have been occurrences of this kind, especially in the upper circles of our great city, that the attention of the police has been repeatedly called to the facts, and their utmost vigilance has been awakened, and tasked to discover the culprit, who has been the cause of all these inquietudes. We could state facts illustrative of the serious troubles which have arisen in some circles from the untoward discoveries we have hinted at; but we presume enough has been said to awaken the public mind to the interest they will naturally feel in the promulgation of the startling announcement, that the culprit has been caught—Peter Schlemihl has been arrested! Justice has at last taken him in hand, and he was brought before the honorable court of Justice, now in session



at the court of the Tombs, on yesterday between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock.'

" 'Their honors, Rabbi Ben Jarchi, presiding, and the Honorable Justice Tomkins, associate judge, took their seats at 11 o'clock precisely, when the prisoner was arraigned on the charge of being a vagabond. To which, as might have been expected, he pleaded "Not Guilty." The case was opened with great clearness and force of argument by the state's attorney, and the prisoner was defended with more than his accustomed ability by Colonel Bang-bang. The facts were fully proved, and the charge brought home upon the prisoner at the bar, without a shadow of doubt, and after consultation on the part of the judges, and having compared notes, they agreed in sending the prisoner to the Tombs for one year close confinement. We presume he will be safely lodged, and we understand from private sources that the distinguished financier who has been so often struck at by the culprit, designs to take him in hand so soon as the term of his present imprisonment shall expire.—FIAT JUSTITIA.'

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“ ‘ JUDGE TOMKINS' NOTES.

“ ‘*St. Bartholomew's Day.*

“ ‘ To my Dear Friend,

“ ‘ † GEORGE, Bishop of Peach Orchard.

“ ‘ I am in receipt of your kind letter, dated on St. James' day, and have had the request you have therein expressed, under consideration.

“ ‘ I am as deeply impressed with the necessity of correcting the popular sentiment, as to the "Man of Sin" and the "Scarlet Whore," as you could wish me to be. These are now universally received as the types of the Romish Church, and, as such, must be met and obviated, for while the commonly received opinion obtains, the position of *our Church* must remain, to say the least of it, painfully equivocal. The Vestal Virgin of the Anglican Church cannot be too soon rescued from the companionship of the lady in scarlet, and the embraces of the "Man of Sin."

“ ‘ My wife thinks I had better confine myself to the annihilation of the "Man of Sin," and leave you to manage the lady in question. Indeed, I feel myself totally unable to the task of mastering so hard a subject, and feel that a younger man than myself can do the Church better service, and I know of no one so well fitted for this "labor of love," as it may truly be called, as yourself. Permit me to beg you to address yourself to the task of taking the lady in the scarlet dress in hand, while I make war upon the "Man of Sin." You must be as deeply sensible of the

fact as myself, that the highest success on my part, in the task I willingly assume, will be of no value, while the Scarlet Whore retains her present position in the public mind as the lawful Sister of our Virgin Mother, or, as some "ultra Protestants" (I refer to the low church party) regard her, as little better than the incestuous Mother of our Church.\*

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" 'Jenkins v. Jones, assault ; Bang-bang for defendant. Clear case, and yet Bang-bang talks by the hour—what a jackass he makes of himself.'

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" 'I found it, my lord, a very perplexing subject, to find out a similarity between this lady and any one of the forms of heresy. I have thought if, by any ingenious and learned *exegesis*, the word scarlet could be changed to drab, it might suit the complexion of the Society of Friends, and, in this way, the difficulty might be obviated and satisfactorily solved ; and as they are a very inoffensive race of men and women, would, probably, take all this quietly—indeed, they might think it a compliment. I must confess, indeed I fear you will find this not unlike Sir Joseph Banks' experiment of the boiled fleas, though I am sure your lordship's well-known courtesy and devotedness to the sex are such, that should you fail to transform the fair sleek quaker lady into this meretricious woman, you will not be impelled to utter the anathema upon them, which was so terribly expressed by Sir Joseph on finding that "fleas ain't lobsters."

" 'It is certainly surprising that the venerable and Apostolical Church of Rome could, with their eyes open, and the Scriptures in their possession, have assumed for its high dignitaries a habit so entirely foreign, and in such sad contrast with the usual costume and color prescribed for the clergy. I am sure it is one of the devices of Satan, permitted as a stumbling-block in the way of those who seek for rocks of offence. To your lordship, therefore, I again commend this hard task of divorcing our beloved Virgin Church from this more than doubtful relationship subsisting, by general consent of the public mind, between the Vestals of Christ, the Churches of Rome, England and America,

\* " 'The notes of the judge were written in a book composed of sheets of letter paper sewed together, so that, in my haste, I took the entire book, which is copied verbatim. The memorandums, as the above, occur as breaks in the letter he seems to have designed for one of the dignitaries of the Church. The essays which follow really appeared in the Churchman in the months of February and March, 1847 ; but the series on the "Scarlet Whore" have not yet been published. The public will, no doubt, look for them with eagerness.—PETER SCHEMML.'

and the Scarlet Whore, the type of sensuality and sin, while I shall do my best to stay this Goliath of Gath, “the Man of Sin.”

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“Margaret Hanson v. Abigail Smith. Stealing a dress—sweet young girl of 17.”

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“I propose, then, my Lord Bishop, to prepare a series of papers for the “Churchman,” and shall treat the subject after some such method as the following:—

“ THE MAN OF SIN.\*

“It may do something towards the accomplishment of my leading design, to mention some of the interpretations that have been given to the passage under consideration—(2 Thess. 2, 3, 4,)—though I have no intention to remark at length upon any of them, except the one referred to in my last, and one more to be named in this communication.

“1. I gave in my last what may be called the *ultra-Protestant* interpretation, by which popery is the falling away, or *apostasia*, and the Bishop of Rome, in his pretended character of vicar of Christ, or pope—is “the Man of Sin.”

“2. I might mention, as the counterpart of this, what may be called the *ultra-Papal* interpretation, which considers the Protestant reformation, including the English church with the rest, as the falling away, or apostacy—and protestantism “the Man of Sin.”

“3. The next theory that I shall notice is that of Mr. Whitby—the well-known and deservedly popular commentator on the New Testament. In his interpretation, “the falling away” is the rebellion of the press against the Roman government in the time of Nero, which was called an apostacy at the time, or the falling away from the faith predicted by our Saviour, (Matt. xxiv. 11, 12,) and referred to by Paul, (2 Tim. i. 15,) and the popish notion itself is “the Man of Sin.”

“4. In the theory of Dr. Hammond—a name of still greater authority among churchmen—the “falling away” was the great defection from the faith to the heresy of the *Gnostics*; and “the Man of Sin” was Simon Magus and his followers, the leaders of that sect.

“5. Another theory still, which has been chiefly elaborated by Mr. Obadiah Walker, makes the early Heretics, Arians, Nes-

\* See “Churchman,” February 13, 1847.

torians, &c., "the falling away;" and Mahomet, who arose in their midst, and extended his conquests to nearly the same extent as those heresies had prevailed—"the Man of Sin."

"6. In the theory of Grotius, Caius Caligula, the Roman Emperor, who first persecuted the Christians, was "the Man of Sin."

"The mention of all these theories will, as I trust, accomplish at the least one object in my favor, viz., they will show that as yet there has been no theory fixed upon that is satisfactory to all men, or even generally so; and therefore, I or any other speculator am at liberty to adventure another. The ultra-Protestants very anonymously adopt the first-named theory above, and the ultra-papists as generally adopt the second. It is a pity that the English Church and our own should stand in the arena between these two fiercely contending sects. I will try to extricate them. But before I do this, I must notice a little more at length another theory. The reason of my bestowing upon it some more attention is the fact, that it was adopted very early, and very extensively, by the fathers; and has been substantively revived by Mr. Maitland, to whom the church is so much indebted for his late invaluable work on the Dark Ages, and his various other labors, rectifying the mistakes of Fox, Robertson, Mosheim, Milner, Jones, *et id genus omne*.

"This theory is given substantially the same so far as the exegesis of the passage is concerned, by St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, in his *Catechetical Lectures*, xv. 9-19 sects.; and by St. Chrysostom in his Homily on 2 Thess. Hour xv. iii. According to St. Chrysostom, "anti-Christ himself," who is "the Man of Sin," "is the apostacy as being about to destroy many, and make them fall away." "He is not Satan, but *some man* who admits his fully working in him." "For he will not introduce idolatry, but will be a kind of opponent to God, and he will abolish all the gods, and will order men to worship him instead of God, and he will be seated in the temple of God, not that in Jerusalem only, but also in the churches everywhere." And he thinks that the Roman empire was that which prevented the approving of this illustration of wickedness in his day.

"St. Cyril considers the heresies and schisms of his day as "the falling away," or apostacy, and expects some *individual man* as the "anti-Christ," or "Man of Sin," "a certain man who is a wizard and most expert in the beguiling craftiness of sorceries and enchantments." The interpretation of Cyril differs in many points from that of Chrysostom; but they agree in the main point for which I have cited them, viz., the making of "the

man of sin” some one individual man who is to do what St. Paul describes.

“With the details of these interpretations, as with those of Mr. Maitland’s interpretation, I shall not at all occupy my reader’s attention. The leading fact on account of which I classify them together, and for which I give them a more extended notice than the others is, that they agree in making “the Man of Sin” to be some one individual man whose coming is placed by them all—Mr. Maitland in the nineteenth century, as well as by Cyril and Chrysostom in the fourth—in a time future to the writer. They of course know nothing of him, and pretend to know nothing except what is derived from revelation; whereas, *all* the other theories refer to something in history as the fulfillment of the prophecy. We even compare the fact to which they refer with the prediction, and judge for ourselves whether they correspond at all or not, and how far. But with the other theories we pursue no such course of investigation. We can only ask ourselves whether the language of the prophet (*pro hac vice* prophet) seems to point to a single individual, and whether it is likely that such a one will arise.

“Another remark worthy of much consideration in this connection is, that in general the earliest interpretation is the best; but with regard to the interpretation of prophecy, this rule of interpretation holds with much less force. If all, or nearly all, the early fathers have agreed in the interpretation of any doctrinal, ethical, or ritual precept, there would be an end to all controversy or doubt among all right-minded persons. But a prophecy can be understood only by that which it foretells, and consequently can be explained only when it is fulfilled. He that believes that anything which has occurred is the fulfilment of the prophecy, is satisfied and professes to understand the predictions, and must be prepared to explain all of its language, to answer all reasonable inquiries. But he, on the other hand, who finds nothing in the past or present to satisfy the prediction, is bound to show that the alleged fulfilments fail to answer the expectations which the prophecy has raised. I shall spare myself the trouble of producing the reasons why I am not satisfied with any of the six first-named theories above, any further than I have already done. And the principal refutation of the other theory which I shall attempt, will be to point to something past and present which, in my estimation, fulfils the conditions of the prophecy; and if I succeed, I of course overthrow all those theories (if there be more than one,) which look forward to something yet future.

“Now, it is readily conceded that it was the expectation of the fathers *generally*, that “the Man of Sin” was to be some in-

dividual man, who should literally do what is there described— (2 Thess. ii. 3, 13.) But if we read the interpretation of any one of them, and compare it with the history of what has occurred since he wrote, we cannot fail to be impressed with the opinion that much of what he expected as the fulfilment of the prophecy has failed to occur, and this too to such an extent as to take away nearly all confidence in his interpretation. The prophet revealed *all* that it was intended that he should know, and none but a prophet can add anything to his predictions by way of explanation or interpretation. The oral communications and explanations of the Apostles handed down by tradition, could be of but little value in the interpretation of a prophecy. It is not likely that any very minute description of the event was orally communicated, nor would it be readily comprehended if there had been; and in the second generation it would have been far more likely to have become corrupted, than any other kind of instruction.

“With these remarks we may dismiss the ancient fathers for the present. With Mr. Maitland, much as I regard his judgment and authority in general, I must say that I think it entirely unnecessary to look to the coming of any one man that can or will do all that is ascribed to the Man of Sin by St. Paul. I could never make the passage look to me like a description or prediction of a single man. The expression “man of sin” (ὁ ἀθροῦς τῆς ἀμαρτίας) has always seemed to denote a race or class of men, or perhaps the disposition of both that characterizes them. Of this more by and by.

“It would not be much to the purpose, I admit, to say that it seems to me hardly possible that *any one man can* arise and do what is ascribed to “the Man of Sin” by St. Paul. It seems rather to be the work of a race—a large number of men. We can hardly conceive of a man whose influence and authority can reach so far as is there described. But this will have but little weight, since our notions of the possible and impossible are but a very poor rule to apply to the interpretations of the Divine word. Still less can I expect that my notions on the subject will have much influence upon others, however unyielding they may be in their control of my own judgment.

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“Nisi P. vol. 6, p. 173.—Ben Jarchi will, I see, convict that girl in spite of her bright eyes. Too young to be degraded by a prison.

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“Now, my Lord, I purpose the foregoing for an essay, No. 1. I wrote it last night on my return from court. And now, while

the pleadings are going on, I will pen a few loose thoughts as to the further prosecution of this series. I have said we must not look to any one man, as the type of the Man of Sin, but to the race. But it may, perhaps, be deemed by you best to have some one designated as the man. And there are doubtless great advantages to be derived from this course. It gives an air of certainty and assured confidence which is very imposing. And in the matter of the Scarlet Whore, I found that was the gist of the question—who to hit upon, to be so personated who has held any important place in the history of the church. If we could cut loose from the Roman Church, we could find no difficulty in whistling her down, by bringing forward Marozia, or some other of the mistresses who have created Popes, as the lady in question; but this would peril our claim to Apostolical succession, and so I felt it must be relinquished. Now, I do not see that we shall find the same difficulty in making out the "Man of Sin." I should find no difficulty to follow the Romanists, in making him out to be Martin Luther; but that the fathers of our English Church have been, unhappily, too intimately identified with him in his labors to uproot the supremacy of the Roman Church; and he has too strong a hold on the affections of our people, as a great reformer of a corrupt church. But it would suit our purpose better to bring forward that *anarch of ruin*, and *man of sin*, OLIVER CROMWELL, as the true type of dissent. And I think it will be no difficult task to show that dissent is the heresy, "the falling away," predicted by Paul in 2 Thess. ii. chap. 3 v. But of this you shall decide. Perhaps it would be safer, in the state of public opinion, to treat *dissent* as the *Man of Sin*, and with this aspect of the subject, I will proceed with my series; but should you advise me to personate Oliver as the representative of this prophecy, I shall find no difficulty in doing so.

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"The Rabbi has sentenced Abigail to prison for one month. Hard case. My heart pities the poor girl—so young and so pretty. Alas! what wretched laws are ours, which look only to the punishment of crime, not to the reform of the offender. This poor girl borrows, as she says, her mistress' dress to wear to a party; the mistress finds it missing, and watches the girl, who brings it back on her person. This vanity is called a theft, and is punished as such, by sending a young girl to a sink of pollution, from whence she comes back to society, degraded and perhaps polluted, body and soul. I must write some essays on prison discipline. The whole subject is one of the highest importance, and ought to command the attention of better pens than mine; but who has time to think of the culprit; who a heart to dig down into the miseries and tendencies to evil among the poor;

there to apply the true and efficient correctives of the offences of criminals.—We want another Howard to carry forward what he commenced so nobly and with such self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of God and Humanity.

“The Rabbi insists that the wardrobes of our ladies must be inviolable—and that poor Abigail is a bad girl and must be made an example. I do not believe it—poor girl! Her mistress is the culprit, and she the sinned against—well may St. Chrysostom\* say of such—“What is woman, but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable pain, a necessary calamity, a domestic danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil painted over with the color of good.”

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“†I said I believed that “*the falling away*” had occurred in the Protestant Christendom at and since the Reformation. I believe that the Reformation was necessary—and I am fully satisfied with the result of that movement, as represented in our Prayer Book and other standards. I am not even one of those who regard the XXXIX. Articles as being too Protestant—or who think that they are at all reconcilable with the decrees of the Council of Trent.

“This I have thought necessary to guard against misapprehension.

“If now we look around us and estimate the number of those—descended from Christian ancestors—who are living unbaptized, or in entire disregard of their baptismal vows and privileges, I am sure that we should see enough to convince even the most obstinate, that there has occurred “*a falling away*.” There has never been a time in a Christian land since its conversion, when anything like so large a proportion of the people lived in entire disregard of Christianity. There has been an *immense* “*falling away*.”

“Again, if we look at the *Protestant sects*, we see that every one of them have departed and fallen from the standards of their ancestors.

“But in this matter I am compelled not to stop even here. I am obliged to look to see those, who, for one reason or another, have gone out from and forsaken the communion of the church. I am aware of the tenderness of my subject, and the delicacy with which it needs to be treated.

“1. In the first place, then, they have rejected the Ministry. When I say *the Ministry*, I mean, of course, that which Christ appointed, and which therefore has divine authority. This Ministry,

\* Chrysostom on Matthew XIX.

† From Churchman, vol. xiv., No. 50; Feb. 13, 1847.



like a body corporate, has its laws of perpetuation, one item of which is Ordination by the hands of a Bishop. When that law is violated, the perpetuation or succession fails—a new ministry begins. Being a new and another ministry, it does not receive the authority and emoluments of the old. It is immaterial, so far as the present point is concerned, whether the person who commends the new ministry was a member of the old or not. If the conditions and laws of its perpetuation were violated, what was produced was not a part or succession of the old ministry, but an entirely new one.

" 'Now I will not go into a consideration of the importance and necessity of *the* ministry—that is the old ministry—the one which Christ instituted. But I will merely refer to the fact, that all these sects have instituted a ministry of their own, as proof that *a* ministry is a necessary and essential part of *a* church organization. In their own estimation, therefore, the ministry is an essential constituent of the church. But this they have rejected.

" '2. But still further. No one of them made an effort to retain in their sect the other constituents of the church. They rejected the creed and the worship which had always been distinctive of the Christian profession.

" 'I do not mean to say that they denied any article of the Apostles' creed. But they did not receive it as their rule of faith. This—the creed of the Catholic Church—they rejected, disbelieving some of its articles, and pronouncing others to be of an essential and fundamental character which are not contained in it. But *as a Rule of Faith* they rejected it.

" 'The thing here spoken of is not that they venture upon a more minute and definite statement of their doctrines; for this every branch of the church has done and has a right to do. But these sects seem to have paid no regard to that which is the creed of the church. Of course they believed some of its articles. But as a whole, as the creed of Christianity—the summary of the Christian Faith, as by the consent of the whole church before them it had been regarded—they did not receive it. In this character they rejected the Faith.

" '3. And in nearly the same way did they reject the Worship. From the days of the Apostles, at least down to the time of which we are now speaking, there has been in the church such a thing as divine worship, the due celebration of which had ever been considered as the leading object of all their religious assemblings. The Apostles in their day found a worship wherever they found priest and synagogues, and instituted one where they did not. At the close of their age, therefore, it was a Christian worship, and had then, at the least, been instituted or sanctioned

by divine authority. It is true, that each branch of the church, and it may be that each Bishop, had the right and authority to modify this worship in some of its forms. And this right has been exercised so that the worship in the different branches of the church, varies in many particulars. Still it remains substantially the same. Its essential character remains in them all more or less pure.

“ ‘ But this worship they rejected altogether ; both in form and principle. They made no effort to retain the confessions, prayers, and praises, which in past ages had made up this Worship. Nor did they attempt to compose or arrange a new one on the same principle—on the principle of a premeditated and prepared offering made to God by the whole people, with voice as well as with the heart. Instead thereof, they appointed one man to stand up in their midst to talk—talk to God or man, as the case might be.

“ ‘ Now, by their own confession—in act if not in words—some creed is necessary. They could not get along without it. And, as if to show that they did not belong to the old church, they laid aside its creed as well as its ministry, and made one of their own.

“ ‘ So with the worship. Some worship is necessary. This they readily admit. And no sooner had they rejected that what was in the church, than they appointed their minister to make one for them on every occasion of their assembling.

“ ‘ Now, by rejecting, as they did the Ministry, the Faith and the Worship, they forsook the communion, all visible connection with that body of persons which had existed as the church from the Apostles’ days down to their own. These things which they rejected make up the visible estate and conditions of Christianity. They are the outward marks which distinguish the church from the world—Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, from Catholic Christians. They are not the only works which distinguish, but they are the elements which make the difference between Christians and those that have no interest in Christ. And then they rejected—openly, visibly, departed from. This act fully and precisely answers to *ἁποστασία*—the original for “ *falling away*,” in the passage under consideration.

“ ‘ It is customary to speak of those that we have just now been considering as *heretics* or *schismatics*, or both. But I doubt if either term is strictly applicable to them. A heretic, in the ecclesiastical sense is a *mis-believer*, one who, if his belief were right, could be an orthodox Christian. A schismatic is a Christian who is in a state of insubordination to the ecclesiastical authority of the place where he lives Elsewhere he might be a Catholic.

Thus he that acknowledges the Supremacy of the Pope in this country, or in England, is a schismatic. But in France, in Spain, in Austria, or in Rome, that fact would not make him a schismatic, since it is what the ecclesiastic authority in those places has required. The acknowledgment might be wrong, but it would not be schismatic. Now a church cannot be considered schismatic anywhere, which might not be Catholic somewhere. Unless, for instance, the *Presbyterians* are so constituted, and have such spiritual qualifications as that they might exercise jurisdiction, and constitute a valid branch of the church, *in some unoccupied country, they cannot be regarded in the light of schismatics here.*

“It is evident, therefore, that when we have called these sects heretics and schismatics in the recognized meaning of those terms, we have not fully described their character or condition. It may not be worse, but is certainly different. I do not say but that they may have *what they call religion*. They may be sincere, pious, and full of zeal. They may have what gives them a support in life and hope in death. All this I do not question; for it may be seen every day. But yet I do say, that they have openly and visibly departed from that which, in their estimation, as well as ours, is essential to the church, and which constitutes the outward state and condition of Christianity. *And therefore, I have a right to consider this movement as a “falling away,” if it be not the one spoken of by the holy Apostle St. Paul.*

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“BLUCHER STREET, BABYLON.

“*Nativity of B. V. M., 18—.*

“MY DEAR LORD AND BISHOP:—I have, as you see, continued my series, making *Dissent* the true type of the “Man of Sin”—and as this day I am at leisure, I will proceed with the task you have imposed upon me. It is one I rejoice in, and shall be happy if it shall meet with your approval. I mean to call things by their right names, and am surprised at the course of some of our ministry in this city, who, in my opinion, contrary to all true fidelity to *the church*, speak of the so styled *clergy* of dissenters, as their “*brethren in the ministry of the Gospel*,”—and recently my heart has been grieved by the course of one of our clergy, who has accepted the use of a “meeting house” for the service of his church—a house not consecrated by a bishop, and where, without a chancel or an altar, he reads prayers, and delivers sermons in such a place as this! This conduct cannot be restrained for want of a diocesan. The missionary bishops, as they are called, possess no power to control such men, who are by their very na-

ture latitudinarian in thought and action. It is to be hoped we shall speedily be relieved from the "anomalous" condition in which we find ourselves so unexpectedly and unjustly placed, as to be taunted, (and indeed with too much truth,) that we are a *church* without a bishop! But this is a subject too painful to be dwelt upon. I proceed with my closing paper on the "Man of Sin."

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"THE MAN OF SIN.\*"

"We have seen that some sects professing themselves Christians, have nevertheless rejected and visibly departed from the ministry, the faith, and the worship—all that constitutes the visible state and condition of Christianity, and which, as the metes and bounds of the Church, form the dividing line between it and that which is without. I now resume the subject for the purpose of considering the fourth verse, in relation to some phenomena that have occurred mostly within the same limits, and have characterized mostly the same persons.

"I will quote the verse to begin with, that we may have it distinctly before our minds. *Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped, so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.*"

"By all that is called God, we may understand—

"(1.) The primitive Christians, to whom the Word of God came, (John x. 35;) and the sects of which we are speaking, disregard the examples, principles, and persons of the primitive Christians. They never commemorate them by Holy days, and they regard it as superstitious and derogatory to the Scriptures to pay any regard to early tradition or catholic consent and usage.

"(2.) Or it may refer to those in authority either in Church or State, and thus the prediction is fulfilled in the same persons. For certainly in all cases they have set at defiance the ecclesiastical authorities of the church, and for the most part they have sprung into existence in opposition to the civil authority.

"(3.) Or, finally, it may mean God, and then it is the same as the last part of the verse, and finds its fulfilment in the same facts.

"If *is worshiped*" means as in English, then of course it is God, and is only an addition to, or amplification of, what is said before and after it. If it means, as I think, all that is held venerable and sacred, then it finds its fulfilment in the irreverence of

\* "Churchman," February 20, 1847, No. 51, vol. xvi.

those people in making the church a mere meeting house, in regarding the sacraments as mere outward rites, in abolishing all Holy days, even Good Friday and Easter, and in converting the Sunday to Sabbath.

"It is evident that we are not to look for any *professed* atheism or opposition to God for a fulfilment of the prediction. "The Man of Sin," by such a profession, would defeat his own object. He would completely destroy his influence over Christians, and then he could bring them into his wickedness only by force. But it is by deception, cunning, craft, lying wonders, and pretended piety that he is to succeed. Therefore it must be under the cloak of a religious faith. And I might ask, what would be the most favorable time for such an undertaking, if it were not when the Church had become corrupt, so that a pretended zeal for the purity of the Gospel would be an effectual means of seducing many? He could then easily brand all those that would not fall in with him as friends to the mass of old error (Papists? Puseyites?), and thus he and the friends of the old errors would make terrible havoc of those that would aim to stand aloof from most of them, cleaving only to the faith once delivered to the saints.

"I have already stated that the language in the last part of this text does not necessarily imply that "the Man of Sin" is to exalt himself above God and sit in His Temple as God, by claiming the worship and homage due to God alone. This is what no man could claim with any prospect of gaining it. The age for deifying men and worshipping them *as gods*, has gone by. It must be in some other way than that "the Man of Sin" is to "show himself that he is God." This, as I understand, he is to do, not by claiming to be God—not by claiming to have divine attributes and prerogatives, but by assuming, in an age when "the falling away" has prepared the people for it, when ignorance of the truth has prepared for the introduction of error, to do what God alone can do.

"I regard our Saviour's declaration to Peter, "On this rock will I build my Church," as one of the strongest proofs of His supreme divinity that could be afforded. If the church is His, and He built it, either he must be God, or a sort of antagonist to God. A church can bring its members into communion and fellowship with its founder, but can carry them no higher. Man cannot make a covenant that will be binding upon any being higher than himself. If then, Christ be truly God, very well. His Church—that which He founds and builds—will bring us into covenant and communion with God. But otherwise, if He be not truly God, then, in founding His Church by leading us to communion with himself, He is leading us away from God.

Hence, whoever founds or builds a church, sits in the Temple of God as God, and becomes the God of those who belong to that church. Of course, I am speaking of founding new churches, and not of establishing new branches of the old one.

“ ‘ Now each of these Protestant sects has done that which, as we have remarked, proves that Christ is either God or one that “opposeth and exalteth himself above” God. He founded a church, thus showing Himself that He is God, or if He be not, He has deluded to their everlasting ruin those who put their trust in Him or belong to His Church.

“ ‘ It is, indeed, true with regard to the Presbyterians, that at first they held to the necessity of the Apostolic succession, and of retaining what they considered the constituent elements of a church, so as that theirs should not be a new church, but only a reformed branch of the old. But this was soon found to be like cutting the branch between one’s self and the tree. And though they retain much of the old form, yet they have very extensively adopted the congregational principle. Most of the other sects have started on that principle. Or if they have not, it makes no material difference in relation to the present objection. They all confess that they have founded a new church, a new communion. They think that it is *like* the Primitive Church. But there is no pretence that theirs is the same. *Similarity*, and not *identity*, is all that they claim. They acknowledge the fact that the church to which they belong was founded, as a new and distinct religious community, by this and that man, or a body of men, since the Reformation.

“ ‘ Now we will not, and we need not, go into the question of their similarity to the Primitive Church. That may be granted, or conceded to be of no importance, and yet the substance of the whole matter remains undisposed of. The complaint is not that they have founded a church *unlike* the Apostolic, but it goes to the substance matter, that they have founded a church at all. If, for instance, the Wesleys, Asbury, Coke, &c., had the right and power to found a church *like* the Apostolic, they had the right to found one *unlike* it. They were bound by no instructions that were given them by God, for none were given. The Bible furnished them none, and if they had any from another source, then there was a new Revelation, a new covenant, and they should have given us new Scriptures. But without authority from God, without instructions for that purpose from Him, they found a church of their own.

“ ‘ What we have said of the Methodists, is true of all the sects that are without the ministry of the Apostolic succession. They are human churches, founded in fact and confessedly by *men*.

And it makes no difference, so far as this immediate point is concerned, whether these founders of the new churches were mere laymen, or presbyters, or even bishops, in the old Apostolic Church. For their Holy Orders gave them no authority to build a new Church, but only to continue and administer the old one according to Christ's institution.

"In these days of jealousy and excitement, it is necessary that people should be cautious what they say and how they guard their opinions from misapprehension, when they are speaking on this subject. This must be my apology for being a little more prolix upon this point than there would otherwise be any necessity for. I remark, therefore, that of course I am not saying but what the members, whether lay or clerical, of an existing church, as that of England, for instance, may go into a country where there is no church, as they came here in A. D. 1607, and lay the foundation of a church which should be in one sense new, that is, a new branch of the ONE church retaining as it does the ministry, the faith, and the worship, and being in communion and friendly intercourse with the parent branch from which it sprung. Although it is in one sense a new church, yet it is not a new communion, but only an enlargement and extension of the old.

"Nor can the action of the English Bishops in the Reformation be called the founding a new church, even though the churches in the Romish Obedience refused communion with the English after the Reformation. Their act founded no new society or church; it simply reformed the old one. \* \* \* \*

"But with all these sects, it is far otherwise. For leaving out of view, for the present, the question as to what the polity of the Primitive Church may have been, it is a conceded fact that no one of these sects is the Primitive Church prolonged by a visible and traceable existence into the modern sect. The highest thing which they claim is likeness or similarity. They do not even lay a claim to identity. They all admit the fact that they are of modern origin. They had their origin, foundation, and commencement in these latest centuries.

"It would be amusing, if the subject were not too serious, to see the *naïveté* with which they confess this fact. Says Dr. Miller, "This denomination (the Presbyterian) is to be considered as the offspring of the Church of Scotland." "The celebrated Andrew Melville, on his arrival in Scotland from Geneva, in A. D. 1574, was enabled to effect, in 1592, the introduction of that Presbyterian polity which he found established in Geneva, and which has finally been fixed in Scotland." So that "the Church of Scotland," of Dr. Miller, is the offspring of that polity which was instituted by Calvin, Farel, and Viret, and founded in Ge-

neva, about A. D. 1540, and here is its origin. "*Methodists*. This large and respectable denomination *was founded (sic.)* in the year 1729, by one Mr. Morgan and Mr. John Wesley." "*Baptists*. It has been asserted that the Baptists *originated* in Germany, about the year 1522, at the beginning of the Reformation. It is true that *no* denomination of Protestants can trace the origin of its present name further back than about the time of the Reformation, and most of them (the denominations) have originated (*sic.*) since that period." "*Congregationalists*. "Mr. Robinson has been rightly deemed *the founder* of the sect, and of the celebrated Church at Leyden, in Holland, of which he was pastor."

“I might carry these quotations to almost any length. But that would take up space and time unnecessarily. \* \* \* \*

“Thus we have not only the confession of the fact that men in these latter ages, “as God, have set in the Temple of God, showing themselves that they are God,” by doing what did the most unequivocally prove our Saviour’s Godhead, forming new, distinct churches, making covenants with men, instituting a ministry, &c., all of the most sacred acts of our blessed Saviour, who was both God and man; but we have also all this freely avowed and justified as the recognized principles of a large denomination, whose principles are becoming extensively adopted in the other sects, and are the popular views upon the subject in this our country and age. Thus has man taken the whole matter into his own hands. He can found churches, make covenants, institute priesthoods, and this he claims a right to do, even though God has for once and for all built His church, established and ratified His covenant, and ordained His ministry to be with them always even unto the end of the world. NOW, IF THIS BE NOT TO OPPOSE AND EXALT ITSELF, AND AS GOD TO SIT IN THE TEMPLE OF GOD, SHOWING ITSELF THAT IT IS GOD, IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO SAY WHAT IS.

“The reader has now before him the proof, or rather an indication of what I consider the proof, of the correctness of my view of the prediction contained in 2 Thes. ii. 1-11. The proof is the correspondence between the facts and the prediction. To my mind it is satisfactory. The reader must judge for himself.

“Should you deem it desirable to give prominence to *Oliver Cromwell*, instead of *Dissent*, as the “Man of Sin,” I have found a citation from St. Cyril of Jerusalem, which is quite *à-propos*. In his exegesis on the Vision of Daniel, speaking of the “little horn,” which ultra-Protestants have applied to the papacy, he says



—"A blasphemer is he, and an outrageous person, not inheriting his kingdom from his fathers, but usurping power by means of sorcery," but perhaps it is best as draughted. As it is, I submit these views, in fullest confidence, to your superior learning and judgment.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have recently received a kind letter from the Right Reverend John, Bishop of Green Mountains, who has been pleased to ask my advice as to the text he shall select in preaching the opening sermon of the General Convention, in this city, with the brief of his intended course of remarks on that occasion. I cannot but be proud of the distinguished honor conferred upon so very humble a member of the laity as myself. He has proposed to select the 21st chapter of Acts, 24th and 25th verses, for his text,\* and to show from the example of that Apostolic Council, that the Fathers of our Anglican Church have their sanction and example, for constructing the Rubric and Articles of *The Church*, so as to embrace within its bosom, all the shades of opinion, "from the pious Romanist to the zealous Calvinist."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Gentleman in Black *vs.* Schlemihl—vagabond—Bang-bang for dft.—very strange case—prisoner without a shadow.—Instance of demoniacal possession."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I doubt, my Lord Bishop, the propriety of this course of thought—and fear it grants too much, and goes to show there was never an infallible council on earth. Paul took the advice, contrary to his own convictions, having himself denounced the ritual of the Temple as "weak and beggarly \* \* \* a yoke from which Christ had set his church free"—and the Holy Spirit seems to have made this solitary mis-step of the great Apostle, the beginning of a course of sufferings which only ceased with his martyrdom.—Then, too, there is another objection which occurs to me—Where is the seamless coat of Christ all this while, if every variety of opinion is to be tolerated? That favorite and ancient figure of the church fathers loses all its significancy, and instead of it, we substitute Joseph's coat of many colors.

"If this interpretation can be sustained, and such is the tessellated pavement upon which the Altar of our faith stands, I think it will be difficult for the learned Bishop hereafter to discover any "*novelties to disturb our peace*" as a church, since, by his own showing, the Articles and Rubric cover all the varieties of human

\* The worthy Bishop did indeed take this text, and adopt these views, doubtless for want of the criticism of the very excellent Judge Tomkins.

opinion, from the purest faith to the wildest forms of fanaticism ; and that they serve only to create a bond of union, not of faith, but of forms. And is this the "One Faith" of the Church of Christ!

\* \* \* \* \*

" "This Bang-bang is a scandalous fellow—he deserves to have his tongue slit.

\* \* \* \* \*

" "I fear, my dear lord, that it will be deemed rather presumptuous in me, to hint these objections to a bishop, but I very much regret he has taken the view of the subject he has. And I think of suggesting to him, as more fitting to the scope of his remarks, the vision of St. Peter, contained in Acts x., 11th to 15th verses, in which he saw a sheet let down from Heaven, "*Wherein were all manner of four footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air,*" &c. This might be, at least, deemed apposite, if not appropriate. I shall be glad of your advice as to the reply fitting to be returned to my Lord Bishop of Green Mountains.

\* \* \* \* \*

" "There is one subject which has long dwelt upon my mind with considerable force, and which I beg to submit to you, for your serious consideration. In our labors to revive the sanctity of the ancient church, we have, so far as I am aware, had no reference to the salutary effects and quickening graces, sought and attained in the faithful, by the discipline of FLAGELLATION.

" "This thought has often recurred to me in reading the lives of those eminent pietists, recorded in the history of the church, as well as the lives of saints. If there be anything to be relied upon, and on which we can base our hopes for *The Church*, it must rest on the congruity between the means used, and the ends to be attained, viz., the sanctification of the body. In order to this, fasting and prayer have ever held a high rank among saints. To attain a higher degree of sanctity, the *celebat* was enforced as a rule of discipline on the priesthood: not that it originated in *The Roman Church*, as ignorant people suppose, for, as the learned Gale justly observes, in his "Court of the Gentiles," vol. ii. p. 212, "the *celebat* of priests was in such high esteem among the pagans, that Æneas, in Virgil, (lib. 6.) in passing the Elysian fields, saw no other priests there." It was only recovering, therefore, one of those laws of our being, which had been discovered and adopted by the ancient fathers of Greece and Rome, as fitting to the highest purity of our nature, to abstain from marriage. I say, then, there are certain customs true in themselves, and which, when followed with zeal, do, by the very condition of our being, place the disciple in that condition of body which fits it to re-

ceive the grace of God. And I presume, my Lord Bishop, the usages of the church are based upon these proclivities of our inner man. We are not merely creatures of mind, but much more truly, the slaves of sense. It is, therefore, that the Church seeks to bring the senses into bondage to the Church and her clergy.

“When I look back for a few years, and see the changes which have been wrought, I am greatly encouraged in the hope of yet living to see the customs of the church restored to their “pristine purity as existing in the fourth century”—that halcyon day of her glory! Let us see what has been already accomplished. The bowing of the head at the name of Jesus in the creed, (now almost universally adopted,) fifteen years since was unknown. The Gothic style of our church edifices, and the erection of the sacred symbol of the cross, now seen over our altars and surmounting the spires—the recent adoption of matins and vespers—the observance of saints’ days, Ember days, and festivals—the changes of our forms in the chanting of the psalms, which were formerly read—the revival of the costume of our clergy, assimilating it to that worn by the Catholic clergy, are all indicative of the restoration of the religion of a purer age of the church; while oratories have become common in the homes of our laity. These are tokens of a revival of early days: Of those practices and opinions which prevailed long before the mis-called *reformation*, under the direction of Luther and Calvin, the great hierophants of dissent—not to speak of the prominence given to the doctrines of the present day; of the Apostolical succession, of baptismal regeneration, and above all, *the church as the conduit by which alone saving grace is conferred, and out of which there is no salvation.*

“But while we have reason to rejoice in all that has been attained, we yet have but begun the work, and there is still unattempted, great and salutary means to attain a transcendental state of piety, for which we have the highest authority in the examples of the saints, and the testimony of the fathers and confessors of the early church. Among these, if not the *chiefest of all these*, is the discipline of *flagellation!* I need not remind you how large a place this practice has had, and still has, in the Roman Church. Its uses have recently been popularized by the reprint of Father Ripa’s “Residence in China.”\*

“Now, my dear Lord Bishop, I am sure such is the *docility*

\* The excellent and pious Father Ripa once composed a deadly feud, through the sedative influence of religious castigation, when even the exhortations of several ecclesiastics, and the authority of Cardinal Barberini, had failed. It existed in a family of an old man and his six sons, who had for

of the noviciates of our theological schools, and of our laity, as evinced by the adoption of all the changes in doctrines and forms, (already recapitulated,) that this discipline has only to be presented to their minds by some one whose example and faith they will, without faltering or hesitancy, follow, to revive this efficacious penance in all its salutary rigor. And from my own experience (of which I will presently speak), I can think of nothing so well calculated to bring the body into due subjection as frequent and daily castigation. To your lordship do I appeal on behalf of this ancient rule of the church, and beseech *you* to adopt this discipline, and to commend it in your next charge to your diocese. They will not fail to follow the example, when set for their imitation by one so highly distinguished as yourself. I know of nothing so well calculated to awaken the careless, and to make a lively impression upon both clergy and laity. It is easy, my lord, to erect a cross on the top of one's house, but to wear the cross on the bare back, ah! that is the truest of all tests of discipleship. Cardinal and Saint Damiano, with whose writings you are familiar, who was himself an eye-witness to the extraordinary discipline of St. Dominic, the *Cuirassier*, of which he is the historian, thus urges home on the consciences of those who loved the flesh better than holiness. He says, speaking of the day of judgment, "Then shall the sun lose its lustre, the moon be involved in darkness; the stars shall fall from their places, and all the elements be confounded together. Of what service, then, will be to you those clothes and garments with which you are now covered, and which you refuse to lay aside, to submit to this exercise of penitence." And more than this, there exist several well authenticated facts, which prove that the blessed Virgin was frequently propitiated by this practice. Though these facts would be of as little worth as pearls cast before swine, to the great mass of our population; yet, my lord, *you* will give them the consideration they demand of all true churchmen. I do therefore renew my earnest request, that your lordship will give this striking test of your devotion to the doctrines and observances of our Holy Mother Church.

several years sought the life of a relative who had murdered his seventh son.

The worthy father, while preparing for his missionary labors in China, at Rome, was sent to the place where this family resided, to preach during Lent. After one of his sermons, about dusk, having finished his discourse, he dismissed the women, telling the men to stay and do penance. The doors being locked, Father Ripa "urged the duty of self-castigation" with such power, that there was in the hearts of these fierce men, no longer any resistance to the mode adopted for the pacification and reconciliation of the parties.—See Ripa's *Court of Peking*, p. 21.

“I speak not only from my own experience of the delights which follow this salutary discipline, but I have the testimony of Abelard, in a letter to Eloisa, in which he says, “*Verbera quandoque dabam, non furore; gratia, non ira.*”

The Gentleman in Black now folded up the paper and returned it to his pocket.

“I am sure,” said Mrs. Smith, with a gay smile, “the Right Rev. Bishop of Peach Orchard must be very much obliged to the judge, for the suggestion of wearing his cross on his back, instead of on the top of his house.”

The Gentleman in Black smiled in his turn, and looking very sweetly upon the lady, said, “The sign of the cross is, I am certain, more easily placed on the king post of his roof than—”

Mrs. Smith held up her finger, playfully, lest the Gentleman in Black should transgress the rules of propriety.

He, laughing, said, “No, dear madam, I really had no design but to respond to your remark, and to say, how much easier it is to erect, or wear a beautiful symbol of the cross, than to assume the cross of which Christ speaks, as the daily duty of all who would be his true disciples.”

The notes of Judge Tomkins terminate here. A part only of the Judge’s series, as they appeared in “The Churchman,” have been copied, at the hazard of being wearisome to my readers, that they may see for themselves the position assumed by the “*Oxford men*” of our country toward “*Dissenters*.” And though the “*Man of Sin*” may be deemed by them as fairly made out to be “*Dissent*,” yet as Mr. Justice Tomkins has well said, while the “*Scarlet Whore*” remains the type of the Roman Church, all this is but “love’s labor lost.” We do hope the Bishop of Peach Orchard will set his wits to work to release “the Virgin Anglican Church” from the foul spot on her fair reputation of being “sister” to such a vile woman. And, too, we assure the Bishop of Green Mountains, whose ingenious discourse on the *Mosaical* character of the Rubric and Articles of the Church, has won for him the admiration of the world, and shows his astuteness in managing all vexed questions, that, though it would be a “novelty,” to be sure, yet one which so far from “*disturbing the peace*” of the church, would quiet many anxious hearts, if he would show us what we are to believe. The House of Bishops should either divorce the “Vestal Church” from the Church of Rome, or show the received opinion to be erroneous, and by a solemn act tell us what is the “Interpretation of the Church” on this subject.

PETER SCHLEMIHL.

## CHAPTER XI.

Confessions of Mrs. Smith—Her religious impressions as a child—Becomes a member of the congregation under the care of Rev. Verdant Green—Character of his ministry—Effect of baptismal regeneration upon Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Smith is re-baptized—Refuses to be confirmed; her reasons—Mrs. Smith relates her conversation with her Rector as to the virtues of confirmation, and the descent of the apostolical powers—Cites St. Clement on the effect of wearing false hair; her conclusions thereon—Unsettles the faith of “the Church”—The Gentleman in Black’s remarks thereon—Removes her seat to the church of Liberal Christians—Of the sermons she heard—Effect upon her mind—The miracles, how explained—Makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Percy and her daughter Helen—Joins the circle of Free Inquirers—Of the teachings of transcendental philosophy—Of the “Vestiges of Creation”—Character of Helen—Visit of the lady from Bostonia—Of the new school divinity—Of Professor Norton—Prof. Ware’s letter—Remarks of Mrs. Percy—Of the “Mutual Admiration Society” of Bostonia—How it works—Mrs. Elgin’s opinion on new school divines—Mrs. Percy’s opinion of Doct. Channing—His opinion on Unitarianism at the close of his life—Difficulties in the way of the circle of Free Inquirers—They hold a fast—Read their “intuitions” as to God—They are surprised by the entrance of an old grandmother—Their conversation—Helen Percy’s death bed—The scene in her chamber the night before her death, contrasted by the dying hour of the cousin of Mrs. Smith, the widow of a clergyman—Mrs. Smith’s present state of mind.

THE Gentleman in Black now claimed of Mrs. Smith the fulfilment of her promise to give him some account of her own spiritual life.

“I have, I trust, some claims on you, and I need to recruit myself a little, before showing you some more scenes in the Mirror, which, I am assured, will be interesting to you.”

“I am, indeed,” replied Mrs. Smith, with the sweetest tones and amenity of manner, “greatly indebted to you for all you have done to while away my wakefulness, and I cheerfully comply with your request to give you not my experience, but my *Confessions*.”

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 CONFESSIONS OF MRS. SMITH.

“You have expressed yourself surprised at my skepticism!

and I can readily imagine how strange it is for the child of pious parents, to be found drifted out into the ocean of doubt, without a single star in the horizon to steer by, and on all sides surrounded by the fog banks of philosophy, 'falsely so called,' as Paul has well said. And I will now endeavor to give you a history of my mental progress.

"In my childhood I was early taught the being of God. My earliest recollections carry me back to the hours when I was taught to fold my little hands, and to repeat the Lord's Prayer; and before closing my eyes to sleep, to say those magical words, which seemed to me to contain some potent charm—

'Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
And if I die before I wake,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.'

And when the force of language began to be realized, I wondered what 'Now-I-lay-me,' could mean. The words were all run together in my mind; and I never separated them, till years afterwards.

"I was taken to meeting on the Lord's day by my parents, from my earliest days; and there I heard words of fearful import, as the 'last day,' the 'torments of hell-fire,' 'the worm that never dies,' 'flames never to be quenched,' 'the happiness of the righteous,' and 'the misery of the wicked;' and as my mind grew more and more enlarged, I wished I had never been born—or that I was good, and not the wicked child I felt myself to be. I looked at our pious minister with envy, to think how certain it was that he would go to heaven, and how certainly I should go to hell. And too, there were the deacons, sitting below the pulpit, whose duty it was to set the half hour glass, and to keep it going during the sermon; they, too, seemed to me men just within the verge of heaven:—but as for me, I was constantly doing something very wicked.

"In our parish meeting house, the pews were square, and adorned by an open railing, made of little pieces of wood, gracefully turned, which formed the tops of the pews. These rungs of wood had the faculty of *creaking*, when twisted round. Now it seemed to be the very instigation of Satan to set me to turning those rungs which would squeak loudest. And though often reprimanded at home, and rapped on the head with my father's knuckles, or my mother's fan, still I *would do it*. No doubt it was the wickedest thing I could do, and so it must be done; and it was done, though at the cost of conscience.

"And, too, by some means, (how, I have now no conception,) I obtained the idea that moral responsibility did not attach itself

to very little children, and I hoped I should die, before that day should reach me; and when I heard of the 'millenium,' when all would be good, I repined, and thought how hard it was to be sent into the world before that time had come.

"I tell you of these little thoughts of mine to show you the activity of my mind at a very early age. How long they lasted, I cannot now say.

"I was early taught the Westminster Catechism, of which I have little or no recollection, but that vast thoughts were at work in my mind, as to the great doctrines of God's sovereignty, the election of the good, and the damnation of the wicked. These great subjects were then fresh, and my little head strove to reconcile what has puzzled angels, whom Milton tells us,—

'sat on a hill apart

And reasoned high of fate, fixed fate, of free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end in wondering mazes lost.'

"One subject our minister never let us forget; it was our alienation from God by nature, and that we must 'be born again.' To Nicodemus these words could not be more astounding and inexplicable than they were to me—'Ye must be born again!' And this great change was from without, and beyond me.

"As my school-girl days grew on, the thoughts of life, my school studies, and the beautiful imaginings of the future, kept all these painful thoughts in abeyance. Yet I would sometimes, amid the gayest occupations of life, seem to hear those words—'Ye must be born again!' They were like the death-watch beside the bed of a dying man; I could not get rid of their fearful forebodings.

"I was married young, and removed to this city, where all was new to me. My husband was the idol of my affections; I lived only to be happy; and as he could spend but little time with me during the days of business, we spent our Sundays at home, or in some pleasant excursion abroad. And for some two or three years, I never saw the inside of a church, so that my mind became, in a great measure, dispossessed of the feelings of my childhood.

"Having removed into St. Thomas Square, in the immediate vicinity of the Episcopal church, then under the pastoral charge of the Reverend Verdant Green, my husband proposed we should take a pew in it, and a very eligible seat becoming vacant, he hired it, and when we had nothing else to do, we attended on this gentleman's ministry. I must acknowledge that the ritual was not, at first, pleasing to me; but the congregation was fashionable, and I saw those *there*, whom I, this evening, have had the satisfaction of seeing here.



"As the time for seeking their friendship had not then been attained, they knew me only as a very well-dressed lady, whose air and mien wore the marks of a high fashion, in the severest style of costume; for while everything was rich and well-made, I rather sought to induce inquiry by my general air of refinement and movement, than to be otherwise known. If in this I succeeded, I attained my end. In the church I assumed quite the air of a devotee—the whole mien was one of profound attention, and though I was dying to stare back upon my gazers, yet I deemed it best to suit my demeanor to my costume. Few, perhaps none, wore a richer collar, or a more costly *mouchoir*.

"I had the satisfaction to hear that I was noticed, inquired after, and though the curiosity was more than satisfied when they learned it was the wife of the great dry goods merchant down street, yet it favored my ulterior plans, that they should be thus possessed of the knowledge of the fact, that I really had an existence in this breathing world.

"As I knew not what else to do at church, I listened to the sermons of the Rev. Verdant Green. At first, I did not perfectly comprehend what he said, nor whereof he affirmed. Some scraps of thought would come up in some connection which was familiar, and recalled the religious sentiments of my childhood; and by degrees I began to drink into the spirit of his theology. I found the symbol on the seal of the Prayer Book Society was literally true, that *the Prayer Book* not only rested on the *face of the Scriptures*, but hid a good portion of them from view; so that in the Doctor's preaching, as on the seal, the Prayer Book was uppermost.

"Gradually, I discovered coming into distinct shape, the dogma that Christ had left himself perpetually incarnate through the sacraments; and that he now dispenses the gifts of the Holy Spirit, not by imparting them directly to the individual who privately studies, or publicly hears, the truths of the Word; or who, independently of all outward ordinances, seeks those gifts in secret and believing prayer, but by having, *once, for all*, deposited those gifts in the hands of the Apostles alone, to be by them handed down, through and by successors, through sacraments, to the body of the Church.\*

"This was all new to me, and I took great pleasure in listening to the doctor, who did me the favor to make me frequent visits, and even proffered his services in making me acquainted with his friends; which I deemed it best to decline. I told him of the great bug-bear of my childhood, and he assured me that

\* So Dr. Stone, of Brooklyn, in "Mysteries Opened," preface, p. 5, 1844.

'the word *regeneration* in the Scripture, solely and exclusively applied to the one effect of baptism, once administered; and is never synonymous with the repentance or reformation of a Christian; or was never used to express any operation of the Holy Ghost upon the human mind subsequent to baptism,\* and he said with emphasis, 'If the work of regeneration is not effected by baptism, it is impossible for any *sobber* man to say when and by what means it is.'†

"The Reverend gentleman was pleased with *my conversion*, as he was pleased to call it, and was very kind in making me frequent visits to show me the way of the church more perfectly, and evinced no little solicitude that I should be brought into its embraces. That the way of regeneration should have been so simplified, and baptism made a sort of '*celestial rail road*' to the skies, was to me a grand discovery, and I was induced to request him to baptize me at my own house; and as I had a great disinclination to making any parade of myself, he graciously acceded to my wish to be baptized in my own parlor. I made a party of a few friends the next evening in order that we should not lack for auditors, and the Reverend doctor, before coffee and tea were brought in, opened the prayer book to the appropriate forms, and the ceremony commenced. I must confess it was not without some misgivings on my part, for I found myself called upon to 'renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world,' so that I was 'no longer to follow, nor be led by them,' and I received the cross on my forehead in token that 'thereafter I was manfully to fight against sin, the world and the devil.' Pretty sweeping work it was," exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

The Gentleman in Black smiled with a most amused air, as if it would have done his heart good to have given way to the mirthfulness he suppressed.

Mrs. Smith's quick eye was not unobservant. She continued: "I really don't know that I had any objection to the first of these pledges, and as for the devil, I had no wish to make any compact with him; but what most truly pained me was, this renunciation of the 'pomp and glory of this world,' of which I knew so little, and hoped to know more; but it was too late to retreat, and I went through with the service, not altogether well pleased with myself when it was over.

"This first step taken, the Reverend doctor was earnest I should take the next, which was that of confirmation. But I had no wish to figure among a dozen or more gaily dressed young

\* So Bishop Tomline, in his refutation of Calvinism.

† So Bishop Mant., quoted in "Christian Observer," vol. xv. p. 70.

girls, attired in all the pomp and pride and vanity of life kneeling before the altar, making solemn vows which it seemed to me were broken in the very act of taking them.

"The reverend doctor's visits now became alarmingly frequent, and they rarely closed without a very warm Apostolical salutation which I thought quite uncalled for in these degenerate days, and not altogether safe to the lambs of the flock committed to his charge: so I determined to make an end of the matter."

"And was not this a very difficult as well as delicate task?" inquired the Gentleman in Black with a smile.

"It was," replied Mrs. Smith, with a bright saucy look, which was exceedingly beautiful, "but I felt myself equal to the task; and accordingly, when this subject was again renewed, I ventured to express my doubts as to this rite being one of apostolical origin. The doctor was astonished, and cited to me the text of the apostles going round 'confirming the churches.' I asked him what this could mean. *If they believed before, then* for them to preach the gospel to churches, planted by evangelists, would doubtless be a confirmation of the faith, and of the miracles of which they had been eye witnesses, which indeed they had the power to repeat. The doctor replied that 'the fathers were explicit on this point; the tradition was universal, and could not be questioned.'

"This led to a discussion as to the virtues imparted in confirmation. His replies to my inquiries were neither clear nor convincing, and so the matter dropped at that time.

"The next visit, I asked him if he could tell me why it was that the Roman priests, before they were ordained, had their heads shaved?\* He told me he really did not know, but doubtless there was some good and sufficient reason. I replied, I had had my thoughts turned to the subject by finding a passage in St. Clément, and that it would seem to give a clue to the custom. The Doctor, more and more interested, begged me to tell him what had been my thoughts on the subject. I assumed so diffident an air, that he found it necessary to take a seat on the sofa beside me, and to take my hand in his, and to entreat me to go on. I told him he might think it very strange such thoughts should come into my head, but I found them there, and *they would not* go away; and the more I thought about them, the more plausible they seemed to me. So after a little more encouragement on his part, I ventured upon my theory of ordination.

"I asked him, 'if I understood the teaching of the Church, the divine afflatus bestowed upon the apostles by the Saviour, de-

\* The tonsure always precedes the consecration of priests.—*Encyclopædia Americana*, article "Tonsure."

scended by emanation from them to and upon their successors to the end of time?" He bowed his assent. "That this virtue went out of them through the imposition of hands, laid on the heads of those they ordained: and this being so, it seemed to me it must be likened unto electricity, which has this peculiarity, that though it passes through a chain of millions, is just as powerful in the last link of the chain as in the first. Is it so?" The Doctor said, "the figure was certainly admirably appropriate, and perfectly correct." "Then," I said, "if it be so, and these are the laws of impartation of this grace of apostleship and ordination, it must be obvious that if there be any link broken, or foreign body intervening, the fluid must cease to flow." The Doctor looked grave; he did not exactly like this Socratic mode of reasoning—but I looked him in the face for a response. He said, "you do not mean to bring up the charge that any link is wanting in the claims of the Church to an unbroken succession." "By no means—but have I fairly stated the position? any link broken, or any foreign body intervening, contrary to the laws of divine influence, the current would cease?" He said, "yes, that seems to be just; perfectly so. But what is this quotation from Clement?" "Wait a while," I said; "I haven't come to that."

"Really, my dear Mrs. Smith," interrupted the Gentleman in Black, "I am in as great a fog as the reverend Doctor, and can by no means guess where you are coming out."

Mrs. Smith gave one of her beautiful, gay laughs, and said—"I was really astonished at my success so far, and thought it was time to bring matters to a close, so I said—'Now we know that hair is a bad conductor, indeed, a non-conductor, of electric fluid, and the heads of the priests were, in my opinion, shaved before being ordained, that there should be no obstacle to the most perfect and complete impartation of the virtues conferred in ordination.' The Doctor seemed surprised at such a result, and I continued—'This idea is confirmed, and, indeed, positively asserted, by St. Clement. Is he not a saint, and good authority?' I asked—'Very good,' he replied. 'Well, then,' I continued, 'Clement, in his *Pedagogue*, says—"False hair is utterly to be abominated; it is, moreover, impious to wear the hair of the dead—for upon whom does the bishop lay his hand? Upon whom does he pronounce his blessing? not, surely, upon the women so decorated, *but on the false hair, and therefore upon the strange head!*" Now, Doctor, what becomes of those confirmations of men who wear wigs and scratches, and women who wear false hair? St. Clement is a Christian father—one of the great lights of the church. Is he a false light? If he be worthy of his high reputation, then are not all such confirmations void and worthless?"

"The Doctor was perplexed, and turned aside the force of my inquiry, by playing with my curls, and saying, in his sweetest manner—'My dear child, though this be so, these are as true as they are lovely—this beautiful head,' laying his hand upon it, 'wears no false hair.'\*

"Seeing I was about to renew the controversy, he pulled out his watch, and pleading an engagement, took his leave, and from that time he made me no more visits, and the subject of my confirmation was never again spoken of."

"My dear madam," said the Gentleman in Black, with a look expressive of the most entire admiration, "you have really taken me by surprise. And do you know that you have unsettled the entire superstructure of the church, as to the validity of their ordinations, in a direction never before attempted?"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "How could I have done so much mischief by a little piece of pleasantry?"

The Gentleman in Black replied: "The doctor doubtless would have said to you in the words of Sir Roger L'Estrange's fable of the frogs pelted by the boys with stones: 'This may be fun for you, but 'tis death to us.' My dear madam, you have cited the authority of a great father of the church—you have cited a custom of the Catholic Church, the reason for which, though perhaps forgotten, has never ceased to be practised, and in opposition to these comes the appalling fact that the practice of '*the church*,' has been for centuries to constitute men bishops wearing wigs of vast size, saturated with oil, and covered with powder, so if your views be correct, and they have a strong probability in their favor, the current of divine influence has long since been interrupted, the links of succession have been broken, and the church has not had a bishop, priest, or deacon set apart for years, on whose ministrations any sane man would risk, if it were a matter of dollars and cents, instead of their souls' salvation, a single dollar. No, madam! if the insurance of their lives or houses depended on the validity of these ordinations and baptismal regenerations, not a man would pay the premium of a mill on a million of dollars at stake."

"My dear sir," replied Mrs. Smith, "you astonish me—but

\* Lest Mrs. Smith's argument should disturb the peace of any of my readers, it is due to them to state, that Lysons, in his work on the environs of London, tells us, that at Lambeth Palace is a gallery of portraits, which contains the pictures of all the archbishops, from Laud to the present time, from which it appears that Archbishop Tillotson was the first who wore a wig, which was not unlike the natural hair, and even without powder. Wigs, such as are referred to by the Gentleman in Black, came into fashion at a subsequent day.

let us keep it a secret—'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' If it were known, there would be a new motive for all these pious people becoming Catholics at once, which would be dreadful indeed.

"After the lapse of a couple of years," continued Mrs. Smith, "we removed up town, and my husband was pleased to take a deep interest in the erection of a new church, which was placed under the care of a distinguished scholar from the city of Boston. Here I found myself introduced to an entirely new set of opinions. At first, I was at a loss to comprehend 'the faith of Jesus,' as it was styled. The Redeemer was shorn of his divinity, and yet there was at the close of the prayers some words as though he held some place as an intercessor, for they usually ended with some such phrase as, 'all which we offer in the name, or through the name of thy son, our Saviour,' &c.

"The sermons were gracefully delivered, and very beautifully written, and the rewards of virtue and the deformity of vice were skillfully presented. By degrees, I found the Bible was not what I had been taught to believe it to be—the word of God, through holy men, 'who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;' and, indeed, in a short time, I began to doubt the personality of the Holy Spirit. This was my first step in the progress I made in what was termed 'liberal Christianity.'

"By degrees I grew familiarized to doubt the integrity of the Scriptures; and to give you an example or two, I was taught that 'the narrative of Luke was in a style rather poetical than historical. With its real miracles, the fictions of oral traditions had probably become blended, and that the individual by whom it was committed to writing, probably added what he regarded as poetical embellishments. That with our present means of judging, we could not draw a precise line between the truth and what has been added to the truth.\* 'That the cast of the narrative respecting Christ's nativity, has something of a poetical and even fabulous character.'† 'That fictions began early to be propagated concerning the nativity and childhood of Jesus, and that *to these* the narrative contained in the first and second chapter of Matthew appear to belong, from its intrinsic character—and in the story of the Magi, we find represented a strange mixture of astrology and miracle.‡

\* Prof. Norton's Evidence of the Genuineness of the Gospels. Additional Notes, p. 61, 62.

† Ibid., Add. Notes, p. 54.

‡ Ibid., Add. Notes, p. 59.

Prof. Norton has here placed in the same age with the Gospels of Luke and Matthew, the puerile fictions of the "Protevangelion" and "the Infancy of Jesus." Those who have read these pious frauds of some stupid monk,

“And so I found ‘the big ha’ Bible, once my father’s pride,’ gradually reduced in size as well as respectability. Moses and the Old Testament faded away till they became the myths of the ancient Hebrews, and having thus summarily got rid of the larger half of the Bible, the work of demolition went on from time to time, as topics occurred, until I knew not what was left.

“The New Testament underwent a severe scrutiny, which lessened its bulk materially. All the genealogies of Christ were imaginary, and the innocent fictions of well meaning men, who, to give force to the teachings of their Master, so far catered to the expectations of the people, and thus sought to meet the demand for a divine origin of their Messiah. Then, as I have already stated, the miraculous birth of Jesus, and the miracles, one by one, began to disappear in the powerful alembic to which they were subjected. The devil, so long the object of youthful terror, became the personification only of evil passions. All this while we were encouraged to cherish an admiration for all that bore the stamp of genius, the only inspiration that seemed to be recognized.”

“You interest me exceedingly,” said the Gentleman in Black; “won’t you be so kind as to give me this with somewhat more of particularity?”

“With great pleasure,” replied Mrs. Smith. “You must know, that in my new found church of liberal Christianity, we had two classes of persons, the initiated and the uninitiated, and for these there were two styles of preaching and conversation, which may be well styled the *exoteric* and the *esoteric*; for a while I was with all propriety placed in the first class, and it was only after becoming familiarized to the new views, that I was indoctrinated into the mysteries of the *shekinah*. It was then I learned for the first time, that in the Old Testament, the history of the creation of paradise, and of Adam and Eve, were nothing but allegories and myths. That the Pentateuch, which may be looked upon as a sort of ‘theoretic epic,’ was not written by Moses, but was completed at a much later period; and Jehovah was but a household god or *Fetiché*, of the family of Abraham, which David, Solomon and the prophets, afterwards promoted to the rank of Creator of all things. The book of Esther was pronounced an historical romance, and that of Ruth, written for the purpose of proving David to have sprung from a good family. As to poor Jonah and his whale, it was but the repetition of the fable of

will be best able to see the full force of the contempt thus thrown upon the Evangelists. It is difficult to conceive how Gibbon could have made an attack more insidious upon the claims of the Gospel to the respect of mankind.

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Hercules swallowed by a sea-monster. The prophets were allowed, by some, to have been clever men, who saw further into futurity than their fellow men,\* while others assigned them the character of demagogues and radical reformers,† and as to the prophecy of the destruction of Babylon, which was somewhat perplexing to young beginners, it was confidently asserted that it was written by some one present at the siege; and as to the predictions *supposed* to refer to Jesus, in the same *rhapsodies*, as the prophecies were called, they relate to the fortunes and ultimate fate of prophets in general.

“Now to come down to the New Testament—the birth of Jesus is ranked in the class of mythological fictions, along with the stories of the incarnations of the Indian gods, and more especially that of Bhudda’s generation, from a virgin who had conceived him by a rainbow.

“As to the teachings of Jesus, and certain claims made by him, there was no little difficulty to save something out of the common ruin, upon which to build the Christian Church. It was deemed a sufficient and satisfactory answer, by a neologist, to all such questions, that his motive for making claims to a divine origin, was, that he might have more weight as a moral teacher; and in like manner he was induced to personate the Messiah, from the notion entertained by his admirers, that he was that promised personage. But some held that Jesus was a noble magician, who on his own part never conceived of being the founder of a religion, and whose Institute only assumed the form of religion by time.‡

“Still there were many things in the writings of the Apostles which were sad stumbling-blocks in our *exegesis*, and it was finally resolved, that much of the obscurity of these doctrines was owing to the stupidity and superstition of these apostles, who misunderstood, in many instances, the language of their master,§ and whose gross misconception of his promises as to a future kingdom, involved him with difficulties from which he saw no other way of extricating himself honorably but by death.”||

“May I task you, my dear madam, to tell me how you were let in behind the scenes, to become so great a proficient in these ‘mysteries?’”

“I fear you are already wearied with my narrative,” replied Mrs. Smith, with a look of the most graceful embarrassment.

\* Eichorn. † So says Mr. Rose of the Neologists of Germany.

‡ Wieland.

§ So De Wette, on the Death of Christ.

|| Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, p. 204.



"By no means, madam," replied the Gentleman in Black, with enthusiasm, "I deem, with Goethe, *'the greatest and deepest theme of the history of the world and of man, is the conflict between faith and unbelief,'\** and need I say how deep an interest I take in your narration of this conflict in your own soul."

Mrs. Smith's look told the pleasure she felt from the compliment paid her by the Gentleman in Black, whose tones and countenance made his last words very expressive. She continued :—

"I have, as you see, somewhat anticipated my narrative.

"One Sabbath morning, we had a stranger, whose sermon was full of old-fashioned, orthodox phrases, with meanings purely conventional, of which I had only a glimpse here and there, and it wore such an air of devotion, and so much of the forms of evangelical piety, that when he had finished, I was entirely at fault to know what he had meant by all that he had told us.

"There had come up a sudden shower, and as I had no course to take but to wait till it was over, or my husband should send our carriage for me, I sat in the corner of my pew, and fell into a brown study, which must have lasted a long time. I was awakened by a lady of very distinguished air and manner, whom I had observed, with her daughter, to be very constant attendants at church. She addressed me, by saying—'That her carriage was just gone with some friends who were in like predicament with myself, and as I lived in her street, she would, on its return, be happy if I would take a seat in it on her way home.' I thanked her for her courtesy, and gratefully accepted her polite invitation.

"Her daughter then advanced towards us. She was singularly beautiful, and her mother very kindly introduced her to me, and we all sat down, awaiting the coming of her carriage.

"'What did you think of the sermon we have just heard?' inquired Mrs. Percy, for that was the name of my new-found friend.

"I replied, very frankly, that 'I had been greatly mystified by the use of old evangelical phrases, used with new significations, and that I felt a deep repugnance to this mode of teaching. It seemed to me a want of fairness on the part of the preacher, and of confidence in his opinions.'

"Mrs. Percy asked me 'if I had been taught to believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, as received by the orthodox?'

"I replied, 'That I had been so taught, but that since I had become an attendant at this church, I had been led to doubt the correctness of my early impressions, and that I found myself in

\* Goethe; so quoted by Tholuck, in *History of Theology*, chap. 2, sect. 1.

a labyrinth of doubt, and could find no clue which would lead me to that certainty in my new views, which I had once possessed.'

" 'That,' she said, 'was a very natural condition of mind to be in, and which she had herself passed through.'

" 'And have you, my dear madam,' I asked, 'any two-foot rule—any acknowledged standard, by which to measure all this conflict of opinion? I should be most grateful if you will tell me where I can obtain it, for I find myself greatly perplexed.'

" 'Oh!' she replied, 'that is, indeed, a chief requisite, which is hard to attain; but before we can build the temple of Truth, we must first remove the rubbish which for centuries has been accumulating upon the souls of men, weighing them down, as millstones about their necks, in a slough of doubt and despondency.'

" 'Alas!' I replied, 'that is all doubtless very true, but this rubbish?'

" 'This rubbish is the finite, the present, the apparent, which bounds our vision, and shuts up from our souls, the infinite, the future, and the real. There is an education of the senses, a training them to perfectness; and it is invested with a great charm. As we pass, in fancy, out from the brick walls of civilized life, with what imposing greatness bursts upon our thought, the form of the unadulterated savage, with his eye like an eagle's, his ear like the startled fawn's, and his step like the panther of the wilderness. This is not sensualism, but the perfection of the sensuous nature: it is the human form in harmony with untroubled streams and unbroken forests,—belonging, in no mean relation, to the picture that is arched in the receding heavens.

" 'The utmost perfectness of his well trained eye and ear reveals naught beyond the finite to the savage; his eagle eye, pierce it ever so high or far, sees not God: but a voice comes, as it were, from behind him,—a presence from beneath the outward; and from the infinity within, is revealed the Great Spirit and the land of shades beyond the utmost hunting ground.\*'

" I looked my admiration, but for the life of me, I was in a mizmaze, and could only express my gratitude by showing myself a good listener.

" She continued: 'this presence in us of the infinite and unseen is variously called the moral, spiritual, or religious nature. From this realm within, issues our love of the beautiful, our aspirations for the august, our aspiration for the high, our power to do, or to forbear. It is the birth-place of genius, the portal of revelation,

\* Such is the language of *Transcendentalists*, as contained in a work greatly admired, entitled "Studies in Religion," p. 17. New York. Printed by C. Shepard. 1845.

the threshold on which God and man meet. It is worth while to cultivate and perfect the consciousness of such a nature, *to lean back on eternity*, while the straws of time float hither and thither at our feet, to live in the centre of God, and feel the beatings of the heart of all things.' ”\*

“Fine words indeed!” exclaimed the Gentlemen in Black. “I not only wonder where she stole ‘em,’ but what do they mean?”

“Indeed, that is what I can’t tell you. I was often reminded, in my subsequent conversations with this lady, of the mirage of the desert, which in the distance wears the most attractive aspects of groves and living waters, of cities with their golden minarets, all which vanish as you approach them; and yet ‘twas long before I found this out, and from oft repeated failures, (believing the fault lay in my own mind,) I have renewed my pilgrimage on the desert before me, in hope that I should at last reach the absolute and the real, which I seemed about to grasp, but which again fled before me.”

“This leaning back upon eternity, is really wonderful,” said the Gentleman in Black, “and I should think those who tried it, would be likely to fall backward. Such people may be called,” continued the Gentleman in Black, smiling, “the *Homeopaths of Pantheism*, who, having made an *extract* from Spinoza, dilute it in volumes of words, so that his thought is reduced to the decatillionth of a grain, of which a few drops *taken by a weak head upon an empty stomach*, makes them ‘*God-intoxicated.*’ ”†

Mrs. Smith laughed at the oddness of the Gentleman in Black’s remark, and said, “It certainly has a very wonderful effect on one’s brains. And I found mine all in a whirl as I listened to Mrs. Percy, who, finding me a willing auditor, went on.

“‘The law came by Moses: serious, severe, majestic Moses; but Jesus ascended the spiritual light further than Moses: the impassible mountain ridge of law, that seemed the ultimate to the latter, became in the experience of the former, fused in the embracing atmosphere of love. The revelation of love is the highest we can attain unto. Love is spontaneous, and springs from unity: spirit recognizes itself under all forms, and through love seeks re-union: the soul seeks truth, beauty, goodness, from the instinctive impulse that springs up from unity of nature.’ ‡

“‘Spirit,’ continued Mrs. Percy, ‘is the invisible force behind, or in everything that appears. The outward is not reality, but the form of it: the outward is the manifestation of the in-

\* See p. 18. Studies of Nature.

† This epithet has been applied to *Spinoza*.

‡ Studies in Religion, pp. 34 and 36.

ward; the sensuous is the apparition of the spiritual. The human frame, no more than the stars and flowers, but equally with them, are appearances of an invisible reality,—of spirit. The star is body, so the flower, and so our form. It is not in a figurative sense that flowers and stars are our brothers.\*

"Mrs. Percy stopped for a reply; I was at my wit's end what to say, and not liking to show my profound ignorance, I asked her a question, which I thought would act like the winding up of a watch.

"What, dear madam, was revealed in and through Jesus Christ?" "The principle of voluntary obedience," she replied. "This is a peculiar characteristic of Jesus's mission; voluntary obedience, not obedience to a prescribed law because we must, but obedience to it because we love it, choose it, and are one with it; because in obeying it, we act out ourselves.†

"By the free action of the living spirit we are saved. The great object of Jesus was to establish faith in spirit, as the primal, sovereign element in which we move.‡

"I was quite at a loss what next to say, and with the desperation of a poor old slave I once heard of, whose fervent piety was thrown off in loud Amens! which sometimes were exceedingly inappropriate, and for which he was often reproved; in the midst of an earnest prayer which warmed up his heart to such a pitch, that he cried out, 'Amen, at a venter!' so I asked Mrs. Percy, 'what was life?'

"Life," she replied, "is the mode in which the invisible spirit shows itself. My life is the making visible of the invisible power; I—My life, stands in the same relation to me that I do to God. And if life is the making visible the invisible, there can be nothing in life which is not first in the soul.§

"If my definition of life be correct," continued Mrs. Percy, "that it is only the putting forth of the living being, and has no character, only as it takes it from that, then my destiny, or that which I am destined to do, depends upon my nature. I must necessarily do what I am. If I am a stone, I must do a stone's life. I cannot do otherwise than what I am. A lump of ice cannot ignite, because it is not in its nature to do so. Being what I am, I must do as I am. Destiny lies farther back than life; it is in the soul itself; its nature is destined: and as this nature is defined in its origin as son of God, its destiny flows from its origin. My nature is destined; it is not my choice: I willed not to come into being as the son of God: I was sent; in my

\* Studies in Religion, p. 11.

† Ibid., p. 41.

‡ Ibid., p. 40.

§ Studies in Religion, p. 162.

origin is the solution of my destiny; as I am a child of God, or of the good, the infinite, so I am destined to do the good, the eternal; it is my nature so to do, laid upon me by an irresistible fiat: it is natural; I am born to it.\*

"At this moment the arrival of the carriage was announced, and as we rode home, Mrs. Percy proposed I should join a 'circle of inquirers,' as she styled them, who met once a week at each other's houses, to prosecute their *studies in religion*. I expressed my fears 'that my profound ignorance would be a barrier which would be insurmountable; but if herself and friends would permit me to come as a listener, it would afford me the greatest gratification.'

"The next week I received a note inviting me to meet her friends at her own house. I accordingly went, and was introduced into the parlor, where there were ten ladies, all wearing the aspects of fashion and refinement, and as I discovered afterwards, of superior attainments. Most of them were younger than myself. I was received with extreme kindness and cordiality. I expressed my acknowledgments for their politeness, and repeated my fears that I should be found a dull scholar, and that they must be content to begin with me at the alphabet of their science.

"'My dear Mrs. Smith,' said Miss Eleanor Saville, 'you must put us a question which, to your mind, seems the starting-point, the first letter in the alphabet of knowledge.'

"I replied, 'I wish to know what is true in Christianity?'

"'This is, indeed,' she said, 'the *pivotal* of all our inquiries. There are some differences in the German schools, which have been designated as the *Naturalists*, who regard Christianity as founded on facts historical but not miraculous, and the *Rationalists*, who see in Jesus a virtuous man, and in the historians of his life, persons who believed what they wrote. The *Naturalists* explain the miracles on what they consider natural principles, while the *Rationalists*, of whom Strauss is one, deem the whole as mythical.'

"'For my part,' said a young lady, 'I agree with the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist,† in believing both Moses and Jesus were political deceivers, and that the death of the latter was an event un-

\* Studies in Religion.

† S. H. Reimarus, edited by Lessing. Tholuck, speaking of the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist, says—"There was, for a long time, a debate who the author of this work really was; but Samuel Reimarus, professor in Hamburg, acknowledged himself as the author on his death bed."

The author says—"Christ wished to establish an earthly kingdom, but failing in his enterprise, made the despairing exclamation on the cross."

expected by himself, and which his disciples could only meet by feigning an account of his resurrection. And *how* can Prof. Norton call his own pupils "Infidels," for their unbelief (as he is pleased to style it), when he himself questions the resurrection of the saints!\* If Christ appeared to his disciples, why may not his saints?

"As for Moses," continued the young lady, 'the evidences of his uncommon wisdom, doubtless, passed among his countrymen for miracles, and as Strauss says, "his calling was nothing else than that this patriot," (these are his words, not my own,) "when the long-cherished thought of delivering his people returned to him with uncommon vividness in a dream, held this for a divine monition. The smoke and burning of Sinai, at the giving of the law, were but a fire which Moses had kindled upon the mountain, for the purpose of producing an effect upon the imagination of the people, with which, accidentally, a heavy thunder-storm coincided. The shining of his countenance was the result of great excitement, which not only the people, but Moses himself, as he knew not the true origin, considered as something divine." †

"It would seem," I ventured to say to this young lady, 'that the Bible then is a mere collection of fables. ‡

"No," replied the lady, 'the Scriptural accounts were not, perhaps, intentionally deceptive, and therefore not fables, but they are mythical, either veiling great truths in a figurative dress, or describing real events in the form they had acquired from the exaggerations of popular tradition. § I must confess, however, 'tis so hard to sift the wheat from the chaff, that the rewards are not worth the labor!

"May I ask," I inquired of the lady who last spoke, 'what may be deemed to be the facts which are to be relied on, so far as the Saviour is concerned?' She replied, 'With regard to the actual life of Jesus, the foundation on which this immense mass of fable has been constructed, according to Strauss, are these:

\* The miracle of the appearing of the saints after the death of Christ, is thus spoken of by Prof. Norton, in his *Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels*, Additional Notes, pp. 78, 79. "Who, it may be asked, were these saints? How long had they lain in their sepulchres? After Christ's resurrection, it is said, they left their sepulchres, and went into the Holy City. In this extraordinary statement, we may recognize, I think, the fabrication of some relator of the story. If these views are correct, the story must be regarded as a fable." His charge of infidelity on his pupils, is shown by a letter published in *Boston Daily Advertiser*, Oct. 15, 1838.

See Appendix B, for articles by Prof. Norton in *Boston Daily Advertiser*.

† *Life of Christ*, by Strauss. Vol. i. p. 19.

‡ See Appendix C, for articles on Transcendentalism.

§ Strauss makes this distinction.

“Jesus was a native of Nazareth, the son of Joseph and Mary; the entire account of his birth in Bethlehem, with all its circumstances of danger and of miracle, belongs to that class of myths which proceed from the popular desire of glorifying the early life of distinguished men. Some exhibition of uncommon intelligence in childhood, may have given rise to the story of his sojourn in the temple, when twelve years old, though this is doubtful. He probably may have had some instruction from the Essenes, or from the Rabbins and intelligent persons whom he met at the feasts at Jerusalem. At about thirty years of age he became a follower of John the Baptist, who appears to have belonged to the ascetic sect of the Essenes, and to have proclaimed the popular idea, very natural among an oppressed people, that the great expected national deliverer, the Messiah, was at hand. Jesus probably remained a follower of John, much longer than the partiality of tradition would allow us to believe. At length he began to preach—at first, the same doctrine with the Baptist, that the Messiah was soon to appear. Gradually, as he became conscious of his own extraordinary mental powers, the idea occurred to him, that he was destined to fill that office. His conception of the messiahship, which at first, may have been similar to that entertained by the people at large, rose with his increasing experience, until, applying to himself the prophecies of the Old Testament, which speaks of the Son of God as suffering, he was convinced that a violent death, which the malice and the power of his enemies rendered probable, was a part of his great mission. Having exercised the office of a teacher of virtue and the reprover of hypocrisy, he was at length put to death. He did not rise again, but the excited imaginations of his followers presented his form in visions; a report spread of his resurrection, which was believed among his followers, and contributed chiefly to the success of his religion.”\*

“I returned my thanks to the lady for her admirable synopsis, but could not but express my surprise, that so singular a fact as the resurrection of Christ should have obtained credit, and been so carefully vouched for. This remark of mine drew out quite a number of these ladies. One spoke of the very short time our Saviour hung on the cross, taken in connection with the known slowness of that mode of death.

“‘But the spear in his side,’ said I.

“‘Oh that cannot be considered as historical,’ replied a lady.

“Another remarked, that ‘it was difficult to distinguish swoons from catalepsy.’

\* See Christian Examiner, Sept. 1845.

“And another lady gave an example from Josephus, who relates, that of three of his acquaintances whom he obtained permission from Titus to have taken from the cross, two died, and a third was restored.\*

“One lady told us, ‘that *Paulus* supposes Jesus to have been taken from the cross in a swoon, and recovered by the effect of the powerful spices placed around him, while his wounds were mollified by the oils used in embalming.’ Another thought ‘that an earthquake and a flash of lightning contributed to awaken him.’ Another quoted *Bahrdt*, ‘who supposes that Jesus submitted to be crucified, and feigned to expire; that he was taken from the cross and resuscitated through the application of medical means, by his secret associates.’ While another lady stated, ‘that it was held by other distinguished Germans, that he was thrown into a death-like sleep by a draught which his confederates had administered for that purpose.’†

“I must confess, that though these conflicting opinions startled and confounded me, they did not satisfy me. If the narrative be in any degree true, six hours on the cross was likely to destroy life, even had there been no spear to have pierced the side of the Saviour, and the cold air of a cavern and the aroma of spices, would have rather stifled the last breath of life, than have promoted his resuscitation, so it seemed to me, and I ventured to say—‘I could not but express my regret, that the resurrection could be questioned, as all hope of our future life seemed to rest on the integrity of this part of the evangelical history.’

“‘My dear Mrs. Smith,’ replied the lady of the house, ‘a life beyond the grave is the last enemy which speculative criticism has to oppose, and if possible to vanquish.’‡

“This was sufficient for a first lesson, and I went home to ponder over what I had heard. The next day I received a visit from Helen Percy. She was in her nineteenth year, her form was slender and tall, her face full of sweetness, and eyes beautifully bright. I was greatly pleased with her from the first moment I met her. She seemed to me the very personification of gentleness and goodness.

“After our first salutations were over, she said, ‘I have called to bring you the pamphlet which my mother had promised to find you yesterday. I thought you would be the better pleased if I brought it; and I wanted to hear what you thought of all you heard yesterday.’

\* Strauss, vol. ii. p. 648.

† So quoted by Ch. Ex., Sept. 1845.

‡ Strauss, as quoted by Dr. Beard. See Appendix B, for the state of religious opinions in Germany.



"I told her, 'I was every way gratified that she should have made me the call, and that as I was so entirely at a loss to understand much I had heard, she would render me the greatest service, if she would give me some private lessons.'

"She replied, 'It would give me great happiness in any way to please you, for I'm sure I shall like you very much, and I want you to permit me to cultivate your acquaintance. Mother has expressed the hope that we shall be very good friends.'

"This was a most unexpected pleasure; to be sought by one of the most lovely and attractive of the young ladies of Babylon, who was herself surrounded by all that was distinguished, and a compliment from my own sex too, that gave me a moment of enjoyment I had never before experienced. I have been thus particular, because this young lady has been to me the most precious, indeed, the only friend I have ever known. The pamphlet was the 'Dial,' a publication recently commenced, and opening it carelessly, my eye rested on a passage which read thus—

"'GENESIS.—The popular Genesis is historical. It is written to sense and not to soul. Two principles, diverse and alien, interchange the godhead, and sway the world by turns. God is dual. Spirit is derivative. Unity is actual melody. The poles of things are not integrated; creation is globed and orb'd. Yet in the true genesis, nature is globed in the material, souls orb'd in the spiritual firmament. Love globes, wisdom orbs, all things. As magnet the steel, so spirit attracts matter, which trembles to traverse the poles of diversity and rest in the bosom of unity. *All genesis is of love. Wisdom is her form, beauty her costume.*'

"I read the passage aloud to Helen, and asked her what it meant; she confessed, smiling, 'That she did not know.' It was singular that I should have hit upon a passage which she said had puzzled the coterie at one of their meetings, and which no one could solve to the satisfaction of any one, though all had their several renderings.'

"Can you, my dear sir, tell me what it means?" asked Mrs. Smith, "for to this day it remains unsolved. There seems to be a great deal contained in it, but it eludes all my powers of comprehension."

"My dear madam," replied the Gentleman in Black, "what BLUMENBACH said of *Phrenology*, may be said of this '*Neology*:' 'What is new in all this, is not true, and what is true, is not new.' The passage you have recited is merely a new phase given to old authors, who are now masqueraded for the admiration and bewilderment of these would be Pantheists of the present day, and proves the truth of Dugald Stewart's observation before re-

peated by me this evening, that 'opinions are like tunes on a barrel organ, which recur at intervals with a uniformity unwavering.' *Cudworth* quotes a hymn by *Sammius Rhodius*, in his 'wings,' in honor of love as the active principle before Chaos, and out of which the world was made, reading thus:—

"I am not of that wanton boy  
The sea-forth goddess's only joy,  
Pure heavenly love, I hight, and my  
Soft magic charms, not iron bands, fast tie  
Heaven, earth and seas; the gods themselves do readily  
Stoop to my laws. The whole world dances to my harmony.\*"

and *Aristophanes* in his 'Aves,' says, 'That at first was nothing but night and chaos, which, laying an egg, from thence produced love, that mingled again with chaos, begot heaven, earth, and animals, and all the gods.†

"The grand enigma to be solved," continued the Gentleman in Black, "is Life. The great minds of Greece, with a sagacity never surpassed, sought to find a way out of the dark labyrinth in which they found themselves involved. They looked on the world as they found it, and sought to know its origin. Pantheism is as old as Noah's ark, and though the world was washed clean of it by the flood, the seeds of it soon again germinated on the plains of Shinar, and has ever held sway in the minds of men capacitated to look beyond the 'shows of things.' And the 'theory of development,' which has been recently revived with so much admiration, is as old as Pythagoras."

"What is the theory you speak of?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"It is that brought forward as a new discovery, by the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,'‡ that a globule, having a new globule forming within itself, which is the fundamental form of organic being, may be produced in albumen by electricity; and as such

\* *Cudworth*, vol. i. p. 267.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 264.

‡ The success of this work (the "Vestiges of Creation"), shows how successful old forms of thought can be re-vamped and made to pass as entirely new theories. The pantheistic *hyozism* (the attributing of life to matter) is an old form of Grecian philosophy. Tholuck, in his essay on the nature and moral influence of heathenism, says of it. "The Pythagorean Pericyton thus mentions it as in itself very natural, when he says, 'whoever is in a situation to resolve all the laws into one and the same fundamental power, and out of this to replace and enumerate them together again, he seems to be the wisest, and to have the nearest approach of the truth, and he also seems to have found a watch-tower on which one can see God, and view all which pertains to him in its proper connection and order, and arranged in its appropriate place.' Just so was the import of polytheism described by the Stoic school. These pantheistic materialists viewed God as the spiritual fire with whom the visible world is connected in the most intimate union, as the substratum of activity."

globules may be identical with living and reproductive cells, we have the earliest germ of organic life—the *first cause* of all the species of animated nature, which people the earth, the ocean and the air. Born of *electricity* and *albumen*, the simple monad is the first living atom; the microscopic animalcules, the snail, the worm, the reptile, the fish, the bird, and the quadruped, all spring from its invisible loins. The human similitude at last appears in the character of the monkey, the monkey rises into the baboon, the baboon is exalted to the orang-outang, and the chimpanzee, with a more human toe and shorter arms, gives birth to man, the temporary autocrat of the animal world, but destined to give place to higher orders of being, in the never-ending series of metamorphoses with which futurity is pregnant.\*

“This being a brother to a baboon is not so very gratifying, after all,” said Mrs. Smith. “It seems to me, the Mosaic account of man being the work of God, created in his very image and likeness, is decidedly preferable. Upon what new revelation or discoveries does the author base his revival of this theory?”

“It seems a Mr. Crosse produced, as he honestly believes, a louse, by the action of certain acids and electricity; this was a wonderful discovery, and created a great sensation in the world, and upon this, the solution of the enigma of life was again attempted.”

“But then,” said Mrs. Smith, “the ends of the chain of causes will still descend from the clouds to be buried in the ocean;—I don’t see that it will help the matter much. I have heard of breeding maggots in the brain, but this labor of the author of the ‘*Vestiges*’ falls short of the famous mountain of Esop. It is only a *louse*.—Well, let it riot in his own head; I shall not propagate the species in mine.”

“Let me remind you of your friend Helen,” said the Gentleman in Black; “we have quite forgotten her, all this while.”

“Oh! she was a lovely girl; her education had been most carefully conducted, and she was then a hard student, and ambitious of still greater acquisitions. As I became better acquainted with her, I loved her more and more, and I was soon a frequent visitor at her father’s house. He was a merchant, full of business, and had no leisure or inclination to participate with his wife in her ‘moonshine,’ as he playfully termed it. It seemed to make her happy, and he was content. He wanted to share in the society of his child, and took great pleasure in her performance on the piano, and by constant application, she became a most splendid pianist. She was affianced to a young lawyer, of the highest

\* For Prof. Agassiz’s opinion of this work, see Appendix, Note K.

reputation as a writer and advocate, whom she loved with the whole passion of her soul, and yet, as I discovered afterwards, this was kept in severe abeyance in its manifestations, from a humiliating consciousness of his mental superiority. To render herself worthy of his love, seemed the absorbing wish and passion of her very being.

"To go on with my narrative. I was very regular in my attendance on the coterie of inquirers, and heard some strange things, as they seemed to me, but I was a learner, and said as little as I well could. I was told 'Good is positive. Evil is merely privative, not absolute. It is like cold, which is the absence of heat.'\* 'There is no doctrine of the reason which will bear to be taught by the understanding.† This last aphorism perplexed me not a little; it seemed to make the brain a sort of pandemonium where all was conflict, instead of the unity I had once supposed to exist. Then as to the Miracles, I was told everything was miraculous, and that 'the very word Miracle, as pronounced by Christian Churches, gives a false impression; it is a Monster. It is not one with blowing clover, and the falling rain.‡ This was a very ready way to get rid of all the stumbling-blocks of the Bible, by making the raising of the dead and the raising a crop of corn, equally miraculous. There seemed to me, however, a screw loose in this system of logic. I was told, that 'the prayers and even the dogmas of the Christian Church, are like the zodiac of Denderah, and the astronomical monuments of the Hindoos, wholly insulated from anything now extant in the life and business of the people. They now mark the height to which the waters once rose.§

"And yet, by some strange inconsistency of language, as it appeared to me, these ladies were fond of conveying their oracles in a language, in which the old forms of thought constantly appeared, and created no little confusion in my mind, from these being thus made to clothe their new theology, as for example, 'the deep things of God being searched out by the spirit;' the words 'spiritual experience;' 'the penalty of the law;' 'one with God;' 'the presence of God in the soul;' 'salvation by goodness, in and for and by itself, not of works, but goodness, from whence good works flow;|| which seemed very Pauline in its sound, though there was, doubtless, very little of Paul in its intention. 'Salvation by grace, or the presence of God in the soul,' sounded too much like the New Testament; but not so much so, as the recurrence of the quotation: 'The kingdom of heaven is

\* Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson's Address before the Senior Class in the Divinity School, Cambridge, delivered on Sunday evening, July 15, 1838, p. 7.

† Ibid., p. 12.

§ Emerson's Sermon, p. 21.

‡ Ibid., p. 12.

|| Studies in Religion.

within you;' and the 'inner-life,' which was a favorite phrase. But if I was perplexed with seeing old clothes thus worn by stranger-forms, I was all amazement at the chaos of words which came thundering down upon me, with all the unexpectedness of hail-stones out of a clear sky, and lay before me like Torsos of Titans, vast in their proportions and grand even in fragments, but which required some Michael Angelo to reproduce or reconstruct in all their transcendental magnificence.

"And I feared to inquire what was concealed under these majestic forms of thought, for it was more than insinuated 'that the majority of educated and reflecting men and women were possessed of minds so unlike their own, that they doubted their power of constructing a bridge, which would serve for the transmission of ideas to persons so little fitted to receive them.'"

"Can't you give me a specimen?" asked the Gentleman in Black.

"Oh yes, many; but I will give one merely. Speaking on this very subject, one of our most gifted instructors said: 'He who is incapable of enthusiasm for the pure and the lofty, whose heart is not filled with the greatest, great as it may be; he may possess the most excellent gifts for other departments of life and science, but, it is clear he was not born for a theologian. The theologian, unless he remains in the outworks of science, has to do with the most sublime objects; and how can a degraded soul, dead to the impressions from the eternal, be happy in the contemplation of divine things?'"

"I discovered, after a while, that the Baconian mode of philosophizing was regarded as obsolete—induction was a slow process, and the results were uncertain and imperfect. That general truths were to be attained without the previous examination of particulars, by the aid of a higher power than the understanding. 'The hand-lamp of logic' was laid aside, for the truths which are *felt* are more satisfactory and certain than those which are proved. That the sphere of intuition was enlarged, and made to comprehend, not only mathematical axioms, but the most abstruse and elevated propositions respecting the being and destiny of man. Pure intelligence usurped the place of humble research, and hidden meanings, glimpses of spiritual and everlasting truth were found, where former observers sought only for natural facts.

"That the observation of sensible phenomena can only lead to the discovery of insulated, partial and relative laws, but the consideration of the same phenomena in a typical point of view, may lead us to an infinite and absolute truth—to a knowledge of the

\* Ullman's Aphorisms: and Ullman is not a hyper-Transcendentalist.

reality of things,\* and, above all, *that the true Shekinah was man.*†

"One morning a lady was present, who was introduced as Mrs. Margaret Elgin. She resided in the city of the Pilgrims, and was possessed of a strong bias for the old ways of Unitarianism. Mrs. Elgin was on a visit to the lady at whose house we met on that day, and of course, was invited to be present, and the ladies, after the usual courtesies of society, opened the conversation of the morning, by asking this lady, whose aspects were those of great goodness and intelligence, 'What progress was making in the advancement of *spiritual* religion in her city?'

"'Alas!' replied the lady, 'we are getting on not faster than crabs; we are on a backward movement, and where we shall bring up, I don't exactly see.'

"'Indeed,' said a young lady next me, 'in what particulars does this retrograde movement consist?' and she looked at me, as if amused with what would chance to follow.

"'Why, my dear,' replied the lady, 'I have been living not quite the life of an oyster, but busy with my boys and girls; sewing on a button for my husband, and taking "a stitch in time," to keep my boys' trowsers from falling to the ground in an unexpected moment, till my seamstress could give their waistbands more thorough repair, so I have not kept up with the progress of improvement; and every Sabbath I have listened to an old minister, who has been our pastor for thirty years. So you may guess my surprise when my husband bought Mr. Emerson's address, and told me there was a specimen of the new theology that was coming into fashion, or as he called it, out of the book, the new "Cultus" which was to be established among us. I thought it time for me to look about me, and see where I was, and with whom I was living.'

"'And what did you find, madam?' asked the young lady.

"'Why, I confess to you, ladies, my surprise was infinite, when I was told "that there was no personal Deity," but that the true divinity was within me. That sin and depravity are but skin-deep, and strike off some of that which was *extraneous*, and all is beautiful within, nay, Godlike! for why should it not be godlike, since it is a part of Deity itself? Now all this was wonderful enough, but not all the wonders I was destined to learn. As a mother of five boys and four girls, and fine boys and girls they are! but with whose waywardness and passions I had learned

\* Christian Examiner, January, 1837.

† This sentence is quoted by Carlyle, "Sartor Resartus," from St. Chrysostom, whose "lips of gold" are commended, and who doubtless used it in a very different sense from Mr. Carlyle.

the doctrine of man's native depravity, in ten thousand ways, I was told, "that childhood is not only innocent, but that my babies were so many Messiahs!" "That all infants were prophets!" As prophets, I must say, they were sometimes sadly at loggerheads with each other, and but for my presence, would oftentimes have pulled each other's heads off their shoulders. Nor was this all—"That we must pray to the Deity within us, and that all other prayer was mockery," and lastly, "that the belief in an external heaven, and an external hell, was little better than to believe in Salem witchcraft." And, as you may guess, the Bible has become an obsolete book with these new theologians, and though it is said—"The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences, that have been the bread of life to millions, but they have no *epical integrity*; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect;"\* we are taught by the modern Socrates, "to look for a new Teacher, that shall follow so far those shining laws, that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty and with Joy."†

"Now ladies, you may perhaps wish to know when this new preacher is to arise; but of this I can give you no knowledge. Some do say, that there are better Pauls and better Jesuses now, than any we read of; and I have had some of these errants of the pulpit pointed out as examples of these important announcements; but for my part, I believe I shall hold on to the old-school theology, flog my boys, and run the risk of offending some new-born divinity. Solomon with all his sins, I prefer to Ralph.'

"It was impossible not to be amused with this lady, who was so honest and earnest in her adherence to the well-tried system of divinity and education; but there was evidently a growing desire to see how far common sense could stand the conflict of transcendental philosophy.

"A lady asked, 'if these new views were not destined to be opposed very warmly.'

"The lady replied, 'that Professor Norton had at last come out of his study to cast a horoscope, and see which way the world was going; and had evidently been surprised to find, that while he was at work consolidating the evidences of Christianity, on a basis which would be permanent as the everlasting hills, the whole aspect of the heavens had changed. His work was of no value. Whether the Gospels were true or false, was

\* Rev. Mr. Emerson's Address, p. 31.

† Ibid., p. 31.

now a matter of no moment, his theological pupils had found out a shorter cut at certainty in divinity; had told him, that a Christianity which required to be proved, was every way worthless, mere musty historical parchment, already time-worn, and the sooner it was cast to the dogs the better. The poor doctor was at his wits'-end, his years of labor all superseded, and so he has,' continued the lady, with a good-natured laugh, 'issued a sort of proclamation,\* in which he declares that they are all "Infidels and Atheists—that there is at present in New England no Unitarian body held together by any community of belief or purpose. That the name has been so extended, as to comprehend individuals whose opinions, respecting what is essential in religion, are directly opposite to the opinions of those by whom it was formerly held, and has therefore lost all meaning. \* \* \* \* Whether for good or evil, the Unitarian party is broken up; the name has become a name of suspicion. \* \* \* \* Men of honorable feelings will regard it as a gross deception, or as a strange hallucination, for any one to pretend to be a minister of Christ, while he disbelieves that Christianity is a miraculous dispensation." And Professor Ware has come to his help, and has published a letter,† in which he comforts the theological Professor, by saying, "this state of things might seem a matter of no great concern, a mere *insurrection of folly*, a sort of *Jack Cade rebellion*, which in the nature of things must soon be put down, if those engaged in it were not gathering confidence from neglect, and had not proceeded to attack principles which are the foundation of human society and human happiness." And now, my dear ladies, you will pardon me for repeating his compliment to our sex; but if you want to know the news of our religious world, you must *bear* with me, and *forbear* with the Professor.'

"By all means,'—'Certainly,'—'Let's have it,' exclaimed the circle.

"It is not very kind of him,' continued the lady smiling, 'but he found it in his heart to speak of us in a very Paul-like phrase, "*silly women, it has been said*, and young men, it is to be feared, have been drawn away from their Christian faith, if not divorced from all that can properly be called religion."†

"You see, ladies, the silly women are still the leaders in this new attempt to gather the apples from the tree of knowledge—it is somewhat new for us, to become leaders of an insurrection of any sort, but Prof. Ware assures us of our right and title to this bad "eminence," of being the "*movement party*," as they say

\* See Appendix B. for the explanation of this lady's remarks.

† See Appendix E. for the letter here referred to.



in France, in this Jack Cade rebellion against the orthodoxy of Unitarianism. "Silly women, it is *believed*," mark that! "and silly young men, it is to be *fear*ed, have been drawn away from their Christian faith." Alas! for us poor women, we are always in the wrong; always first in transgression!

"And is that all?" said the young lady near me.

"My dear, I'm sure it is quite a good deal," replied the lady, in a tone of surprise.

"Silly women!" repeated a lady somewhat advanced;—the only lady unmarried on the shady side of life of our coterie.

What might have followed I know not, for Mrs. Percy now addressed Mrs. Elgin, and asked if Prof. Norton had not himself laid the basis for this religious development, in the very principles stated by him in the work she referred to, and also in the lectures he had delivered before the divinity students.

"Indeed I don't know," replied the lady. "He lives among the shades of the University, and in the seclusion of his own study, whilst I am in the busy pursuit of crying babies, and restless, reckless children. Here's a bump on one head which must have its patch of brown paper dipt in brandy,—another's nose has fallen to bleeding, and wants the door-key put down his back, to stop the bleeding—and then in comes a girl whose petticoat, spic-span new when she sat out for school, has by some strange combination of circumstances been transformed into a trail of no very reputable appearance, a yard long. So you see, my dear Mrs. Percy, while the professor has been engaged in his studies into the nature of spirit, I have been absorbed by the adipose parts of organic life—our *spheres* have been distinct—while he has directed his energies to give activity to the lobes of the brain, mine have not as yet reached half so high."

"Though Mrs. Percy smiled very amiably, she was not ready to let the subject drop. 'Professor Norton has no right to give his pupils the cognomen of "infidels of the latest forms," without asking, if his own teachings have not led to this as a necessary and most legitimate consequence. As professor of theology, he has, as I am told by very good authority, taught skepticism as to the inspiration and veracity of the Bible, in both its divisions—the new as well as the old. Now, if the Bible be placed on a level with any and all other books, we must build up our forms of science as best we may, from such sources from *without* and *within*, as we may be possessed of; and the true question to be settled, and to which he should have addressed himself, is this,—such being the sources of knowledge, is the system he denounces, most accordant with *the Reason* or not? Those who believe in the inspiration and integrity of the Scriptures, have a basis, to

stand on, which is impregnable. To such it is sufficient for them to point to a text, and to say, "Thus saith the Lord"—but not so these gentlemen who have dug down the foundation of the faith of their fathers, and still demand the Church shall stand on the few stones they have left unshaken, or upon the piles they have driven down, to hold it up. And though I am one of those "*silly women*" Dr. Ware has spoken of, I should say all this to the doctor, if he were sitting in your chair.'

" 'Well, dear Mrs. Percy,' replied the lady, 'I don't mean to take either the doctor's or the professor's place in this discussion; but if the professor has been sowing dragon's teeth, he should not make such an outcry at the unruly spirits who seem now to haunt him of his peace. And, I assure you, that we have had no little perplexity in the coteries of our city, for while our theologians were thus awaking to the fierceness of a polemical conflict, our "Mutual Admiration Society," of which they were honorary members, were in dismay, not knowing which side to take in the affray.'

" 'Mutual Admiration Society!' exclaimed our ladies. 'What society is this?'

" 'Is it possible,' said the Mrs. Elgin, 'that you have never heard of it?'

" 'Never! never!' was repeated by all the circle.

" 'Indeed! that's very odd! The society, I am aware, has had its origin in our city; but it has worked so well with us, that I had supposed it must have extended over the whole land.'

" 'Do, pray, tell us all about it,' said the ladies.

" 'It is very simple in its organization,' replied the good-natured lady, with a laugh, 'and admits of no possible conflict among its members. It is just this: "you tickle me and I'll tickle you;" and originated in this way. Some few years since, a "rising young man," not finding himself getting up in the world as fast as the aspirations of his ambition prompted him to rise, ventured to create a little public opinion on his own behalf, as it was affirmed by his political opponents, and generally believed by the public. The articles appeared in one of our papers, and were traced, so it was said, to his own door: the good people of Essex were indignant at this attempt to lead them by the nose, and the poor young man was bound over to his good behavior for several years, before they would consent to call him into public life. It became necessary, therefore, to organize this society, for mutual aid and support; for what one may not do for himself, may be done for him by a friend, and *this is done* to the admiration of our good people, who are too busy to form their own opinions,

and so take them manufactured to their hand. Now, whenever one of our "rising men" blows up a soap-bubble, all the members stand ready to give it a puff, till the bubble is high in air, glowing with all the hues and dyes of the sun of popular applause. 'Tis true, they sometimes *burst up* at once, but generally they hold on till they are lost sight of—which is very soon.'

"My dear madam," said Mrs. Percy, 'do talk a little plain English, that we may understand you.'

"How can you ask such a thing," replied the lady, 'of one who comes from the atmosphere of idealism?'

"Do, please, give an example," said Mrs. Percy.

"Well, then, we will suppose one of our highly talented scholars, distinguished for the brilliancy of his imagination and the vastness of his attainments, is selected to deliver a Phi-Beta-Kappa oration, which must contain, as a matter of course, a full share of admiration for all the honorary members of the society, dead and living; "soft sawder," as Sam Slick would say; the society instantly commence their labors, through the press, and the corresponding members in all the commonwealth re-echo the admiration, till the whole press is literally saturated with eulogy.

"I have thought it strange that all this thunder seemed bottled up, like the winds of Boreas, and that we never heard any reverberations from the press of Babylon; but I now understand it as being only "adapted for family use and home consumption." They sometimes do seek a wider range than the newspapers of the State, though this is not often attempted. My husband is furious whenever he sees any of the "hoofs," as he delights to call them, of these young lions imprinted in the newspaper, and dashes the paper into the fire; and, the other day, he was reading the North American Review, when, all at once, he tore out a dozen pages and crammed them into the grate. I cried out against such sacrilege, and begged him to desist, for I had not read it. "Nor do I mean you shall—a set of squirts!" was his rough review of the reviewers. But he is getting old, and swears he won't be *humbugged*; and solemnly affirms that these "young lions" are, after all, only counterfeits, and that if their "caudal appendages" can be hid, their ears can't.'

"My dear Mrs. Elgin," said Mrs. Percy, 'you delight to speak your dark sayings in parables.'

"Very true, my dear madam; but, you see, this is a delicate subject, and needs to be handled very gingerly.'

"To recur to the topic we were speaking of," said Mrs. Percy. 'You will understand, I do not speak of this matter to you,' said Mrs. Percy, addressing Mrs. Elgin, 'in the spirit of

controversy; but, to show the facts in the case, I will read to you, from a book I have in my hand, a quotation from Professor Norton.' She read as follows—

"For myself in regard to the Old Testament, though I believe the divine origin of the Mosaic Dispensation, I regard the Pentateuch as a book full of fables, *compiled* after the captivity, and the other historical books as having no more claim to be divinely inspired than the histories of Eusebius and his successors. In the prophecies, *as they are called*, there are noble conceptions of religion and duty, (considering the times in which they were written;) but I do not believe that their authors claimed a miraculous power of predicting future events, or were supposed by their cotemporaries to possess it. When we come to the New Testament, I put the highest value on the Gospels, as an authentic record of the ministry of Jesus, and regard with strong interest the writings of Paul, as exhibiting in the most striking manner the workings of a powerful and admirable mind under an all-pervading conviction of the truth of Christianity. But I ascribe the authorship of neither the Gospels nor the epistles to God, and cannot call them in *any sense* the word of God.\*

"Now, my dear madam,' said Mrs. Percy, laying the pamphlet in her lap, 'do you not wonder that Professor Norton, having uttered such sentiments, could call any of his scholars infidels? Well may Mr. Ripley say, when speaking of such sentiments in his letter to Professor Norton: "To a large majority of Christians, this language will appear like gross infidelity. I leave it to the candid Christian community," he says, "whether such a writer is authorized to accuse his brethren of infidelity."†

"That is rather a tight place for the Professor, certainly, and I shall let him get out as best he may,' replied the lady; 'but, my dear Mrs. Percy, for my own part, I soon gave up the chase for this *ignis-fatuus*, called *truth*, and have made up my mind to hold on to the whole Bible as the word of God; and as my children must be taught the principles of a religion of some sort, in looking over the drawer of my precious grandmother, whose piety was to my childhood the very form and pressure of angelical goodness, I found a primer covered with brocade-silk, and carefully tied with a ribbon. It was a "Westminster Catechism," and I am teaching it, to the best of my ability, to my children.'

"The astonishment this created was electric, and more than one exclaimed, 'The Westminster Catechism!'

\* So cited in *New Englander, Quarterly Review* for April, 1846, p. 257.

† Rev. George Ripley's Letters on "Latest form of Infidelity," Boston, 1840, p. 36.

“ ‘Yes, my dear friends, and I only wish it was better known, and more thoroughly studied, and that our lives were imbued with its grand truths. I think the children might become somewhat like the pilgrim-fathers, whose virtues shine forth in the 4th of July orations, while the great religious principles, which constituted them the founders of the Republic, are, fifty-two days in the year, certainly, and perhaps oftener, treated with most manifest coolness, to say nothing more.’ ”

“ ‘My dear madam,’ asked Mrs. Percy, ‘do you understand that Catechism?’ ”

“ ‘I think I get a glimpse or two of its meaning,’ replied the lady, ‘and since some people have turned the Bible out of doors, I have taken it into my chamber, and I find it a most marvellous book, so well adapted to the wants and ways of men, so full of most attractive narrative, and then with such hopes of heaven! Indeed you would be delighted to see my children around me, those who can’t read, requesting me to tell them Bible stories. To my dear children, these have all the charm a new Waverley novel once had for me, in my young days. Let others do as they please, “*my book and heart shall never part.*” ’ ”

“Mrs. Percy could not but smile, to hear the lady give proof of her proficiency in the primer, whatever might be the extent of her studies of the Scriptures. For myself, I could not but envy her the happiness of all her boys and girls; and saw her, happy and joyous, overflowing with love, sitting with all these little folks around her, teaching them ‘who was the first man,’ and ‘who the first woman,’ and those ancient lyrics of two lines each, or perhaps, pointing out to them the martyrdom of the blessed John Rogers, and all setting their heads together to count the children in the picture, to see if there were really ten or nine, including ‘one at the breast.’ ” Mrs. Smith sighed, and for an instant forgot her story, and looked pensively at the beautiful foot, which was being gently tossed as if a child was in her imagination riding on its toe; but recollecting herself, she went on:

“As there was nothing to be said further, on the topics for which we met, I took leave of the circle; and as I drove home, I forgot everything but the laughter-loving mother, and her boys with their broken heads and brown paper patches, and girls with their new fashioned trails, made of spic-span new petticoats.

“The Sabbath following our interview with this lady from the City of the Pilgrims, she attended at our church, and we had one of those beautiful discourses which are full of grand and undefined conceptions of the ideal; the preacher was eminently felicitous, as I thought, in the discovery of the *real* under the aspects worn

by the *apparent*; and, after church, Mrs. Percy, and the lady, and myself, walked homeward together.

“ ‘What did you think of the sermon?’ inquired Mrs. Percy of the lady.

“ ‘Dear Mrs. Percy,’ said the lady, ‘I could make nothing at all of it; and I was thinking, as he went along, if old Deacon Pilsbury, of Newbury, was alive, and had been present, he would have been constrained to get up, as he once did, when one of the new divinity men of his day, whom we should now style an Orthodox Unitarian, had preached a sermon in his meeting-house, and would have cried out, “Peas in a bladder, brethren! peas in a bladder! No food for my soul this day.”’

“I laughed outright, but Mrs. Percy was evidently displeased, and our place of parting having arrived, I bid the ladies good-morning.

“The next day I called to see Helen, who had been confined by sickness to her house, and was telling her the anecdote, when Mrs. Percy came in. The conversation turned upon Mrs. Elgin, and her communications as made to us at our last meeting.

“ ‘This lady,’ said Mrs. Percy, ‘is a fair specimen of the *orthodoxy* of Unitarianism. The development of new views of religious science frightens them, and they retreat back upon opinions venerable for their antiquity, fearful to go forward to follow out the legitimate consequences of their own received opinions.’

“ ‘Do you think, Mrs. Percy,’ I asked, ‘that *our views* will ever be generally received by the multitude?’

“ ‘No, my dear,’ she replied, ‘few are capable of the mental discipline which will enable them to grasp the great truths of true science. The ancient philosophers felt this, and followed the example of the priests of Egypt in hiding their highest forms of thought behind the veil of mysteries. As to the Unitarianism of the Old School, it is already *effete* in the opinion of those who first set the ball in motion. I have seen a letter from Dr. Channing, addressed to J. Blanco White, in which he breathes his aspirations for progress in religious reformation. He says, “It is not by assailing the *low* in practice or principle, but by manifesting the *high*, that the great work of reformation is to go on. Whence shall this force come? I would that I could look on Unitarianism with more hope. But this system was, at its recent revival, a protest of the understanding against absurd dogmas, rather than the work of deep religious principle, and was early paralyzed by the mixture of a material philosophy, and fell too much into the hands of scholars and political reformers; and the consequence is, a want of vitality and force, which gives us little hope of its accomplishing much under its present auspices,

or its present form.”\* And one brought up at the feet of our modern Gamaliel has told me, “Unitarianism was not to him a fountain of *life*. The best he ever said of it was, that he hoped it was the road to the fountain. He never pretended that he had learned precisely what that power is which should change the selfishness of the heart into love, although he asserted so eloquently that as sure as God lives, such a power Jesus personally possessed; and, under certain conditions, which, however, he did not clearly define, all men might gain it from him.” She said, “it was affecting to see how careful he was of the *lantern* which should contain this light, and how intensely conscious of the darkness that needs its beams.” That “he always declared the system of Unitarianism, the best he knew,” was yet “a very meagre and lifeless statement of the Christian religion, quite inadequate to have stirred into existence the stormy chaos that Christendom has hitherto been, or manifestly inadequate to make that chaos an ordered world,”† and my friend believed Dr. Channing “gave many signs, before he passed away, of being intrinsically superior to the system he supported; for, she said, he absorbed from another system than his own, something higher still, which put him into sublimer relations than he himself knew.”

“Now, from all these indications of dubiety and change,‡

\* Letter of Dr. Channing in *Life of J. Blanco White*, dated 18th Sept., 1839.

† From “*The Present*” for November, 1843, page 91. Edited by W. H. Channing. “*The Present*” for April, 1844, p. 401. See Appendix, F.

‡ The following article appeared in the *Southern Churchman*, and was copied into the *N. E. Puritan*, vol. viii. No. 28, of July 15, 1847.

“The Rev. W. E. Channing, if not the father of Unitarianism in this country, was one of those most active and successful in promoting it. His polished eloquence gave him, in connection with his general refinement and high moral tone, a notoriety none of his class have enjoyed. Dr. C. was originally Orthodox, but gradually sunk down till he became a mere Unitarian, regarding Christ only as a virtuous man and his religion only as an excellent system of ethics. With these sentiments we suppose—we fear, he died; but we find in an instructive little volume by the Rev. Dr. Burgess, of Hartford, a statement which to our mind implies that in his last days, Dr. C. felt the chilliness and meagreness of his system, and would fain, if it had been possible, have put into it a life and power which does not belong to it, or to any system which does not make Christ “very God,” as well as “very Man.” Dr. Channing died in 1842. During that year the noted Mr. Brownson, who had been a theological follower, and styled himself a spiritual son of Dr. C., addressed him a letter declaring he had discovered the hollowness of the system which they both in common held, and that it satisfied neither the claims of truth, nor the wants of the human heart. What effect this warning had cannot be known; but it appears that attending a meeting of a society in Lenox, Mass., soon after, Dr. C. delivered an address in which he used language, which to say the least, sounds strange to our ears, coming from a man with his views. “As if,” says Dr. Burgess, “through all his negations, a gleam from the hea-

continued Mrs. Percy, 'in the mind of Dr. Channing in his closing years, there's no doubt had he been possessed of better and firmer health, he would have been equally bold in his attacks on the system of Unitarian divinity as he left it, as he was in his grand demonstration on the old forms of Orthodoxy. No man has ever had the courage to make such an onslaught as he did years ago, on the time-honored opinions of the pilgrim fathers of his native land.'

"As I found her communicative, and mounting one of her hobby-horses, I asked her to be so kind as to give me an example of this fearlessness, for I had been of the opinion that the doctor was one of those shrewd men who never ventured into controversies in which he was not warmly sustained by the public opinion of his beloved city, on the cresting waves of which he was well content to ride, but which he had no especial desire to lash into a tempest.

"She said, 'she had never read anything which surpassed his blow directed at the cross of Christ.'

"As I had no recollection of it, she was pleased to repeat the following sentence from a sermon of his, in which he says:— 'Suppose a teacher should come among you, and should tell you that the Creator, in order to pardon his children, had erected a gallows in the centre of the universe, and had publicly executed upon it, in room of the offenders, an infinite being, the partaker of his own Supreme Divinity; suppose him to declare that the execution was appointed as a most conspicuous and terrible manifestation of God's justice, and of the infinite woe denounced by his law; and suppose him to add that all things in heaven and earth are required to fix their eyes on this fearful sight, as the most powerful enforcement of obedience and virtue. Would you not tell him that he calumniated his Maker? Would you not say to him that this *central gallows* threw a gloom over the universe? that the spirit of a government whose very acts of pardon were written in such blood, was terror, not paternal love; and that the

ven of truth had shot in at sunset;" Dr. Channing said—"the doctrine of the Word made flesh shows us God uniting himself most intimately with our nature, manifesting himself in a human form, for the very end of making us partakers of his own perfection. \* \* \* The doctrine of grace as it is termed, he said, reveals the Infinite Father imparting his Holy Spirit, the best gift he can impart, to the humblest being who implores it."

"In the concluding paragraph he uttered what as a rhetorical apostrophe would be almost profane, and as a prayer would be at variance with the efforts of his life: 'Come, friend and Saviour of the race, who didst shed thy blood upon the cross to reconcile man to man, and earth to Heaven!'

"A few days after he died at Bennington, Vermont."



obedience which needed to be upheld by this horrid spectacle was nothing worth.\*

"I listened with astonishment, and asked her, 'if after this, Dr. Channing could go into his pulpit, and read, and preach from the Epistles of Paul?'"

"Your astonishment, my dear madam," said the Gentleman in Black, interrupting Mrs. Smith, "could not have exceeded my own, when I saw the sentence. It seemed to me unsurpassed for its force and condensation of thought and feeling."

Mrs. Smith was more mystified than ever, and was evidently endeavoring to find some spot in which she could fix the stranger, who seemed "everything by turns, and nothing long."

"And do you think the Bible inspired by the spirit of God?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"It wears all the impress of a divine origin," replied the Gentleman in Black.

"And what form of faith do you deem best?"

"My dear madam, I am very Catholic in these matters; any sort is very good, so you don't have too much of it."

"Ah! but how can I have too much, when the command is, to 'love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our strength, and with all our mind; and our neighbors as ourselves?'"

"That's very true," replied the Gentleman in Black.

"Then indeed," said Mrs. Smith, "the case of all men is hopeless, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

"Madam," replied the Gentleman in Black, in a cold and severe tone; "God and the sun are seen in their own light! the aids of human learning won't help you. If you are thus condemned, what better is left you, than to eat, drink, and be merry?"

"But I am like Damocles at the feast of the tyrant of Syracuse," said Mrs. Smith, "the sword hangs over me suspended by the untwisting thread of human life, I have no appetite for the feast spread before me."

The Gentleman in Black grew impatient of the subject, and begged Mrs. Smith to do him the favor to go on with her narrative.

[We here omit much more of what occurred in relation to the new theology, and Mrs. Smith's personal experience. Mrs. Smith and her friend were in search of certainty as to *intuitions*, which, on comparison, they found frequently distressingly diverse. "The magnet of their minds was constantly traversing the poles of diversity, and never found rest in the bosom of unity." The colloquy proceeded as follows.]

\* Channing's Works, p. 423,

“ In our attempts to reach the heights, or, if you please, the depths of Kant, we were not a little mystified, as, I suppose, most persons are, who attempt to read him in an English dress; or who take a more usual and short-hand cut, of adopting his philosophy as it comes, somewhat diluted, in that most uncertain of all indexes—the Dial. Still, it was something to dig down to the foundations of the mind; and the task, though hard, was not renewed without, as we believed, some kind auspices. We had an idea, or what Dr. Franklin’s angler would have called ‘a glorious nibble,’ and that we were not entirely successful, we believed arose from no want of truth in the philosophy, or of perspicacity in its expounders, but in consequence of the diseased state of our souls, encumbered as were the vehicles of thought by the bread and butter, and soups and meats, we had been fed upon from infancy, and which thus impeded our progress. Acting upon this idea, Helen and I determined to try what would be the effect of a change of our diet—and we at once adopted a system which exceeded even the system recently so popular, and out-Grahamed Graham. We drank our water by measure, and eat our bread by weight—and if opinions could be induced by dieting, we might have become Boodhists at once—and I think there is something in this, though, for my part, I could not carry out my experience to any great extent; for my husband, though usually entirely absorbed in his own pursuits, could not but remark upon it, and was anxious to know why this change had been adopted. Now to tell him the truth, would have induced a series of ridicule I was not willing to meet, so that I found myself unable to keep pace with my dear friend in her onward progress.”

“ Pray, what notions did you start with ? ” inquired the Gentleman in Black.

“ Why, these were somewhat difficult for us to define—the most important of all was, that in the reason lie conceptions or ideas, not derived from experience, but which are the foundations of all knowledge, and that these are the pure intuitions of the mind—but the task was, to find what *intuitions* were universal and true. Now there were, in our coterie, a dozen ladies, old and young, who were in the pursuit of this clue, through this psychological labyrinth, and as we had discarded the Scriptures, as being a standard of truth for us, we found ourselves all wandering in a different way, and, as I have reason to fear, ‘all in the downward road.’ Some of our ladies, who were more learned than the others, told us of Plato and his intellectual archetypes, another of Aristotle and his immaterial phantasms, another of Epicurus, and his effigies thrown forth from the objects themselves, and some were disciples of Des Cartes, and demanded proof as to all these

systems; which was more easy to ask than to receive, reducing all our knowledge to consciousness, of which a very young lady, who had studied Greek, denied, like another Pyrrho, the existence. Another, who read only English, entertained us with the ideal theory of Berkeley,

“She would not, with a peremptory tone,  
Assert the nose upon her face her own.”

The results of our investigations were decidedly pantheistic, and amounted to this, that life is but ‘a composition of assembled phenomena,’ dissolved by death.”

“But what became of your pure intuitions, all this while?” asked the Gentleman in Black.

“Ah! that was the trouble; our circle of inquirers at last hit upon an expedient, which we thought would be satisfactory. Accordingly, we determined to select a subject for our private reflections, and during the ensuing week to observe a very rigid abstinence from all food, except bread and water, and to write out our *intuitions*, which we were to read at our next meeting. The subject was ‘the nature and existence of God;’ and we separated with sanguine hopes of success, meaning, if we found ourselves successful, to go through the whole circle of inquiries in this way.

“Accordingly we met, and some of the ladies said they were in the condition of the philosopher, who was requested to solve this question by Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse—the longer they reflected, the more they were in doubt, and begged to be excused from attempting a solution of the question. I will not attempt to tell you all that was read, and which was surprisingly discordant. One quoted the opinions of Hegel, the father of the philosophy of ‘Young Germany,’ ‘that God was an unconscious power, which pervades all persons, and which arrives to self-consciousness only in the personality of man, an ever streaming immanence of spirit in matter.’ Another said she agreed with Professor Michelet, that ‘God is the eternal movement of the universal principle, constantly manifesting itself in individual existences, and which has no true objective existence, but in these individuals, which pass away into the infinite.’ And one, who had read the ‘*Leben Jesu*’ of Strauss, held his opinion confidently, that ‘*He is a man who knows no other God than him, who in the human race is constantly becoming man.*’\* For as

\* Tholuck, speaking of the Pantheism of Germany, says, “Since God, say these theorists, cannot be unlimited, if the personality of man be considered real, this personality can only be *apparent*. The original unlimited existence which pervades the universe, strives through its own activity to become ob-

man, considered as a mere finite spirit, and restricted to himself, has no reality, so God considered as an infinite spirit, restricting himself to his infinity, has no reality. The infinite has reality only so far as he unites himself to finite spirits, and the finite, only so far as he *sinks* himself in the infinite.' One young lady quoted, as the result of her reading, *Heine*, the disciple of Hegel, and read with emphasis, this sentence of his writings :

"We are free—and need no thundering tyrant—we are of age, and need no fatherly care—we are not the hand-work of any great mechanic. Theism is a religion of slaves—for children, for Genevise and watch-makers.'

"Now it happened, that just after our ladies had commenced reading their papers, a very excellent old lady, the grandmother of one of our number, entered, under the impression, as it turned out, that this was a devotional meeting, and quietly took her seat beside her grand-child, a lovely girl, who was one of our number, greatly to the surprise and annoyance of us all, and of her grand-child in particular. At first we paused, fearing to go on; but she expressed a hope 'that she should be permitted to participate in our exercises,' of the nature of which she was entirely ignorant—and one of the ladies, more fearless than the rest, went on with the reading of her paper, and the rest reluctantly followed. The old lady took out her knitting, and sat apparently intently occupied with her work, till these last words were read. She then laid down her work in her lap, and putting her specks on her cap, looked around on the group, with an air of perfect astonishment. She may not have comprehended what had been going forward, but now her mind opened to a clear conception of the

jective to itself, that is, to arrive at self-consciousness; the infinite becomes objective to itself when it reveals itself in the finite, and when this finite revelation is conscious of its unity with the infinite. Hence, from the stone to the angel, individuality is merely apparent, but nothing more than the modifications of the infinite first principle. Human individuals realize the greatest perfection of the infinite principle, to come to a consciousness of itself, because men, through the faculty of thought, feeling, or the imagination, clearly conceive themselves as manifestations of the infinite. This is the manner in which these theorists endeavor to destroy all individual personality. With the rejection of the personality of finite existence, is necessarily connected the rejection of the personality of the infinite. For as the infinite unlimited God arrives at self-consciousness, only through the creation of the finite individual, so it is clear, that if we in any sense ascribe personality to him, it can only be the apparent personality of the finite individual—that is, his life. Other consequences equally shocking, flow from these principles. If God be the only and equally universal agent, in all beings, then good and evil are equally the acts of God, and the objective difference between good and evil falls to the ground."—*Tholuck's History of Theology in the 18th Century*, article "Panteism."

nature and direction of our literary inquiries—and no longer able to contain herself, and addressing the young lady,

“‘May I ask, who made the world?’ inquired the old lady, commencing her attack.

“‘The world, and all worlds, created themselves,’ replied the very young lady.

“‘Bless me!’ said the old lady, in tones of surprise—‘by what law did such order arise?’

“‘Of fate or necessity,’ was the reply.

“‘Out of what?’ continued the old lady.

“‘Out of infinite atoms, that have a passion for every change into which they enter.’

“‘But whence these atoms, and whence the laws, or passions for change?’

“The young lady now looked around for help, but no one came to her assistance.

“‘I had supposed,’ said the old lady, ‘that the maxim was as old as Democritus—

“Naught springs from naught, and can to naught return.”’

“We all sat as silent as whipped children, and had not a word to say for ourselves.

“The old lady, looking around upon us with no little severity, said, ‘How wonderful it is, that here, in this land and in this age, a coterie of well bred, well instructed females can be found, laboring to put out the light of conscience, and of nature—striving to become infidels. Truly has St. Paul said of such, “professing to be wise, they become fools”—accounting the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God, by which life and immortality are brought to light, the fables and myths of a past age.’

“‘My dear madam,’ said the very young lady, ‘all the great minds of the present age deem them so.’

“‘What great minds?’ asked the old lady sharply. ‘Was Napoleon a great mind? Las Casas tells us he said to him, at St. Helena, where his soul had time to reflect on his destiny, “Perhaps I shall again believe implicitly. God grant I may. I do not ask a greater blessing. It must in my mind be a great and real happiness.”\* He said, too, “I never doubted the existence of God, for if my reason was inadequate to comprehend it, my mind was not less disposed to adopt it.” Was not Sir Humphry Davy a great mind? Hear what he says in the *closing* days of a life made illustrious by his genius and discoveries. Then, when he took a just view of life, he said, “I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others—not genius, power, wit, or

\* Las Casas, vol. iii. p. 201.

fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes a disciple of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity: makes an instrument of torture and of shame, the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."\* Was not La Place a great mind? His last words were worthy of so great a man: "What we know, is little; what we are ignorant of, is immense:"† and, speaking of the phenomena of the solar system, he says, "It is as infinity to unity that this is not the effect of hazard."‡ And what to these men are the names of Kant, of Hegel, of Heine, of Strauss, of Michelet, and Fichte?—men devoted to a science which Mr. Tucker, one of those best acquainted with the subject, has told us, is only able, "like the spear of Achilles, to heal the wounds it had made before. It casts no additional light upon the paths of life, but only disperses the clouds with which it had overspread them. It advances not the traveler one step on his journey, but conducts him back again to the spot from whence he had wandered." §

"May I ask who this Mr. Tucker was?" interrupted a lady near me.

"Mr. Tucker was the author of 'The Light of Nature,'" replied the old lady.

"An English empiric," said the very young lady, with a sneer.

"Empiric! What do you mean by that? Do you mean a quack?"

"Oh, never, dear madam; not exactly a quack, but one whose philosophy is purely sensuous; or, as Lord Bacon has it, "all our knowledge is derived from experience."

"And Bacon?"

"The hierophant of empiricism," replied the very young lady.

"My dear child, let me recite you some verses I learned many years ago, and which contain truths that have stood the test of human scrutiny, and which I doubt if you ever have read.' The old lady then recited these lines:

\* From "Consolations in Travel," p. 63.

† Powell, Hist. Nat. Phil., p. 378.

‡ System, vol. ii. p. 366.

§ Light of Nature, chap. xxxii.

"Who holds that naught is known, denies he knows  
 E'en this, thus owning that he nothing knows.  
 With such I ne'er could reason, who, with face  
 Distorted, treads the ground just trod before.  
 Yet grant e'en this he knows: since naught exists  
 Of truth in things, whence learns he what to know,  
 Or what not know? What things can give him first  
 The notion crude of what is false or true?  
 Search, and this earliest notion thou wilt find  
 Of truth and falsehood from *the senses drawn*,  
*Nor aught can e'er refute them*: for what once,  
 By truths opposed, their falsehood can detect,  
 Must claim a trust far ampler than themselves.  
 Yet what, than these, an ampler trust can claim?  
 Can reason, born, forsooth, of erring sense,  
 Impeach those senses whence alone it springs?  
 And which, if false, itself can ne'er be true.  
 Can sight correct the ears? Can ears the touch?  
 Or touch the tongue's fine flavor? or, o'er all,  
 Can smell triumphant rise? Absurd the thought!  
 For every sense a separate function boasts,  
 A power prescribed; and hence, or soft, or hard,  
 Or hot, or cold, to its appropriate sense  
 Alone appeals. The gaudy train of hues,  
 With their light shades appropriate, thus alike  
 Perceive we; tastes appropriate powers possess;  
 Appropriate sounds and odors; and hence, too,  
 One sense another ne'er can contravene,  
 Nor e'en correct itself, since every hour,  
 In every act, each claims an equal faith.  
 E'en though the mind no real cause could urge  
 Why what is square when present, when remote  
 Cylindric seems, 'twere dangerous less to adopt  
 A cause unsound, than rashly yield at once  
 All that we grasp of truth and surety most;  
 Rend all reliance, and root up, forlorn,  
 The first firm principles of life and health.  
 For not alone fails reason, life itself  
 Ends instant, if the senses thou distrust,  
 And dare some dangerous precipice, or aught  
 Against warn'd equal, spurning what is safe.  
 Hence all against the senses urg'd in vain;  
 Mere idle rant, and hollow pomp of words.  
 As, in a building, if the first lines err,  
 If aught impede the plummet, or the rule  
 From its just angles deviate but a hair,  
 The total edifice must rise untrue,  
 Recumbent, curv'd, o'erhanging, void of grace,  
 Tumbling or tumbled from this first defect—  
 So must all reason prove unsound, deduced  
 From things created, if the senses err.\*"

\* Lucretius.

"I requested the old lady to give me the reference to this quotation, which, to me, seemed perfectly satisfactory. She promised to send me the quotation, and did so a few days after, and I committed these lines to memory. I know of nothing more perfectly unanswerable.

"My dear child, do you mean to say you don't believe the Gospel?" continued the old lady, having ended her recitation.

"My dear madam," replied the very young lady, "the evangelical history is a fable—so says *Strauss*."

"A fable!" rejoined the old lady; "and what of God?"

"God exists only as an idea," said the young lady, "or as *Cousin* has it," reading her notes, "'our ideas of the infinite, and the finite, and the relation between them, are God himself'"—"God returns to himself in the consciousness of man," or, as *Goethe* has it in *Faust*, "Man's dignity yields not to God's sublimity."

"Well, my dear child," replied the good lady, "and is this the result of all your fasting and prayer?"

"Prayer, my dear madam—and do you suppose we pray!—to whom?"

"Why do you fast then? for my grandchild here has been feeding upon bread and water for this week past. Why do you do this?"

"We discipline the body in order to give free scope to the soul," replied the young lady.

"Truly," said the old lady, looking around the circle with an air of severity, "you have been fasting to little purpose to reach a state of mind where all is darkness, despair, and death. Your philosophy is an exhausting process, by which all that is capable of sustaining the soul in sorrow and suffering, is reduced to its lowest term—a faith in negations, the more mystical its phrase, so much the more supremely ridiculous in fact. And this is the ultimate of all your attainments, to live without God, and without hope in the world." So saying, the old lady rose, taking her grandchild by the hand, made us her curtsy, and withdrew.

"Our party were a good deal disheartened by the exhortations of this excellent old lady. We had failed, signally failed, in finding any two of us whose intuitions were alike, and all of us feared to be told we were infidels and skeptics."

"And what did you care if this was reported of you?" said the Gentleman in Black.

"Care! why, my dear sir, the most refined and sentimental of our number, those who could talk very well in favor of *rehabilitationism* and the wrongs of society inflicted especially upon our sex; who could all but demonstrate, that all the evils of life



arose from the organization of society; and who had plans of phalanxes and communities exceeding all that Fourier had projected, or which the Brook farm folks had attempted, turned pale at the thought of their being styled 'infidels, and disciples of Fanny Wright'—indeed! so great was this fear, that our circle of free inquiry never again assembled, and thus the question of the truthfulness of our several intuitions never could be settled; and each one of us took the road of intellectual development we thought fittest and best.

"The predictions of the old lady rested on my mind, and were destined to be most painfully realized, in the dying hours of my dear Helen, of whom I have already spoken as my best friend, and who had first indoctrinated me with this transcendental philosophy. She was plighted to a gentleman, who was himself deep in all the lore of German scholarship. Her health began to decline, and during the first stages of consumption, her soul was beautifully calm and serene. She spoke of her decease with a composure which Cicero would have envied; and surrounded as she was with all that could make life attractive, I could not but admire the placidity and loveliness of her mind. This continued till toward the very close of life, when a change came over her spirit.

"One morning, when I called to make her my accustomed visit, I found her reading the Scriptures. She said—'I wish I could believe these promises; truly they are "exceeding great and precious promises," to those by whom they are realized; but then it is the few only who are so constituted as to adopt them with a firm faith—"faith, the gift of God"—precious faith! But to my mind, all is dark; and I feel the truth of what Luther once said of himself—"That he found it as easy to create a world, as to realize a single promise of God's word." Do you remember what the old lady told us of Napoleon and Sir Humphry Davy? Well, I have the same sad experience in my soul. The attainments of science may answer the demands of the soul while life beats healthfully, but they are worthless now. Alas! Herder, the gentle and good Herder, in the agonies of dying, calling on his nephew "for a noble thought, to refresh his spirit withal,"\* was a sad sight to all his disciples; and I feel the poverty of such consolations.' She repeated the text—'For our life is hid with Christ in God, and when he shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is,' and then said—'What thoughts

\* This was the dying cry of Herder, addressed to his nephew. Tholuck says—"Amidst the temptations of life, and the difficulties with which our faith is assaulted, we must have some better foundation than the system of Herder. He was himself an example how little a faith resting on such grounds can affect the life."

were present to the mind of Paul as he wrote these words! How safe and sure the rewards of heaven—his life was hid with Christ in God! Surely, faith is the highest of all the efforts of the soul—with him it was no phantasma, but a vigorous grasp of the vastness of the thoughts expressed—he may well call it “the gift of God.” Such was the faith of our Pilgrim fathers! They mastered and wielded those giant forms of faith, which have now become so feeble and emasculated in the minds of their children. *Regeneration, adoption and sanctification* had, to them, a real significance, which they feared not to aver in all their nakedness and strength, in full confidence that God would maintain the truth of revelation.

“‘I find,’ continued Helen, ‘the most singular and beautiful adaptation in the thoughts presented in the Scriptures, to sustain the soul sinking into the sleep of death. They do not call death dying, but sleeping—“sleeping with Jesus.” Stephen, amid the crushing of the stones, “falls asleep;” and in this book,’ taking up Stilling’s Autobiography, ‘I find him expressing some very singular conditions of his soul, just before his death, which seemed hovering, at times, around him, as though he had all but sublimed into a spiritual existence; and I am perplexed with the thought, whether it may not yet be so—that there are future states of being—and, if so, what are those states, and what the preparation necessary to their attainment: and when I search these Scriptures, I am terrified by the consciousness that they demand a state of soul which I do not possess—and when I seek to possess it, then the philosophy with which I have sought to satisfy myself, presents its arguments with a power that I cannot resist, and admits of no possible reconciliation of conflicting opinions; so my soul is in that most extreme point of wretchedness, and which Lord Bacon has told us is the acme of human misery, when the pendulum vibrates between the points of expectancy and dubiety—of hope and despair.’

“I attempted to satisfy her that these misgivings arose, not from any want of truthfulness in philosophy, but the feebleness of her health, and the force of some early prejudices and faith in the Bible, that she could not shake off, which now recurring, created this anxiety of mind. I told her she had examined all these subjects in the possession of her utmost intellectual strength, and she must now rely on her former convictions with all the confidence of ascertained truths, and dismiss all these questionings.

“At a subsequent visit, she renewed this subject, which seemed now to engross her whole soul: ‘It is hard,’ she said, ‘to feel the need of reconstructing the faith of my childhood—my belief in the being and attributes of God—at a time when my thoughts are so absorbed by my affections for the sorrows of Henry, and my

dear father and mother. What shall I do—what can I do?' And I could not reply, for I did not know what to say.

"A few days after this, she failed rapidly, and I was invited to watch with her. On reaching the house, the sad aspect which everything wore, spoke of the hopelessness of her condition. The parlors, which had been the centre of so many pleasant reunions, were lighted, but empty—and on the landing-place, before the door of her chamber, I passed the physicians, in whispering consultation with her father and mother, who expressed a feverish desire to be doing something—to try some new medicine. But the gentlemen said, Helen needed nothing so much as soothing rest; they therefore directed the administration of an anodyne, which I promised to see faithfully administered, 'By all means keep her quiet,' were their last words.

"Helen was bolstered up with pillows, breathing short, and extremely restless; she held the hand of her dear Henry, whose tenderness and despair were most painfully depicted in his face. For a moment she relinquished her grasp, to press my hand, and said, 'My dear Mrs. Smith, you come to see me die.' I was too much affected to speak, and tears soon came to my relief; I kissed her, and told her to hope for the best. 'Hope—oh! what of hope is there for one who is on the brink of annihilation, or of despair?' I never heard such words so spoken before—never felt their force as at that moment. 'On the verge of heaven, dearest!' I replied.—'No, my dear Mrs. Smith, *to us* there exists neither, if our science be true; and to leave life, and all its affections, and to cease to be, is most dreadful! But I feel I shall not cease to be—there is truth in the saying "death is but a change of being"\*—but what will be that state? a worm, a butterfly—no more.'—She was silent.

"And I said, 'An angel, Helen, a bright, beautiful spirit soaring to realms of unclouded day.'

"'Oh! this would be beautiful,' she replied, 'but you know *we believe* that there is no higher form of existence than that we now possess. "*God returns to himself in man,*"' she said, quoting the axiom of Strauss.

"Her night passed wearily away, and never was a night so long to me. She slept under the influence of morphine, a heavy death-like sleep, and awoke about two o'clock, after midnight. Her eyes were bright and her intellect unclouded, her respiration feeble, but her voice retained its silvery tones. We asked her to take the medicine.

"'No! I will not be drugged in my dying hours. I want to look upon life once more; to see for a last time my father

\* Heraclitus.

and my mother, ere I sleep the sleep of death.' And I could not find it in my heart to resist her entreaties to be spared the medicine, which, she said, 'had for its object, not to cure, but to steep her senses in forgetfulness.'

"Henry, seeing her restless, and in pain, said, 'Dearest Helen, it is time you took your dose of morphine!'

"'Oh! no, dear Henry, do not drug me; I shall soon be asleep to wake no more—do not let me lose the sight of you, while life lasts. You do not wish me lapped in the sleep of senselessness before my time?'

"'Oh! Helen, how can you say such things to me, my angel love!'

"'Dearest Henry, forgive me; I know you love me better than life,' and she drew him to her, and throwing her arms around his neck, pressed her lips to his, with a kiss so long and so intense, that I thought she would have infused her soul in the kiss, so full it was of undying love and devotedness. Tears came to their relief, and her own sorrow seemed chastened by her tender efforts to subdue the agonies of her lover, whose frame shook with the intensity of his grief.

"Calmed by this burst of their emotions, Henry said, 'The doctor had said the morphine must be taken;' and with a resignation which Socrates could not have surpassed, she took the cup from Henry's hand, and said, 'Dear Henry, if this be my last moment of conscious existence, let me tell you I have loved you with a devotion which has made you the idol of my soul, and now my sweetest consolation is, the hope that you may yet be loved by one, if not as well, yet by one who can, who will make you happy. My precious Henry, one more last kiss, and then farewell.' I took the cup, while Henry and Helen once more embraced each other; kisses mingled with tears, and made bitter by the certainty that they were indeed the last. The cup was then taken by Henry, and kissing me, she said, 'Now let me drink the cup. Oh that, like Christ, an angel would come to strengthen me!' She drank it to the dregs; a bitter cup, steeped in the full consciousness of the despair and death, which it contained. But so intense was the activity of her mind, it only soothed her into a dozing state, from which she would start, gaze around fearfully, and seeing us, smile and doze again.

"When her parents entered at daybreak, their meeting was most touching; she tried to smile, and recall the thoughts she had so often expressed, of the necessity of submitting with serenity to the decrees of fate, and as she kissed her father, she said, 'Dearest, most precious father, "we must endure our going hence e'en as our coming hither. Ripeness is all."'

“‘My sweet child,’ said the father, with a voice trembling with grief, ‘you are indeed ripe for heaven—God never took to himself one more pure, one more worthy of a mansion in the skies.’ The tears started to her eyes. ‘Oh that I could believe!—oh that I could hope! but if the Bible be true, what meetness have I for the society of Him whose existence I have denied?’ Her mother sunk at her side in a swoon, and we were compelled to carry her out of the chamber. Now it was she felt the worthlessness of a belief which resulted in annihilation. I do not like to recall this fearful scene. There was no one of us who knew how to offer the consolations she required. We feared to repeat to her promises of the Scriptures which she could not accept, and which, she said, was like offering water to the lip of one dying with thirst, without the ability to swallow—and so she sunk amidst our sighs and tears, into the slumbers of the tomb.”

Mrs. Smith was unable to continue her narrative for the tears which now interrupted her utterance.

“Before,” continued Mrs. Smith, “the effect of her death had ceased to affect me, and to make me fear whether there might not be something hollow and worthless in the sentiments I had so sedulously sought to imbibe, this scene was renewed at my own home. My cousin Sarah L\*\*\*\*\*, the widow of a very eloquent preacher, came to my house in the last stages of decline, to pass the winter with me in Babylon the Less—in the hope that she might be benefited by a change of air. She was only twenty-three, and had buried in one year, some years before, her husband and child and mother and brother; and since then, had lost her only brother and sister, and was now all alone in the world. When these fearful bereavements reached her, she was full of buoyancy of heart—life had been to her one summer’s day—and now all was desolate and drear. I feared to meet her, though I rejoiced in the opportunity of tendering my little aid to make her last days happy. When she reached us, our utmost hopes were bounded by the spring. She was the most lovely image of decline I had ever seen—her beauty was so spiritual, that it seemed as if she had only to be etherealized to soar away into heaven. Her spirit was chastened, and weaned away from all that was earthly, so that she seemed to me more an angel than a human soul; and then her smile, so languid yet so sweet, that I could not bear to be away from her for a single hour. She could converse but little, and I was surprised at the deep sense of her sinfulness of heart; that she who was an angel of purity, feared that she was not yet reconciled to God. Her faith was perfectly childlike; her confidence in the truth of the Scriptures as

real as in her own existence, and her only wish was to be perfectly submissive to the will of God, and to be assured that she really trusted in the merits and mediation of Christ as her God and Saviour; and when she expressed these thoughts to me, and I expressed my firm belief that of all the beings on earth, she was the most Christlike and divine, she would look sad and sorrowful, and say, 'Dear cousin, you do not know your own heart, and cannot, therefore, judge of the condition of mine;' and when our cousin Mary came to see her, I was astonished and perplexed at the sympathy which was instantly manifested; for Mary was distinguished for her piety and zeal. To her, my sweet cousin told of all her trials and temptations, and seemed to drink in with intense avidity all she said, which was altogether unintelligible to me, for so far from combatting any of these strange views of her sinfulness, Mary avowed that they were but partial conceptions of their fearful reality; but then she had the most felicitous and soothing promises from the Scriptures, which seemed as if they must have been written to suit just the frame of feeling expressed by our cousin; and then, too, the whole body of devotional lyrics were at her command, and she sung to her cousin Sarah, with a voice of the sweetest harmony, hymns which seemed to waft her rapt spirit to the very gates of Paradise, while her countenance beamed with a beauty of expression altogether angelic. 'Oh!' thought I, 'that I knew how to convey to cousin such consolations.' Alas! what would I have given, if Helen could have had a cousin Mary to have been in my place during her fatal illness. Not that I believed these views were just and true, but I saw they had so sweet an effect, and were so tranquilizing in their tendencies. The last day of her sufferings was evidently at hand—and the evening of the day before she died, she sent for cousin Mary, and said to her, 'Dear cousin, stay with me till I am gone;' and we both watched beside her, during the night, and their whispers only reached me as I lay on a sofa—but it seemed more like the converse of those already in a world of blessedness, than in a vale of tears. Mary recited hymns, passages of the Scriptures, and often sang for her, till the day dawned. She then asked us to draw aside the curtains of the window, for, said she, 'let me see the sun arise once more.' It was a clear, cold, frosty morning, and the day star was still shining, when the day broke, and the sun rolled up, and shone full in her face. With a smile of utmost sweetness, she thanked us to let down the curtains, and said, 'I shall never see that sun set;' and at nine she took leave of my husband, and gave us her farewell kisses, renewing her thousand thanks for all our love. This done, we stood around her, dear Mary still comforting her with the promises so suited to a

soul just bathing her feet in the waters of the Jordan of death, when she again spoke—'Dear cousin, I cannot see you'—and paused—'but I see Jesus!—O how bright!'—and while we were bending over her, doubtful if her soul had not taken its long flight, she made one more last effort to speak—and we heard her say, 'I would not be back for worlds!'—and so she died—the most lovely image of purity and peace I had ever beheld or can hope to see."

"And what effect had all this upon you?" asked the Gentleman in Black.

"For awhile I felt an irresistible desire to adopt the doctrines that led to so happy a death—and cousin Mary was very earnest I should do so; but I found to do this, I must undergo a discipline of soul and a change of feeling to which I was utterly averse—and, though my pious cousin had no conception of the doubts entertained by me on these subjects, yet so it was, that what seemed to her to be the plainest of all truths, appeared to me full of inexplicable difficulties; and as time passed on, I found myself in new states of mind, which I had neither expected, nor sought for.

"My faith in the Scriptures became no more firm, while all hope of any degree of certainty as to the ultimate truth of philosophy faded away, and left me just where I am, neither a skeptic nor a believer in anything.

"My pursuits in this direction were at an end. I recurred to my early and fond desires to enjoy the distinctions and pleasures of fashionable life. I know only of the present—of this I am certain. Indeed, I found all my efforts at certainty hopeless. After long study, I sometimes thought I had obtained an absolute or *intuitive* truth, but the next day it was gone. The task was like grappling so many slippery eels immersed in a vase of turbid water; the moment I felt I had got hold of one, it slipped out of my hand; so I relinquished the task. I did not need to go to any school of philosophy to learn that this was a real world, in which, to use the candid confession I once heard made by an old minister, who had been picturing life in dismal colors, when, as if conscience stricken for his ingratitude, he said, 'after all, brethren, the world does afford some fine pickings.' With such thoughts I gave up the pursuit of the *real*, and determined to content myself with the apparent.

"'Money,' says the great Apostle of Pantheism,\* 'is the prose

\* Rev. R. W. Emerson's Essays, 2d series, p. 223.—To show the last phase of development of Unitarian Christianity, I beg to add the following extract from these Essays. He says, on page 263, "Jesus would absorb the race; but Tom Paine, or the coarsest blasphemer, helps humanity by resisting this exuberance of power. Hence the immense benefits of party in politics,

of life, and in its effects and laws as beautiful as roses.' This great solvent of the Alps, which had separated me from the Italian skies of fashionable life, my husband had acquired and placed at my disposal, and you have seen this night my first essay on the sunny side of the mountain, and how sadly my bright sunshine has been dimmed by dying lamps and closed in by a shower of spermaceti. But to make an end of my confessions. The future may or may not be—and I hope I have no desire to impair the happiness of others, while I seek my own. If I knew anything better than what I seek, I would pursue it with the same steadiness of purpose—but I find that many of those who are deemed pietists have the same appreciation of this world that I have—and so I have come to the conclusion which Shakspeare has so well expressed:—

'Nothing is either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.'

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## CHAPTER XII.

Visit of Mrs. Smith to the "community" at Rock Creek—Dispersion of the Free Inquirers—Mrs. Smith's opinion of Fourierism—Story of Jane Gracie; her devotion to Socialism—Her attachment to "Cousin Richard"—Joins the Fourierists—Distress of her parents—Mrs. Smith enlisted to recover her—Goes to Rock Creek—Finds Jane scouring knives and forks—Their gossip of Babylon—State of Jane's mind—Sees a Babylonian dandy; his employment—Scene in Jane's chamber—The gloves—A conversation—A dinner scene—The supper and ball described—Jane spends the Sunday with Mrs. Smith—She recovers her friend—Jane's reception at home—The Gentleman in Black gives his opinions of Fourierism.

See Appendix G. for statements of the system of Fourier.

THE Gentleman in Black expressed his high gratification at the confessions of Mrs. Smith, and asked, "What became of your 'coterie' of Free Inquirers?"

"Most of them were here this evening," replied Mrs. Smith. "They come to see me, and sometimes talk their mystic nonsense to me; but I am no longer interested in their inquiries, and so I

as it reveals faults of character in a chief, which the intellectual force of other persons, with ordinary opportunity, and not hurled into the *aphetion* by hatred, could not have seen. Since we are so stupid, what benefit *that there should be two stupidities!*" Can anything exceed this in blasphemy?—P. SCHLEMIHL.



laugh at them, and ask, 'How soon the doctrines of Kant, and Hegel, and Heine will have become the myths of an age of benighted Germans?' Fourierism has never had any attractions for me, and I have felt myself content with the position in which I find myself, nor can they create a phalanstery half so beautiful as my own house. Indeed, the only one I have ever visited, was every way distasteful."

"Indeed!" said the Gentleman in Black, "and have you ever been induced to enter one of these institutions? You have forgotten this in your confessions."

"No, my visit was not on account of any wish I have ever entertained in connection with this subject; but I was induced last summer to go to the Rock Creek Farm, to recover one of the loveliest girls of our coterie, who had no bounds to her enthusiasm. You doubtless noticed her as being dressed in lace, with diamonds in her hair."

"Oh yes, and I was particularly interested in her, and should never have believed it possible that she had ever had a wish beyond the attractions of a ball-room. Her whole soul seemed absorbed in the gayeties of your party. I never saw one wearing the aspect of greater joyousness of heart. May I beg you will tell me your experience on Fourierism."

"I have had little to do with Fourierism," replied Mrs. Smith, "and know but little of its theory, as you must have seen by the surprise exhibited by me in making scavengers of children. Indeed, except what has come to my knowledge in connection with this young lady, and the conversations of some of our earnest and enthusiastic ladies, who always have presented to me the fair side of this new system for the reorganization of society, I know next to nothing, and I have thought it surprising that highly endowed and well-principled women can be found to lend it their countenance, if it be so bad as it has been represented. But they are doubtless flattered by the equality and liberty it holds forth—a liberty to do what seems to me must be abhorrent to every pure-minded woman. I have had, I must confess, my day-dreams of an improved condition of my sex. I feel our present position is not the one best adapted either for our happiness, or improvement. We are too often either the toys and playthings of society, or its unrewarded drudges. How I wish the relations of husband and wife had more of confidence, more of equality of labor and of care! I don't like this classifying of women into mere household servants, or of glittering and gayly-dressed mistresses. Let us be in deed and in truth, the sharers and partners with our husbands and brothers of the burdens, if not of their daily duties, yet of their solicitude and cares; but as it now is, how little do sisters and wives know of what their brothers and husbands are

doing. There is too little community of thought, and therefore too little community of feeling, until at last they find themselves all but strangers to the affairs of those whom they live to love, and could live to serve and sustain, rather than to amuse."

"My dear madam," replied the Gentleman in Black, with unusual sobriety of manner, "this subject is full of difficulty, and the time is not yet when your highest wishes will be accomplished. That time will come; but for its full development, society is to pass through many phases of progress. It will come."

"Ah! but when, and where, and how?" asked Mrs. Smith with earnestness.

"Madam," replied the Gentleman in Black with a smile, "to answer all these questions, would lead me to give you my *theory of development and progress* of the human race, which would be a very long, and perhaps tedious task for you to hear, and would not, I fear, repay you for your attention."

"By no means," said Mrs. Smith; "I'm all alive to the subject."

"Indeed! then I will do so hereafter; but just now permit me to beg you will tell me of your visit to Rock Creek Farm, and of your methods of recovery of this lovely girl to the circles for which she seems far better fitted than any of those *beehives of industry, economy, and labor*, by whatever name they may be called."

"I will do so, with pleasure," said Mrs. Smith, "if you will redeem the promise you have just made me."\*

The Gentleman in Black bowed his acquiescence, and Mrs. Smith proceeded:

"The young lady whom you have seen, is of a warm and generous nature, and in a past age would have made a devotee, or even a St. Bridget; but it has so happened that, under the guidance of a transcendental school of religionists, if they may be so called, she became a warm advocate for all manner of liberty of opinion and action. Her hatred of the theological dogmas which have, as she says, chained down the soul in its aspirations, has extended to all the conventional forms of society; and once loosening her grasp on the old and established opinions, founded on the Christian religion, she has gone on, with an eagle's flight, into the highest sphere of German philosophy; and I have heard her discourse earnestly in favor of *Rehabilitationism*—a long word which she interpreted to me, as the restoration of those rights to human nature, of which Christianity has deprived mankind.

"I must confess it astonished me to hear a young girl whom I know to be as unspotted as unsunned snow, utter sentiments

\* This chapter is still to be written—if ever.—PETER SCHLEMIHL.

she would shrink from with abhorrence, if reduced to practice. She was eloquent in describing a condition of society of which mankind were capable, and for which we of the present age were bound to take the first steps in a course of improvement which would make this world a paradise, some three or four centuries hence. To all this, I playfully replied in the words of the old member of parliament, 'What has posterity done for us, that we should make such sacrifices for them?' 'Ah!' she said, 'Christianity has had its noble army of martyrs, and shall social science be wanting in its Confessors? Must we do nothing to show the selfish, anti-social race of man, where happiness is to be found? That every blessing now possessed, is capable of being heightened a thousand-fold, by making others equally happy.'

"While my dear Jane Gracie was thus occupied, her parents were too busy to know anything of their child: her father in making money, and her mother in her devotion to the church and fashionable life. The church Jane attended only to be more and more disgusted with formulas of what to her was an effete system of religion, in which the greatest of all changes, the regeneration of the soul, was claimed to be perfected by the simplest of all rites. To her mind, the old phrase of regeneration embodied a grand idea, which, she said, had been shadowed forth by Jesus and his disciples; and the example of the early Christians having all things in common, was with her the beginning of the grand system fully developed by the apostle of freedom and of society, Charles Fourier.

"It is strange how such a girl," continued Mrs. Smith, "can travel on in a path of thought and feeling like this, without those nearest her having the slightest conception of what is at work in her bosom. She doubtless deemed her father, a dear good father, too deeply immersed in his gains ever to be recovered, and her mother as bigoted to the mere outside show of a religion, which in her mind was only the first step of progress in man's recovery of his high destiny, from which he had fallen by becoming isolated, (that was the word)—in families—families led to tribes—tribes led to nations, nations to war, and all its desolations. Society, she said with too much truth, I fear, is a state of warfare—laws were made for the protection of property—man's life was set down as worthless, when money was at stake, estimated by some nations at the cost of a horse, and by others at the price of a halter.

"There was, out of our coterie, but one person to whom she told her thoughts and her aspirations, and this was the son of a very wealthy family, with whom her father had been associated in early life, as the partner of his commercial house. This son

has all the qualities of excellence and virtue; he has early devoted himself to science, and was admitted, quite young, to membership in the church of which his father is a ruling elder. These parents had from their infancy wished their son and daughter should cement their old friendship by the ties of love and marriage. From childhood, they had had the consciousness of this their fondest wish, and as they grew up, they had looked upon each other as destined to be husband and wife. This sentiment had been fostered by the parents of Richard Gray, supplying him from his earliest years with beautiful gifts to be presented by him to Jane on her birth-day, and on New Year's day, and in like manner Jane had her appropriate gifts, usually the work of her own needle, to send to 'Cousin Richard,' as he was then called.

"Richard, at the time I made the acquaintance with Jane, was in college, hard at his studies, and Jane busied herself at home, reading and studying all sorts of books, dipping into German and French, and Italian—'everything by turns and nothing long;' though such was her readiness to acquire languages, that she speaks these with the facility of a native.

"My dear Helen Percy and herself became acquainted while studying German together under the same teacher; both equally earnest and enthusiastic; and so Jane, though very young, was admitted as the companion of Helen, into the circle of 'Free Inquirers,' where I found her at my entrance. As the dear friend of Helen, we soon became intimate, and from some reason, I can't say why, perhaps it was because she saw Helen loved me so well, and made me her confidant, Jane must confide in me, too, and thus I became the repository of all her little trials. She told me of her father and mother—their inability to sympathize with her; and by and by of Richard Gray; and how he wrote her letters so loving and so pious, and reproaching her for what he was pleased to call her 'skepticism;' and how she dreaded to meet him, and that she felt he never could love her—that they never could think alike, and ought never to be married; and, then, if she refused him, how miserable it would make both his parents and her own; and that he, too, would be the most wretched of all—that he was good, amiable, but then such a bigot! 'No! no!' she would say, with tears in her eyes, 'if Christianity has had its self-sacrificing disciples, so ought socialism. I must be a martyr—I am content to be one—but oh that I could be one without inflicting misery on hearts I so dearly love!'

"About two years or more ago, her Cousin Richard graduated, and, contrary to the wishes of Jane, set out on a tour of Europe. And Jane, no longer under the restraint of his presence, determined, at least while he was absent, and perhaps for life, to follow out a

plan which had long lain in her bosom, of joining the Community of Rock Creek.

"I did all in my power to dissuade her from doing so. When she expressed her wish and purpose to her parents, they were taken by surprise, not less astounding than it was painful. The mother woke up to the consciousness that her daughter was an infidel, and her father that his child was crazy. Their methods of meeting her wishes were diverse, but equally unfortunate, and had no other effect than to confirm her in her resolution. 'If you leave my house, you must never hope to return,' were the last words of her angry and unyielding father, when she made him acquainted with her wishes.

"Knowing from their daughter, the confidence she had reposed in me, though with no very kind sentiments for me at the moment, they appealed to me for aid. And after a long consultation, in which I satisfied them of my innocence of fostering or favoring any such sentiments as those adopted by their wayward and wilful child, so they called her, I advised them to leave to experience to work the changes we all desired.

"To this her father reluctantly consented, though he said he could not and would not aid her in any way, manner or form—to do so would be to share her sins, and he would not do it—could not do it. As to the mother, she could in no way be brought to see the expediency of such a course; she said, the society of these infidels could only confirm her child in her dreadful apostacy.

"It resulted in Jane's leaving Babylon for the Rock Creek Community, unaided by her father, and in despite of the tears of her mother. Proud of the sacrifices she was called upon to make, she took merely the plainest of her dresses, and only as much money as would pay her expenses there; all else was left by her, with a feeling of proud contempt.

"Months elapsed, and they heard nothing from Jane, and then Jane wrote how perfectly happy she was, but gave no particulars what she was doing. She told them, 'she knew of no hours of *ennui*; labor was delightful, when associated, as she was, with persons of high intellectual culture and refinement.' After awhile, she wrote to me that 'at last the grand enigma of human happiness was solved, and there would soon be no such hateful distinctions as existed when the rich were miserable for want of occupation, and the poor wretched from excess of labor.'

"Her parents came to me from time to time for comfort and assurance. I told them time alone could aid them, and they must let her alone. To this they reluctantly consented. As for poor Richard, he was in despair; his letters to her parents were full of entreaty to unceasing effort for her recovery from the fatal course she was pursuing, of which he said he had seen too many exam-

ples abroad, to inspire hope that she could come out of such an Association, the pure-minded girl she was when she entered into the Community. All which fears, I was sure, resulted from difference in the condition of morals on the continent and in this country. Still, I could not but deeply sympathize with him in all the grief his letters so eloquently expressed.

"A few months since, Richard arrived from his continental travels. He came at once to see me: I was delighted to find him greatly improved in his manners and appearance, without the slightest foppery of French society. I told him of my views respecting Jane, and that it would not be expedient for him to go to the Rock Creek farm; I would do so, and I did not despair of success. Richard had brought with him, at my request, among other presents, a beautiful inlaid box of Parisian gloves, a size too small, but marked with her number. Now gloves were a passion with Jane; and the strongest tie which at first bound me to her, was the discovery that my gloves were a perfect fit for her. My husband had sent out my glove to a distinguished maker in Paris; and Jane through me had been supplied by the same manufacturer; and it occurred to me, that I could turn this present to good account. I knew Jane idolized her hand, which certainly is perfectly beautiful."

The Gentleman in Black smiled.

"I do not compliment my own hand," said Mrs. Smith, quickly, "by saying so."

"My dear madam," replied the Gentleman in Black, "your hand needs no compliment—it is beyond all praise."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Smith, playfully putting her hands behind her, "you must permit me to say so much, because my story turns on this pivot." She continued her narrative:

"When my husband next went to Bostonia on business, which is of frequent occurrence, I accompanied him; and the morning of our arrival, I took a carriage and my baggage, and set out to make a visit to Jane. The road was no way attractive on leaving the city, and after an hour's ride, I found myself at the Rock Creek Community farm-house. It wore all the aspects of a house of larger size than is usual, with a number of out-buildings. I arrived on a Saturday morning about eleven o'clock. The lady of the principal received me with grace and courtesy. I told her the object of my visit. She ordered my trunk to be carried to a chamber, where everything was simple, and in perfect neatness in all its arrangements. The lady aided me in arranging my dress, and then said, 'Your friend Jane is at this moment engaged, but as she will be occupied for an hour or more, perhaps you will be willing to visit her at her work.' I expressed my pleasure to do so; and she led me into a large kitchen in which there were quite a number of fe-

males, all at work, some making bread, others ironing clothing, and the like domestic duties, and my lovely Jane was seated with a large tray of knives and forks, and a bristol-brick beside her, with a scouring board on her lap, scouring knives, engaged at the instant in a gay humored chat with the females around her.

"The instant she heard my voice, she jumped up, and, regardless of all consequences, threw her arms round my neck, and powdered the skirts of my dress with the dust from her check apron. She soon discovered the effects of her eagerness, and laughing, said, 'See how we despise the gay trappings of society;' looking at her own dress, which was of the coarsest kind, and such as no servant of mine would consent to wear for a single day.

"I seated myself on a stool beside her, apparently unconscious of all around me, and she renewed her labors, while I talked all the while in a gay tone, though, as I incidentally spoke of our mutual friends, I could see on her face, for an instant, shades of sadness. But avoiding every topic which could pain her, I went on with the gossip of Babylon, as I would have done had we met in a saloon surrounded with all the elegancies of fashion, instead of a kitchen, offensive from the steam of boiling clothes, the fumes of turnips, and cabbage, and meats, in process of cooking, and all disagreeable perfumes, such as are only met with in the kitchens of poor-houses and penitentiaries.

"She asked me, if I could endure the compound of 'villainous smells' by which they were visited. I told her, if she could endure it for a year and more, I might survive it for a few hours. She said, in a sad tone, 'It is not the fragrance of roses, but it is useful and necessary, and we must in this life look to the useful rather than the pleasant, if we hope to accomplish anything in life. This scouring of knives and forks,' she continued, with a forced smile, 'after all, is not the easiest work in the world.' I asked her, 'How it was that she came to prefer this to all the other departments of labor?' saying, 'I supposed this was, of course, the vocation, of all others, for which she found herself best fitted?'

"Jane shook her head, and, looking down, rubbed away at her scouring-board. So soon as she could speak, having suppressed the rising emotion in her heart, she said, 'No, dear Mrs. Smith, it is not so. I had hoped to have found myself useful here as a teacher of some one or more of the languages I have acquired, or of the accomplishments to which I have devoted so much of my time. But you know I came here, not as a boarder, but as an operative. My father would not aid me, and so I brought nothing but my hands, and a heart devoted to the work of the re-organization of society. Here an experiment is necessarily limited

to our present means. In a phalanx, all the conditions of human life are suited, but not so here. We have to labor here as we may be most useful.

“ ‘When I reached this place,’ she continued, ‘every department was filled except that of scullion to the kitchen, which had been vacated by the daughter of a clergyman, who had consented to return to the slavery of society, as a young wife. I had, therefore, no choice but to return or remain. I did not hesitate, and here you see me. It was not so pleasant at first, but it was *labor*, and labor is honorable; far more worthy of me than the wretched life of insipidity to which I was born—rising from a bed upon which I had had no sweet sleep, to be dressed by a maid, and spend an hour in the combing and arrangement of my hair; then to ride out and make some dozen wearisome calls, on tame, stupid, fashionable people, whose range of ideas were all about the church, the latest style of dress, or the opera, and to return, jaded, to a dinner for which I had no appetite—then to doze awhile before dressing for the evening, the work of another hour, and after all this, to find myself called upon to amuse a gentleman, with whom I had no single feeling in common; to play to him music he could not comprehend, and task my wits for some topic of trifling conversation, with which he had the least degree of familiarity.’

“ I laughed heartily at the terrible picture she had drawn of city life.

“ ‘You may laugh, dear Mrs. Smith, but you know ’tis true to the letter. Here I rise at five in the morning, wash and dress myself in ten minutes, comb my own hair, and, if the weather be fine, take a long walk with some one or more of our ladies or gentlemen, as it may please me. We have the same literary tastes, we read the same books, we meet at the same table, we aid each other in our labors; two evenings in a week we dance in our dining-hall, and have ample time for mental culture. Now, though this is but a most imperfect exhibition of what a *Phalanstery* would be, yet can you doubt I am far happier here than I was in Babylon?’

“ I listened quietly, as if all this was a matter of course, and Jane was evidently a little surprised that it produced so little impression upon me, and then I again recurred to the scenes of home. She at first spoke little of her parents; their severity, as she felt it to be, had had a hardening influence on her heart, and she cherished the proud feeling that she was a martyr to the cause of social reform. I chose not to perceive this feeling, but recalled, in the course of our conversation, many pleasing incidents in the social circles of our city, told her who were engaged and who were married, and how happy they were, and what beautiful babies



had made their appearance among her familiar friends, and the names they bore—of the operas which had been brought out, and were to be brought out the coming winter, the different singers, and their powers of voice, and how much I had enjoyed my visits to the opera, of which I knew she was passionately fond.

“And so the time passed away till the knives and forks were all polished and laid away. Untying her apron, and hanging it up, she said, ‘Now I am at leisure till after dinner;’ and she then took me over the building, introduced me as we met the inmates, and told me their several duties. They were all dressed appropriately to their different labors, yet all wore dresses coarse and cheap, and shoes which would be regarded heavy anywhere but in the community. The utmost cordiality of manner and freedom of intercourse seemed to exist among the members. It being Saturday, most of the scholars in the Institution had returned to their families for the day, to return on the following Monday.

“We walked over the farm, and there we saw the male members in their rustic dresses at work—one man in a Panama hat, which flapped down on all sides, and a short jacket, with pantaloons reaching only to his ankles, was engaged in the singular task of hanging out clothes upon a line to dry. As we passed, he made us a bow with great grace of manner, and cried out—‘Il faut se conformer aux nouvelles modes.’ Jane replied, ‘Cela est absolument nécessaire dans le siècle où nous vivons.’

“I asked, ‘what this could mean?’ Jane laughed and said, ‘There is an example of the transforming influence of associated labor. In me you see one of the fashionable girls of Babylon, who was wont to appear in all the elaborate paraphernalia of fashionable attire, about the hours of one and three o’clock in Broadway, of a summer’s day, with my veil and parasol, to saunter into shops, and grimace to my dear friends as they passed. Now the veil and parasol are superseded by this deep sun-bonnet; and that strange-looking man, who is so usefully occupied, was once one of those admirably dressed men, who serve as *manikins* for merchant tailors to show the perfectibility of their dress coats upon—and yet you see him here. He is a strange mortal! for though he is devoted to the experiment we are making here, yet all the while is a most bigoted person, believing in all the traditions of Episcopacy, and thinking if we were but confirmed by the Bishop, Heaven would be begun on earth.’

“It was certainly,” continued Mrs. Smith, “a novel case, and one which I afterwards learned had tested the patience and the principles of the Fourierists no little—but they were pledged to unchartered liberty of opinions, and had to submit to the infliction.

“‘But,’ I asked, ‘why make a female drudge of him?’ ‘Ah!’

she said, laughing, 'what else is he fit for? You see me, a fashionable girl, the *scullion*, and that fop, *the man of all work* of the females. He was found fit for nothing else, and though he has tried with all his might to excel, yet it was a long time before he could even put a wooden pin on a sheet, which would be sure to hold it. And our ladies taxed him to wash out all the stains and mud on their soiled clothes, before they could bring him to the degree of care which was requisite for the work he is now engaged in.'

"This was certainly a strange exhibition of the transforming forms of Fourierism. As we repassed him on our return, he again addressed us in the gay and affected tone of a dandy of the first water.

"On reaching Jane's chamber, which was divested of every luxury, having a bedstead, two chairs, and a table covered with books, we sat down to a more confidential chat. She had never, in any manner, alluded to Richard, so I had to open that topic. I felt deeply anxious for the effect of my effort, and thought if there was a chord which could be reached successfully, it would be when I recalled the recollections of her young love for Richard, his hopes, and his continued devotedness to her. But how to begin was the difficulty.

"I remembered the gloves, and ran to my room and brought them. 'Here,' said I, 'is a box of gloves which Richard has brought from Paris, and begged me to present to you.' She took the box with emotion—looked at it. It was very beautiful, and the vignette was significant and graceful. 'I'm much obliged to Richard for thinking of me; but what use have I of gloves here?' I gave her the key, and she opened the box, taking out the gloves pair by pair, and kissed them, and then replaced them.

"I took her hand, and examined it; it was certainly not so fair as it once was, and I said, 'I fear your hand has grown too large for the gloves you once wore.'

"She looked at her hand earnestly—'Do you think so?' and instantly commenced trying on a pair of the gloves. I took no notice of the exertion she was making, but talked on, and she evidently was unconscious of all I was saying, so absorbed was she in the appalling fact, that her hand had grown so large as to be no longer able to wear the gloves she once had worn. She examined the number; there it was as plain as the hot iron could stamp it, and by the same maker, for, as I have already said, we had sent our gloves to a manufacturer from whom we were both supplied, and these gloves then were too small. Finding her so absorbed, I said, 'Dear Jane, perhaps they can be better tried on after dinner; suppose you leave it till the evening.'

"With a feeling of reluctance to relinquish the trial, she replaced the gloves, and I recommenced speaking of Richard, saying, 'he had greatly improved in looks and manners.'

"'No doubt,' she said, sneeringly, and interrupting me, 'Richard, I suppose, like all our young traveled gentlemen, has done his best to forget he is an American; and to become as like as possible to La Fontaine's traveled monkey. He wears a moustache, speaks of the divine Grisi, of Rachel, and doesn't forget to give all these fine personages' names their true accent. Now, Mrs. Smith, you know I despise all such nonsense—I did not approve Richard's tour of Europe. It is next to impossible that he should return as true and as good as when he went away. And all his love of country, all his pride in our institutions, is doubtless sunk in his love of the aristocracy, the vices and the sensuous pleasures which debase, and degrade, and render worthless, all our fine gentlemen who finish their education on the Continent. Poor Dick! I'm sorry for him.'

"I assured her all her fears were groundless; that one 'more devoted to his country, more proud of his birthright, did not live. That he had been devoted to science, and had studied museums rather than theatres, and had penetrated the mines of Europe, but not its hells. That his cabinet of minerals was deemed, by the best of judges, one of the most complete in the city, and though he had spent a large sum of money, it was for books of the highest value, and that he had it in contemplation to fit himself for a chair of Natural History and Geology, and had made all his collections to that end. And as for his personal appearance, he had grown into a tall vigorous man, who could climb mountains, or descend to the depths of mines, without the fear of losing either life or limb; in short, he was as unlike the fancy sketch she had drawn, as a man could well be.'

"She sighed, and said, 'I'm very glad,' and yet I really felt she would have been relieved if it were as she had pictured him. Such a man she could have found no difficulty in relinquishing—no pang of regret would have reached her heart, at hearing he was married to another; but matters wore a different aspect when she thought of him as devoted to science, and designing to occupy a professor's chair in some college; this fell in with her views of labor, which was necessary for happiness and usefulness.

"Having made a commencement, I repeated our conversations respecting herself, his admiration for the *sentiment* which had induced her to take the step she had, and yet his entire aversion for the *theory* which she hoped to see established, its practical working in France, the character of Fourier,—his entire want of the holy love of man, which was attributed to him, and his sad

end. I repeated to her his views of the condition of the several classes of Europe, the manner in which the wrongs of labor were felt, and how eagerly the poor man seized the remotest contingencies of improvement of his condition—and the hopeless results of all the experiments thus far tried; the impossibility of making vicious men virtuous by mere association; that the system, as a theory, was based on self, and the most unlicensed gratification of our sensual passions, which, in their very nature, were lawless and corrupt.

“ ‘Oh yes!’ she said, ‘there comes his doctrine of depravity. No, my dear madam, that man is depraved, is the necessary consequence of our present state of society; we must change our modes, and our characters change with them. How can it be the hungry will not steal, and the rich and over fed, become proud? Everything conspires to make the poor man poorer, and the rich man richer. And ought we not to lend our little aid, to change the conditions of our race. There must be a commencement, or the end can never be attained. We must expect failures; the very training men and women have received, renders failures at first all but inevitable; but some centuries hence, we shall see Fourierism, like Christianity, pervading countries, and then the dreams of poets and prophets will be realized.’

“ I must confess, I find in my heart a chord of sympathy vibrating whenever I hear one speak with enthusiasm and hope for a higher and happier condition of mankind; and I had little to say in reply to all this, though I strove to recover what I had heard Richard say, and which, at the time, seemed to me very convincing. One thing I remarked in Jane with satisfaction. It was, that Richard had made this subject a matter of inquiry, and that he had a feeling of respect for the sentiment which had sustained her in making so many sacrifices; and she said—‘I would dearly like to talk with Richard on this subject, if I thought I could do so without the petulance and passion I once exhibited. He is a man now, and I would be a woman—though I fear while he has been growing, I have been at a stand-still.’ I encouraged this desire as best I could, and did not forget to say how much Richard was admired by the Worths and the Schuylers, by Mr. De Lisle and others, for whom I knew Jane felt the highest respect.

“ While we were thus talking, the dinner-bell rang, and I went down to dinner. The dining-room was a long, low apartment, with beams projecting from the ceiling, furnished with two tables, which run the whole length of the room. The cloth was coarse but white, and the knives and forks were bright, as I had reason to know, seeing them, one by one, polished by my dear Jane.

The meats were well cooked, but the abundance of turnips, cabbage, and boiled dishes, were, to me, excessively nauseous.

“Our second course consisted of Indian puddings, eaten with molasses. The lumps of *suet* would have tasked the stomach of an ostrich. The table was waited on by about one-third of the members of the Community, and so soon as one was done, the place vacated was taken by the attendant, who was waited on by those who rose. There was a good deal of loud talking and laughing, and the subject of their mirth arose from incidents arising among themselves, of which I had no knowledge, and I doubt if they would have been as mirthful to me as to themselves, had I been better advised. At dinner, it was announced, that, in honor of my visit, a ball would be given in the hall, in the evening—a compliment I acknowledged by bowing very politely to the presiding gentleman, who had once been a Liberal Divine, and who had sunk the last vestige of the minister in the Fourierist.

“After dinner, Jane put on her apron, and re-polished her knives and forks, which occupied her two hours. We then went into the parlor, where she showed me she had lost none of her facility and brilliancy of execution on the piano, which I was delighted to witness.

“We went back to her chamber, and she at once addressed herself to the hopeless task of putting on a pair of gloves. They could, by no amount of stretching, be made to fit, and she threw the gloves on the bed, and burst into tears. I let her tears have their course, and made no remark about the increased size of her hands; but again spoke of her home, the pleasure her father and mother would take in a visit from her, the opportunity it would give her of seeing her circle of friends; the operas to be brought out—and, lastly, that she must come on, to be at my first party.

“She listened with a melancholy smile, and when I spoke of my first party, she put her arms around me, and said, ‘Dear Mrs. Smith, do you want to make a show of me, to add to the novelties of your party? How odd it would be! and how many jeers I should have to meet! but,’ she said, looking proudly, ‘I should care very little for all such people; but if I should go, I must lose my place here, and then what would become of me?’

“‘My dear Jane, if there be no other home for you in the world, you shall come and be my dear sister—I am in want of one, and where could I find such another as you?’

“This again drew the tears to her eyes, and she laid her head on my shoulder, and sat in silence for a while, and was about to speak, when the supper bell rang. I would gladly have excused myself; but she insisted I had eaten nothing at dinner; I must take a cup of tea; ‘*that*,’ she said with emphasis, ‘is drinkable even

here.' I found myself seated at the same table, and our supper consisted of several varieties of coarse bread, eaten with butter or molasses, as might be preferred. The same order of attendants was observed. There was no lack of hospitality, good nature and conversation. The gentleman who had been so usefully employed in the morning, with his short jacket, waited upon me with the greatest assiduity, talking of all imaginable things connected with Babylon, with such a fluency and intimate knowledge of what was going on, that I was assured he had many secret longings to get back to his old haunts and its pleasures. So soon as we rose from supper, all commenced clearing away tables, to get ready for the dance.

"I had the pleasure of dancing with the Babylonian in boots and short jacket—then with a man in shoes an inch thick, not the cleanest in the world, as he had just come out of the field, where he told me he had been all day ploughing; and so the evening passed away, and I was well wearied with all I had seen and done, when I laid down to sleep on my corn-shuck mattress.

"The next day I invited Jane to spend the day with me at my Hotel, and she consented. She feared her dresses were not perfectly what would be agreeable to me, and I met this by insisting on her wearing one of mine. Our figures are so near alike that my dresses fitted her admirably. I took care to select the prettiest, and of a new style, which I had just received from my milliner in Paris. She was herself pleased with the beautiful effect of her costume; it was finished and perfect, all to the gloves. I told her she could wear, perhaps, those I had worn, and she tried them on and found them to fit, and so putting on the bonnet she had worn to the farm a year before, (but as it was only to ride in, it was all very well,) we sat out for the city.

"My husband was delighted to see her, and brought in two of our mutual friends, who happened to be in town; we spent the morning with them, and at four, dined together in my parlor. It was a charming day, and at seven, I took my seat beside her to return with her to the Community, accompanied by my husband.

"This was the moment I deemed best to make my appeal. I depicted the joy of her parents at her return, the desolation of their home, their readiness to respect her opinions; the love and longing of Richard, and the pleasure with which all whom she loved would welcome her. My dear husband was not wanting in tact or sympathy. His heart was touched, and he became deeply enlisted in my success. Jane wept with excess of agony of feeling; but love got the better of pride and theory, and she promised to return with me. At this moment my husband ordered the driver to turn and carry us back to the hotel.

"We had gone more than half the distance. Jane remonstrated; but my husband said very quietly and firmly, 'My dear Jane, a letter will do better than your presence. It will cost you less, and will accomplish all you desire. In this, my dear young friend, let me advise and act for you.'

"Jane sat quiet and absorbed in thought, and so soon as we had reached the hotel, returned to the chamber next my own, and asked for writing paper and pens, which I gave her, and kissing her, I bade her 'good night.'

"At six, the letter was sent, her trunk arrived at eight, while we were at breakfast, and at nine we were on our way to Babylon. The returning prodigal never was more fondly welcomed. Not the slightest allusion escaped the father and mother as to her long absence and estrangement of feeling, and Richard came with the earnestness of one just returned from a tour, so that every possible degree of kindness and refinement of delicacy was exhibited, to save her the feeling that she was an absentee from the home circle. Her room was in the precise state in which she had left it. Not a book was changed; the embroidery frame and its worsteds were in the very box in which she had left them on the morning of her departure.

"All this kindness was appreciated, and acknowledged by Jane, in a way worthy of herself. She avoided all discussions of topics which must be painful to her mother; she took her accustomed seat at church, and gave a degree of attention to the ritual, which was unusual to her. With no one did she speak of her pursuits; she treated her absence as one of pleasure, and the few triflers who dared to jeer, were made to feel the intense powers of her wit with a severity which awed them to silence. To Richard alone she spoke of her theory of society, her hopes for the world's recovery and redemption. He listened with the air of one deeply interested, and as wishing, if possible, to find out the bright points of this system. They frequently came to see me, and Richard deemed it, as he told me, safest for Jane and himself, to speak on this subject only when in my presence. She was apt to become excited, and when argument failed, to try her skill at sophisms, which led to raillery and wit, and then satire came to close up the scene, leaving much on his mind to deplore, and much in her heart to sorrow over.

"I have admired his admirable tact and self-control. He has never seemed desirous of pursuing his argument to its obvious results, but has left it for Jane to do so. All her charges on the crimes of society he has admitted, but sought to show her the hopelessness that a mere change of organization can work the changes on moral beings, as if they were so many *automata*; but though I

have heard much about this subject, to show you how great has been his forbearance, I never heard before, that the children were the destined scavengers of a phalanx. What could Jane have answered?"

"Indeed," replied the Gentleman in Black, "it is hard to say. Certainly nothing can be more revolting; nor can any woman, worthy of the name of mother, conceive of giving up her infants to the care of the nurses of the Phalanx. Women may become monsters—infanticide is no new crime to the world, and is extensively practiced, as we know, in China and elsewhere. But Fourierism is essentially sensual, and the vanity of women is addressed, by telling her 'she is to be no longer dependent on man;' and too, that 'the dependency of woman is unfavorable to the full development of love—that this beautiful passion can only exist where there is liberty; liberty of the soul and the body.' Now there are women, to whom this is a sweet poison; such have little maternal tenderness; they would gladly give up their children to crocodiles, and as far as they dare, they do give them up to hired nurses. Such women can well receive the teachings of Mr. Brisbane, that, 'in spite of all that is preached of the sacred duties of nature, there is not a married couple, who are not, more or less, tired of the cares which infants require; of the services which their weakness demands.'\* To such women, children are but as pigs, who may wallow in the dirt, if they please, so they interfere not with their pleasures and pursuits. And a system like that of Fourierism or Swedenborgianism, which gives the sanction of science, or revelation, falsely so called, to an unbridled licentiousness, has powerful attractions for such women, as well as men; but it is an attraction they do not so readily avow, and it is to be hoped, in most cases, women full of generous enthusiasm, as in the case of your young friend, are all unconscious of the last tendencies of the system they advocate. It is to be hoped so, and, indeed, it is every way probable it is so; but where you find a woman adopting, with a full consciousness, all the doctrines of Fourierism, you find one restless of the restraints of religion, as well as of society,† whose virtues, if she has any, are the result

\* Brisbane says, "Association will employ the passions as God created them, without changing their nature—the taste for dirt is a necessary impulse to enlist children in the corporation of *little hordes* to induce them to undergo the daily disgust connected with dirty work," &c.

"The inclination for dirt which we find predominant in children, is but a rude germ," &c.

† Fourier says, "Our ideas of the honor or virtue of women, are but prejudices, which vary with our legislation."



of accident rather than of principle.\* I pray you pardon me for interrupting you. How stand matters between these lovers?"

"I'm sure I have rather to thank you for your interruption. Your views agree entirely with those I have myself entertained.

"To finish my story," continued Mrs. Smith, "my young friends love each other devotedly; but both have the same idea of the necessity of similarity of tastes and opinions as necessary to happiness in married life, and are both miserable in consequence of these differences of opinion. Richard is orthodox, and of a religious temperament, and Jane has, I think, the same tendencies toward piety, but her present latitudinarianism is a great gulf which keeps them apart. They will marry one of these days, and be very happy, because they mutually respect as well as love each other.

"I tell them they might as well be miserable, because their pulses do not beat alike—that *unisons* do not make such sweet music as *chords*, and that it is the sharps and flats in matrimony, as well as in music, which produce the most beautiful contrasts, and resolve themselves into the sweetest harmonies."

"Indeed, madam," said the Gentleman in Black, with a graceful bow, and an amused smile, "you are very ingenious, and I am happy to say, the figure is not only felicitous, but what is better, is true in fact."

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\* See Appendix G. for articles on *Fourierism*.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Smith's swoon and illness—The Gentleman in Black, having shown Mrs. Smith in the mirror a scene of a party, illuminated by undying lamps, offers to supply her—Mrs. Smith thinks to over-reach the Gentleman in Black—Alarmed by seeing the shadow of Peter shaking his fist at the Gentleman in Black—Pursuit of Peter, who speaks to Mrs. Smith—Steals the spectacles of the Gentleman in Black—The Gentleman in Black returns, and Peter escapes—Mrs. Smith consents to sign the bond of the Gentleman in Black, who wishes a drop of her blood to seal the bond—Mrs. Smith swoons—Is found in convulsions—Doctors sent for—A HOMŒOPATHIST arrives; his treatment—Surprise of Mr. Smith—ALLOPATHISTS arrive—Their consultation—Grief of Mr. Smith—Doctor "A No. 1's" colloquy with Mr. Smith on the *diagnosis* of the disease—Mrs. Tripp's visit to Mrs. Van Dam—Scene there—Treatment of Doctor Herpin—Scene between Mr. and Mrs. Smith on the restoration of her reason—German customs introduced into her sick chamber; their influence—Of Grace Worth and Mr. De Lisle—Mrs. Smith and Doctor Herpin discourse on dreams—Psychology of dreaming—Mrs. Smith's first visit to her saloon—Of pictures—Influence of Romanism on the Fine Arts.

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In the plan of this work, as designed by Peter Schlemihl, there comes before this chapter several scenes in the Mirror which have never been completed. To have done so, would, it was thought, make the work too episodical, and so they have been left in outline. It is not necessary to state what these were to the completion of the story, of which they are indeed entirely separate.

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THE Gentleman in Black, now addressing Mrs. Smith, with a smile said—"I will show you one more scene which I am sure will prove as attractive to you as any one I have had the pleasure to present to you this evening."

"Ah! that will be a hard task," said Mrs. Smith, "after all I have seen."

"The Gentleman in Black again breathed on the Mirror, and a scene was presented, showing a suite of rooms in all respects furnished like her own, but lighted from lamps with the utmost splendor. *There were no shadows to be seen*—the rooms were bathed in light, and the guests, who were numerous, seemed in the midst of the festivities of an evening party. The dresses of

the ladies were of dazzling richness and beauty—the furniture, drapery and mirrors were shining with resplendent lustre; and it seemed as if the party, so bright and joyous, had all disposed of their shadows to this amiable and excellent gentleman, and, unlike the unhappy Schlemihl, were well pleased to be rid of such undesirable and unnecessary appendages.

“Oh!” cried Mrs. Smith, clapping her hands, “these are the lamps; but do they never burn dim?”

“Never! madam, but rather with increasing intensity.”

“My dear sir, and what shall I give you for as many as I need? I do not stipulate as to price—name it, and it is yours.”

The Gentleman in Black looked as if in some dubiety, and then drawing from his pocket a paper of some sort, said he would do so, if she would make a cross at the bottom of it.

Mrs. Smith examined the paper; it was covered with characters; but whether they read from left to right, or right to left, or up and down, she could not divine. She then examined the material on which these characters were drawn, but it was neither parchment nor paper; she looked up, and saw the Gentleman in Black intently gazing upon her, and handed it to him.

“This is altogether incomprehensible to me,” said Mrs. Smith; “what does it stipulate for? Ah! you want me to part with my shadow?”

“Dear Mrs. Smith,” replied the Gentleman in Black, “how can you think so? The paper stipulates for what is of the least importance to you, and that concerning which most of the ladies in Babylon, at least, never deem worth a moment’s reflection. They part with it for what is far less valuable to them than these lamps are to you.”

The Gentleman in Black again presented the paper to Mrs. Smith. She felt the paper, and asked, “Of what is it composed?”

“It is made of asbestos which I am in the habit of using,” replied the Gentleman in Black. “I find it suits my purposes better than any other material. Permit me to show you these characters in a work recently published in Germany, by a very pious physician.” So saying, the Gentleman in Black took from his pocket a copy of the “Seeress of Prevorst,”\* and opening to the plate, Mrs. Smith discovered that there was, to be sure, a strict resemblance between the two. Mrs. Smith paused. It was but to look into the mirror and fill her eyes to satiety with the light of those beautiful lamps, and to form plans for the surprise of her husband and the delight of her friends.

“What can he want in exchange?” thought Mrs. Smith. She

\* Swedenborg gives the precise description of these mystic characters, as being those used in writing in the spirit world.

looked up, and the Gentleman in Black was looking at the beautiful cluster of curls which hung down her neck. Her hair had been dressed *à la Grecque*, and this cluster of curls was false, but exactly suited the shade of her hair. "He wants a lock of my hair, and I will cut one of these curls; it will be just as much mine *to him* as if I took it from my own temples."

Mrs. Smith now expressed her readiness to sign, and asked him "If he had a pen about him?"

The Gentleman in Black was evidently perplexed, for, though his pocket seemed so wonderfully capacious, it contained no such articles as quills. While the Gentleman in Black was musing, Mrs. Smith happening to look round, saw, to her amazement, the shadow of Peter, which had been pinned to the drapery of the window, shaking his fist at the Gentleman in Black. Her exclamation aroused the attention of the Gentleman in Black, who saw the arm as it was falling to the side of the shadow. In an instant he sprang to the curtain, and ran with the agility of a tiger, and with eyes of equal fierceness, around the room, with his hands wide spread, as though playing at blind-man's-buff with his eyes open. After chasing round the room he darted into the saloon, then into the library and out again, and then ran down the stairs. Mrs. Smith stood riveted to the spot in speechless astonishment, when she felt the arm of some one encircling her waist; before she could speak, she heard a voice close to her ear, saying, "Dear Mrs. Smith, I am poor Peter Schlemihl—for God's sake, don't sell your shadow."

"I will not, Peter, I will not!"

"The Gentleman in Black," continued the voice, "mesmerised your wine, madam, and 'twas I upset the glass. It was my only hope of saving you. Ah! there are his spectacles; those I need, and those I will have," seizing them as they lay on the sofa. "Now, pray go with me to the door of the saloon; I will stand behind you, and as the Gentleman in Black enters, I will slip out." So saying, the invisible Peter drew her to the door. Mrs. Smith heard the Gentleman in Black racing about the entry, and Peter, strange to say it, (pursued as he was by the Gentleman in Black,) kissed her cheek. She was about to reprove him, when the Gentleman in Black came leaping up the stairs, and entered the room. The moment he did so, Peter pressed Mrs. Smith's hand, and let it go.

The Gentleman in Black, to the surprise of Mrs. Smith, seemed no way out of breath by his violent exercise, but his rage was unabated. Going up to the shadow of Peter, he tore it down, and shaking it as if it had been a silk apron, he glared round the room, and shook his fist at the invisible Peter. "You villain! remember, you are not yet out of the *Wood*." So saying, he rolled up the shadow, and thrust it into his pocket.

Seating himself on the sofa, he apologized to Mrs. Smith for the abruptness of his manners. He said, "After all he had suffered from the miserable scoundrel who had just escaped him, he hoped she would pardon him for any want of courtesy."

"You want these lamps," continued the Gentleman in Black, pointing to them in the mirror, "and I want the pledge of your kind remembrance of this interview. You asked me, at the instant of our being interrupted by this fellow, for a pen. I regret to say, that I find it impossible to carry one in my pocket, which is fit for use; they are so apt to split at the point! Perhaps you may have one in the library, and will be pleased to bring it?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Smith.

Now, as Mrs. Smith went for the pen, she endeavored, from all she had seen, to form some idea who this Gentleman in Black could be. He certainly seemed a very good man, though he hated poor Peter, and then all his conversations wore a very religious aspect, and would it be safe to sign the paper? She found herself in a most strange and perplexed condition of mind. She was utterly unable to decide what she ought to do, or would do.

In this state of mind, she brought the pen, and as she presented it to the Gentleman in Black, for his inspection, recollecting herself, she cried—"Oh! I have forgot the inkstand," and turned to go for it.

"No matter, dear Mrs. Smith," said the Gentleman in Black, "for the inkstand. It is usual to sign *these* papers in red ink. Now, then, permit me to draw but one drop of the rich blood which gives so beautiful a color to your skin."

Mrs. Smith was about to express her dissent to so strange a proposal, when the Gentleman in Black produced a lancet, and with an air so purely professional, that Mrs. Smith knew not what to do or to say, and holding her breath with surprise, the Gentleman in Black compressed her arm by his left hand, and was in the act of plunging the lancet into her arm, when she shrieked, and swooned, and fell upon the floor.

The scream was heard by Maria, Mrs. Smith's dressing-maid, and she ran in, and seeing her mistress on the floor, uttered cries so loud, that it aroused Mr. Smith from his sound sleep, and brought the whole retinue of servants into the saloon. When Mr. Smith entered, in his dressing-gown, he was frightened at seeing his wife lying on a sofa, her eyes protruding and wild, her face flushed, and in the paroxysms of a general convulsion; the muscles of her face twitching, her breathing quick and irregular, and her tongue in violent motion, pushing out her cheek. Alarmed, he ordered a dozen servants to go for doctors, anybody and anywhere, and off they ran in various directions.

At his wit's end, Mr. Smith ordered the servants to carry Mrs. Smith to her chamber, where she was undressed by the women, while he flew about, frantic for the arrival of the physicians.

The first who reached the house, was a distinguished disciple of Hahnemann, who, when he saw the patient, frankly stated to Mr. Smith, that the case was one of extreme danger, and needed the most powerful and prompt remedies.

Mr. Smith begged him to do something—anything, and at once, without waiting for the arrival of any other doctor.

He expected to see the physician mix up a dose of calomel and jalap, or to write a prescription combining a dozen medicines at least; but what was his astonishment to see him take from his pocket, a little case, about the size of a small, thin volume, out of which he took a vial no longer than a pin, and calling for a glass of water, poured into it a drop from the diminutive bottle, of which mixture he gave a dessert-spoonful to poor Mrs. Smith!

“And is that all?” exclaimed Mr. Smith.

“That, my dear friend,” said the Homœopathist, “is the most potent and efficient of all our pharmacopœia.”

“Is it possible! and pray what is it?”

“It is one drop of aconite of the third potency. I shall give her a second spoonful in four hours hence.”

“Great God!” exclaimed the distracted husband, “this can never help my wife in such horrible convulsions.”

The physician assured him, “if medicine could save Mrs. Smith, his theory and practice would do it.” But poor Mr. Smith wanted something to be done. He was for action, action, action—to him this seemed just nothing at all. And there his dear wife lay in agonies before him. He was full of unspeakable terror at the idea of losing her.

“What has caused this dreadful attack?” asked Mr. Smith.

The Homœopathist said, “it was doubtless the result of intense anxiety and violent emotions, consequent on the efforts she had made during the party she had given.”

Poor Mr. Smith was wretched, indeed, as he heard this. “I have myself killed her by my unkindness,” he cried.

The Homœopathist stared at Mr. Smith, who was all unconscious of what he had said.

A physician of the regular Allopathic school now reached the house, and he was followed by others almost at the same time; so plenty is professional aid in Babylon the Less, when the summons comes from the palaces of the wealthy.

The Allopathist, as he entered the room, looked with an air of surprise at the disciple of Hahnemann, and then at Mr. Smith, and asked Mr. Smith “if he wished *him* to take charge of the

case." Mr. Smith was bewildered, but thinking that there was safety in a multitude of counsellors, said "he did," whereupon the Homœopathist bowed, and took his leave.

There was quite a diversity of opinions at the bed-side of Mrs. Smith as to the course of treatment, and the exact phase of the attack. The doctor who assumed to be "A No. 1," expressed his belief it was a case of *cerebritis*. Dr. Herpin said it seemed to him to be rather *meningitis*; Dr. Frank called it *encephalitis*; Dr. Vogel, *phrenitis*; Dr. Linneas, *cephalitis*, and Dr. Martinet said he deemed it *arachnitis*, or more properly *arachnoiditis*.

"What do they say is the matter with my mistress?" whispered Maria to Mr. Smith.

"God knows, Maria!" Mr. Smith replied, "for I don't understand a word they say."

Doctor "A No. 1" proposed opening a large orifice, and bleeding Mrs. Smith forty ounces of blood. Dr. Frank proposed placing pounded ice on the head. Dr. Vogel said it would be absolutely necessary to shave her head, before applying the ice. Dr. Herpin said he had seen the happiest results from topical bleeding, and proposed cups and leeches. Dr. Vogel also advised blisters to be applied to the back and shoulders; and a drop of Croton oil to be at once administered.

Mr. Smith listened to all these discussions in a tremor of anxiety. He could not conceive how it could be, that his wife could be saved by being bled to death; and as to having her beautiful hair cut off, he was dismayed at the thought, and Maria whispered to him, with the utmost earnestness, "to cut off her hair would kill her mistress outright so soon as she came to her senses."

Mr. Smith asked, "if his wishes could be consulted in this matter?"

The doctors looked a little puzzled, but Dr. "A No. 1" said, in reply, "Certainly, Mr. Smith, if your wishes accord with our rules of practice."

"Then," said Mr. Smith, "I beg the suggestions of Dr. Herpin may be adopted, and pray you to save my wife's hair if it be possible."

The doctors adopted this course. Cups and blisters were applied to the head and neck, and a drop of Croton oil administered; and there was, either from the spoonful of aconite, or the bleeding, happily an immediate subsidence of the paroxysms.

Mrs. Smith talked incessantly about the Gentleman in Black and Peter Schlemihl, and then of "lamps which never burned dim," and these words struck her husband to the heart, for he remembered too well his last words, and he had good reason to believe, this was the last point of endurance which had broken

down the mind of his lovely wife, and had induced this fearful malady.

Doctor "A No. 1" took Mr. Smith into the adjoining room, and having seated himself, asked Mr. Smith to take the chair next him.

"I beg you will be calm, sir," said "A No. 1;" "for it is necessary that I should inquire as to the predisposing causes which have occasioned this dreadful disease."

"What is it, sir—what do you say it is?" inquired Mr. Smith in deep dismay.

"Sir," said the doctor, "it is extremely difficult to decide at this moment whether it be *meningitis* or *cerebritis*, or *arachnitis*. From the *diagnosis* as now presented, it is impossible to determine, the one generally giving rise to, or terminating in, the other; but a slight rigidity on one side of her body seems to indicate it as *cerebritis*."

"What do I know of all these phrases?" said Mr. Smith angrily. "I want to know what is the matter with my wife; and, if you can't tell me, I will ask those who can."

"Sir," said the doctor, angrily in return, "when I am spoken to professionally, I give a professional reply. If you want a quack, you had better recall the man I found here on my entrance."

"What is it you want to know of me?" said Mr. Smith, out of patience, and yet dreading to have his wife deserted, on a point of mere professional pride.

"I desire, sir," said "A No. 1," "to be told if you have observed any of the predisposing symptoms which led to this attack."

"Such as what?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Has Mrs. Smith complained of a throbbing in her head?"

"Yes! her d—d party has made her miserable for a week past, and she has complained to me of giddiness at times, and a sense of fullness and weight, all owing to the anxiety she has felt for what, after all, has been a complete failure, and now, may be the death of her. Alas! my poor wife."

"And have you observed, at any time previous to her attack, any impatience on the score of light?"

"Not for the excess of light," said Mr. Smith, "but for the want of it. Our lamps all but went out before the supper was half over."

"Then you think," said the doctor, "there was no excess of irritability of the optic nerve observable? I'm glad to hear you say so."

"My dear doctor," said Mr. Smith, in the utmost confusion of mind, "I really don't know"



"And her speech, has that been indistinct and difficult of articulation, or has she been excitable and hurried, unusually quick?"

"I think," replied Mr. Smith, "she has been nervous of late, and spoke hurriedly. She certainly did so just before I left her; but God forgive me! I believe I was the cause of it all."

"And her pulse—have you observed whether that was slow, or has it been unusually quick?"

"Heaven help me!" exclaimed poor Mr. Smith, who never would have been put down in the primer as the most patient of men, "I never felt her pulse in my life."

The doctor, perfectly regardless of his patient's nerves, with true professional scent, followed the track upon which he had entered, and continued his inquiries, and asked, "if Mrs. Smith had ever exhibited any transient fits of incoherence or confusion of mind."

"Never, in her life," replied her poor husband; "her mind is clear as light, and she has never been sick a day, since our marriage. Alas! I have been too regardless of her, and supposed she never could be ill."

"You will pardon me, sir," said "A No. 1," "for the minuteness of these inquiries, but it is important in this disease, not merely to ascertain the particular symptom, but rather, to determine whether there is a correspondence or harmony between the symptoms."

"And what do you think is the matter with my wife?" again asked Mr. Smith, in hope of getting some light on this all absorbing question.

"It seems to me," said "A No. 1," "though I am compelled to speak from the *diagnosis* as now presented, it is a case of general *cerebritis*. The brain, as you know, sir, confessedly presides over the phenomena, which are attended with consciousness, and through the *pneumogastric* nerve it influences the functions of digestion, and indirectly, through the respiratory apparatus, that of circulation. Now, when either the *arachnoid* or *pia mater*, which closely invest the brain, is extensively inflamed, the functions of this organ become inevitably disturbed. Hence, in *arachnitis* or *meningitis*, besides headache and intense fever, we have a general sensibility, preternatural excitement of the external senses, violent delirium and convulsions, as you observe in the case of your wife, and which usually terminate in collapse, *coma* and death."

"You are one of Job's comforters," said poor Mr. Smith.

"I am, sir," said "A No. 1," with emphasis, "a physician, and as a professional man, bound to state the facts as I find them." So saying, he left Mr. Smith, and returned to the sick chamber.

Mrs. Smith's disease went through the usual phases. There

was the fearful recess of fever, when all the powers of the constitution seemed verging to the state of collapse. For a whole week some one of her physicians was constantly at hand. All that skill and care could do was done. Mr. Smith never left the house; his mind was wrought up to the highest pitch of fear and agony. He *now* felt the unspeakable worth of his wife—the worthlessness of all his wealth without her, should she be taken from him.

Every precaution was taken to keep her perfectly quiet, and free from every degree of excitement, and her physicians told Mr. Smith that the most trifling cause, any slight mental emotion, would bring on a relapse.

The tidings of Mrs. Smith's illness were of course carried with telegraphic speed through all the cliques and circles of Babylon the Less. Scarcely a set but was advised of all the particulars of her disease before the next evening.

"It's just what might be expected," said Mrs. Van Dam to Mrs. Tripp, who had called to talk over the party. "She has gone out of her depth, and this is the consequence. Her little head was doubtless turned by seeing so many people in her parlors, whom she has before only seen at church or the opera; and whose circles have been as far beyond her reach, as the stars over her head. If it had not been for Mrs. Worth, I never would have gone."

"My dear Mrs. Van Dam," replied Mrs. Tripp, "did you ever see such an attempt at fine manners? And the way she wheedled De Lisle to stand by her and hold her up last evening! He looked for awhile really taken with her, and had she ever seen society before, I would have sworn she was coquetting with him. The man appeared perfectly beside himself, and seemed to forget everybody in the room but the hostess and that fair sham-faced girl of the Worths, who wore the spermaceti on her shoulders as naturally as she would have worn pearl-powder."

"Did you hear Mrs. Offenheim sing last night?" continued Mrs. Tripp.

"No! I was playing whist in the library," replied Mrs. Van Dam.

"I'm sorry you missed it. She's a real screech-owl. Poor dear Adela, she was compelled to stand by her and play the amiable; but it was almost too much for her nerves: she didn't sleep a wink last night."

"I hear," said Mrs. Van Dam, looking very inquiringly at Mrs. Tripp, "that Adela was attended home last night by Mr. Winterbottom. Was it so?" Mrs. Tripp smiled very innocently, and said:—"Why, you see Mr. Winterbottom didn't know these Smiths, and was taken by surprise at receiving an invitation, and

was for a day or two doubtful if he would accept. I told him by all means he *must* go; but he said he should feel so awkward, never having seen the hostess, and being entirely ignorant of her 'set'—'Oh!' I told him, 'she had no *set*, and I would take him under my wing,' and so it was agreed. He had the politeness to call with his carriage, long before I was ready, but happily Adela was dressed, and we managed to help him through the difficulties of an evening party, for you know he *affects* to dislike all these sort of things; but, after all, my dear Mrs. Van Dam, these sort of men, when you once break the ice for them, take to the water with all the eagerness of Newfoundland dogs. Mr. Winterbottom came away delighted with everybody and everything."

"He must have been more fortunate than most of us," said Mrs. Van Dam, with a slight asperity of manner. "As for myself, my dress is positively ruined. I am a hundred dollars out of pocket by this ambitious lady's first party. I certainly shan't buy another yard of silk in his fine shop to the end of time. He don't make money out of me by his splendid parties, I can tell him."

Mrs. Tripp gave one of her sharp, bright laughs, and took her leave. And though the comments made in other parlors may have had some variations, there were only the few, as the Worths, the Schuylers, and the like, who did not ring the same changes—chiming harmoniously on the folly of Mrs. Smith—her ambition and its just and necessary fall.

Among the exceptions, were Mr. Winterbottom, Mr. De Lisle and other gentlemen, whose admiration had been called forth by the admirable bearing and grace of manners of their newly discovered hostess. Winterbottom and De Lisle called together during the day to make personal inquiries, and went from Mr. Smith's to Colonel Worth's to tell the latest intelligence. It was Mr. De Lisle's first visit to the Worth family. Mrs. Worth and Grace expressed their sorrow and sincere sympathy; they spoke of the admirable self-possession shown by Mrs. Smith; the difficulties of her position; the fine sense she discovered in repairing the mishaps of the evening, and their warm hopes that she would recover.

"We will call, Grace," said Mrs. Worth, "to-morrow, and see Mr. Smith. It will be to him a source of comfort to know his guests sympathize with him in his deep anxieties."

"I admire Mrs. Smith," said Grace to Mr. De Lisle, "more than any one I have ever met. My prepossessions are all in her favor, and now I am still more and more anxious for her recovery, that I may have all my predilections confirmed."

Mr. De Lisle called daily as he returned up town, and Mr. Winterbottom's carriage was frequently seen standing at the door

of Mr. Smith's; for he was a man of a very kind heart, and took a deep interest in Mrs. Smith's recovery: and the Tripps, finding Mr. Winterbottom interested in the condition of Mrs. Smith, did not fail to wear the aspect of the tenderest concern. Indeed, Adela and her mother called daily, and with singular good fortune they often met Mr. Winterbottom there.

Poor Mrs. Smith's delirium continued. She incessantly talked of the Gentleman in Black, and the nurse, who was acquainted with Mrs. Tripp, told her of the strange things she heard, and Mrs. Tripp put herself under the greatest possible restraint not to go to her clique of the *Virtuous Indignation Society*, and tell all this rare news. But the fear of offending Mr. Winterbottom, whose good opinion it was now her business to win for herself and Adela, compelled her to wear the aspect of the utmost amability and sympathy, and to remain silent.

Still, however, to her dear friend Mrs. Van Dam, she whispered it as a great secret: "That Mrs. Smith had seen the devil in *propria persona*, and that he had attempted to buy her soul for a supply of his own lamps; but whether she had actually sold her soul to him, she could not say, but from what she had been told by her nurse, she presumed she had, and that was the cause of her alarming illness."

Mrs. Van Dam's zeal for controversy made her overlook the strangeness of Mrs. Tripp's story, and looking at her with some severity, she said—

"Mrs. Tripp, how can you tell me such a tale as this, when you believe there is no devil—that Satan is a bug-bear, only an impersonation of evil passions?"

Mrs. Tripp was for once embarrassed. "My dear friend," continued Mrs. Van Dam, seeing Mrs. Tripp non-plussed, "I fear you will find out too late that Satan is no fiction. Ah! all this infidelity comes from the unlicensed liberty of *dissent*. You are yet to discover that there is no safety but in *The Church*,—and that there is no "church without a bishop." I know, madam, you scoff at all this; but truth compels you sometimes to deny your own theory.—I beg you to give up your heresy, and return to the bosom of the church, whose arms are wide open to embrace you, and in whose care only you can find safety and rest."

"Dear Mrs. Van Dam," replied Mrs. Tripp, "I don't deny you are right; but I contend we are all right. All the roads of religious life converge to the same centre."

Mrs. Van Dam lifted up her eyes, and folded her hands over her bosom in a holy horror. "There's but one church, and by it and *in it* only can we be saved!"

A long controversy ensued, in which happily Mrs. Smith and

her Gentleman in Black were forgotten. Both ladies lost their temper, and parted in anger.

"What a heretic!" said Mrs. Van Dam to Lucille, as Mrs. Tripp and Adela left the room.

"What a bigot!" said Mrs. Tripp to Adela, as they reached the pavement.

The crisis of Mrs. Smith's delirium at last passed away. She looked round her room with surprise, and found it darkened, and her husband standing at the foot of her bed, whispering to a gentleman she had never before seen; she tried to speak, and then discovered her excessive weakness. The stranger put his finger on his lip, and motioned her to be silent. Mr. Smith, with a tenderness of tone and manner to which she had long been a stranger, came to her side, and whispered, "Dear Julia, you are very, very sick; your life hangs on a slender thread; do not speak, make no effort, and all will be well."

The tears came to the eyes of Mrs. Smith, as her husband spoke. He took her hand in his, and sat looking into her face with the earnest love of early days: her memory recalled the day and hour when that first look of love had been felt burning upon her cheek; and closing her eyes she wept: they were tears flowing from the luxury of gratified affection, and she felt how precious was that sickness which restored to her the long-lost assurance that she was still loved.

The tears of his wife opened the fountain of the husband's heart. He felt the lighting up of a dreadful load of anxiety and self-reproach, and bending over his wife, and laying his cheek on hers, their tears flowed full and fast, and for the first time in their lives, they wept together.

The doctor beckoned to the nurse to follow him,—and soon after Mr. Smith came into the chamber to which he had withdrawn, with a face beaming with hope. He led back Dr. Herpin, and introduced him to his wife, as the physician whose unsurpassed skill and unwearied attentions had, with God's blessing, carried her thus far towards her recovery. The doctor having said a few soothing words, and begging Mrs. Smith to keep her mind in the most perfect quietness, withdrew.

As for Mr. Smith, he had never left the house since the commencement of his wife's sickness; he was almost always in the chamber with his wife; saw all who called, and replied to their kind inquiries with deep-felt gratitude for their sympathy. Of all who came, none was more welcome than Miss Worth. While in the depths of despair, she comforted him as best she could, and when he burst forth in a sort of rage against that most unfortunate party, she soothed him, and always left him the happier for her

visit. And now that reason was once more restored to his wife, he longed to carry Grace and her mother to her bed-side, and tell his wife how kind they had been, and how much of aid and support he had derived from their sympathy.

How few there are of the many who lose the freshness of their first love, in whose hearts it is ever re-awakened! Oh, to how many fond hearts is "love's young dream" the oasis of the desert of life, from which they too soon awake to the sad consciousness that the consummation of their hopes was the tomb of their happiness!

Mr. Smith, happily, *was* awakened to the worth of his wife, her importance to his happiness, and all the various excellencies of her heart. It was his joy to find this out on this side the grave. *There*, and there only, in most cases, do men make a true estimate of the treasures they have unconsciously possessed, and lost forever.

The renewed manifestations of affection by her husband, made the sick bed to Mrs. Smith the happiest days of her life. And her physician, so soon as it was deemed by him safe, introduced the admirable customs of Germany into the sick room of his patient. At first, for a few moments of each day, she received her friends at her bed-side. And, certainly, she never looked so beautiful as when, propped up by pillows, her pale face shaded with her cap, fringed with rich broad lace, and her dark hair simply parted over her forehead. She lay on a bed elegant with all the elaborate refinements of French taste, to welcome her kind friends, male and female, who were permitted the privilege of seeing her.

As instructed by her physician, they were only allowed to steal into the room, to take the thin, pale hand as it lay on the bed, and kiss it, and withdraw. Soon the time was extended, and she was permitted to be congratulated with the progress of her recovery; and in this way her sick chamber was divested of the solitude and painful sense of seclusion, with which American fastidiousness and false delicacy now invest it.

Among those who were most prompt and assiduous in availing themselves of the privilege of so visiting Mrs. Smith, was Mr. De Lisle. It was not an uncommon circumstance for him to meet in the saloon, Grace Worth, while awaiting his turn to enter the sick chamber. It was natural for them to speak to each other of their friend up stairs, and to express their mutual hopes for her recovery; other topics were sometimes introduced, but the timidity of Grace seemed all but invincible. Such was her humility in her own attainments, and such the admiration and reverence she felt for his superior talents, that she was pained by a distrust of her powers to sustain her share in conversation, and blushed

often when she should have spoken, and, at all times, felt herself miserably awkward. Still Mr. De Lisle never failed to address her in preference to any other lady who might happen to be present, and often, when they left the house together, though it was directly out of his way, he found it in his way to attend Grace to her own door, there to linger for a moment, or, more frequently, to enter, and make a call upon her mother. It must be confessed, few mothers were more worthy of a call; few whose wit was so bright and playful; few whose conversation was so graceful and attractive, while her heart was the home of every generous and noble sentiment, and a sympathy as wide as it was inexhaustible.

It was natural for Mr. De Lisle thus to cultivate an acquaintance with the mother of Grace Worth—he well knew that the character of the mother would be developed in the maturity of life by her daughter; and it was with the sincerest satisfaction he found in Mrs. Worth the most beautiful assemblage of all the virtues which elevate and ennoble woman. Her piety was earnest, simple, and sincere; devoted to her husband, and fond of her child; possessing a high appreciation of excellence wherever she found it; warm in her friendships; loved and confided in by her own sex—the severest and surest of all tests to which a woman can be subjected. Nor was the father less distinguished for his virtues; his heart was alive to the interests of his race; his philanthropy knew no narrow restraints of sects or races, but in every movement made for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, was always ready to aid by his counsels and contributions.

As we have before said, among those who made frequent calls on Mrs. Smith, were Mrs. Tripp and Adela, for as they had discovered that Mr. Winterbottom sometimes called, the possibility of meeting *him* was a motive sufficient to keep them on the alert. As Mrs. Smith's hours of receiving visits were extended, and she was able now to converse without hazard of a relapse, one morning Mrs. Tripp was so kind as to take out of her pocket a paper which, she said, "I am sure, my dear Mrs. Smith, you will be glad to see, as it contains an account of your party."

Mrs. Smith, with a melancholy expression, smiled, and said, "Alas! it must be a most sad affair."

"No, dear madam; considering the character of the paper, it is every way flattering, and has attracted universal attention. Shall I read it to you?"

"May I ask in what paper it appears?"

"The paper is the Troglodyte Herald and Babylonian Court Journal," replied Mrs. Tripp. Mrs. Smith bowed, and Mrs. Tripp read as follows:

*" Splendid party of last evening among ' the Upper-crust ' of  
 Babylon the Less.*

" Last evening, according to appointment, Mrs. John Smith for the first time *illuminated* her house for the reception of her new found friends residing above Blucher Street. The well-known beauty of the lady, and the fine taste of the host, made this party a subject of general interest, since the cards have been circulated. We sent as usual our *Ariel*, to look in upon the group. He reports that there never was a more beautiful *coup-d'œil*, when he entered—the entire stock of splendid dresses in Mr. John Smith's shop seemed to be in motion, gracing the beautiful forms of the fashion of Babylon. Nothing could surpass the beautiful taste of the saloons opened on the occasion. After supper, there were the usual mishaps of all over-heated parties; but, as our *Ariel* was just at that time taking supper, he was only permitted to see the *marks* of the disaster, which, in some cases, required the sufferers to leave at an earlier hour than they had designed, being compelled, to use a nautical phrase, to haul out of the engagement and repair damages.

"Our *Ariel* says he was especially delighted with the exquisite operatic song, sung by Miss Adela Tr——pp, which was listened to with the most absorbed attention. Miss T——pp was waited on very assiduously by Mr. W——rb——m. Mrs. Off——nh——m was in fine voice, and continued singing till past midnight. In the saloon assigned to dancing, *Ariel* says:—

"Gen. S——h, Capt. H——ty, ex-Alderman of the 6th ward, and son of Gen. S., seemed to secure happiness to themselves, by making others happy around them. Mr. P——t, Wm. T——er, G. C——er, R. C. H——m, J. F——an, W. R——no, W. H. H——m, J. P——l, all of whom seemed to be favorites among the bright eyes. Monsieur R——r, of your city, was present, to whom we had the pleasure of an introduction. Some went home early, but the major part went home 'under escort.' The room was richly decorated with gorgeous mirrors, which we should more particularly notice, had we space and time.

"But it was the enchanting and fascinating women present that made the evening flow away like a glorious stream. It would be impossible for us to do justice to all.

'Bright arms wreathed lightly  
 And tresses fell free—  
 Like the plumage of birds  
 From a tropical tree.'

"The beautiful Miss Tr——pp seemed a queen of love and beauty; her dark hair was arranged with taste, her step, free and elastic,



and her voice like the low murmur of a forest water-fall. She was accompanied by Mr. W—rb—m. Miss H—ty, of your city, was complimented very highly for her good dancing, and seemed to attract the eye of more than one. The beautiful Miss W—ams, and the admired Miss B—on, attracted all eyes. Miss J—on, Miss B—ey, Miss S—an, and Miss C—k, are worthy of particular notice. The two Misses P—ys were present, and disappointed many, who thought they would not mingle in the dance. Mrs. R—no, would have been an honor to the first European drawing-room. Mrs. H—m ought not to be forgotten. The two Misses W—os, of your city, showed by their style of dancing to be no strangers in a ball-room. Miss V—ers we had an introduction to, and was in hopes we might have had the pleasure of her hand in a dance, but she appeared to be well supplied. Two little nonpareil creatures, one the daughter of ex-Alderman P., were as free and joyous as gazelles. There were others, too, bright, beautiful, and glorious, but who can describe them?

“Of all places for observation at such a time, give me a corner, and particularly if, like myself, you are so unfortunate as to be a bachelor, and from such a point, as the stream flows along, I see the fair face of Miss W—s, warmed into smiles by the powerful eloquence and devoted attention of Mr. C—r; Miss F—n D—n appears, with her sunny smiles and sweet voice, leading M—r and Mr. E—f, willing captives in her train. Miss B—h passes—that lovely face and Haidee eyes appear to be the shrine at which Mr. F—n O—n now worships. Now, that rare exotic, Mrs. F—n D—n, whose pleasing smiles out-rivalled the fair blossoms that adorned her brow, leaning on the arm of Dr. S—n; Miss M—r, of Warner street, with her faithful admirer, Mr. H—h; Miss R—y, that bright planet of our horizon, with one of her many satellites, Mr. McC—g. Then Miss W—s, whose wit and glances appear to absorb Mr. B—e; and many other lovely creatures that claim an equal share of notice, if time would admit it. Many a fair form to me unknown; many a bright eye, to me never before unclosed, were stealing hearts away. Thoughts were telegraphed through the medium of the eye; gentle pressures of the hand, denoting the formation of new, or the continuance of old feelings, were given and returned; and I, who was only fitted, from age, to be a looker on, almost renewed my years again, as things like these recalled the days of yore.

“The party broke up at an hour unusually early, owing, doubtless, to the accident to which we refer. There is no doubt, if Mrs.

Smith gives a few more such parties, she will 'define her position' in the upper circles of Babylon, without a doubt. ARIEL."

As Mrs. Smith grew stronger, she became more and more capable of recalling all the scenes of the evening of the party, and of a distinct recollection of her conversation with the Gentleman in Black, and the scenes in the mirror. She longed to tell of all these to some one, but the fear of ridicule kept her silent; and yet, she could not bring herself to believe it had been all an illusion.

One morning, she opened the subject of dreams to her physician, and begged him to tell what was the philosophy of dreaming. The doctor, with a smile which she could not account for, it was so full of meaning, for she was all unconscious of her loquacity while in a delirious state, replied, with a bow, "That he should be happy to tell her all he knew. It was a subject of great difficulty, and upon which much had been written. Dreams were various in their aspects, and arose from peculiar conditions of the brain and nervous system.

"The Peripatetic," continued the doctor, "represented dreams as arising from a presaging faculty of the mind. Democritus and Lucretius looked upon them as spectres. A modern writer, Andrew Baxter, imagined that dreams were prompted by spirits, who had access to the sleeper's brain, with the faculty of inspiring him with various ideas."

"And who is this writer? A man of any eminence?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Yes!" replied the doctor, "a man distinguished for his researches into the depths of the soul. In a sound sleep, dreams are seldom remembered, whereas, in broken sleep, the impression remains, and we have what *Forney* calls 'the lucidity of dreams.' Sir Thomas Browne had a very high opinion of dreams, which he styles 'the waking of the soul.' He says of himself, in his *Religio Medici*, 'I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliarding of company; yet, in one dream, I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof.'"

"It is very wonderful!" said Mrs. Smith, musing as she spoke.

"But I think," said the doctor, "we must look for the causes of dreams in *physiology*, rather than in *psychology*. And to the condition of the nervous system, we must look for the exhaustion which is the immediate cause of sleep."

"Do, please, make me to understand you," said Mrs. Smith, "if it be possible for me to comprehend a subject so mysterious."

"The subject," said the doctor, smiling, "is one which may not be so attractive in its details, as it may be instructive in its results."

"I am a good listener just now," said Mrs. Smith, with a smile. "I could not make many interruptions if I wished to do so."

"I will try to make myself so plain as to require none," said the doctor.

He continued—"The parts of the brain and spinal marrow which are associated with the nerves and muscles of the sensitive system generally, from the effect of the usual stimulants of life, suffer such a degree of exhaustion, that those stimulants can no longer excite them; and their functions, unless stronger stimulants be applied, must be necessarily suspended. Impressions from external objects consequently are no longer perceived, and therefore cannot produce their usual effects on mind or body. The expenditure of excitability in those parts of the brain and spinal marrow, and consequently in the nerves and muscles whose functions depend on them, being arrested, the vital functions still continuing, such an accumulation of it takes place in all these organs, as again renders them sensible to the usual stimulants of life, and the activity of the sensitive system is restored. The exhaustion of the nervous system induces sleep; its totality of exhaustion is death.

"In a dreamy state, we find the sensitive parts of the brain, to which the powers of the mind belong, and the parts associated with them, in a state of exhaustion, but not such a state of exhaustion as prevents their being excited by slight causes, while other parts of the system are still in a state of activity.

"It seems greatly to influence the phenomena of dreaming, that, in order to favor the occurrence of sleep, we prevent, as much as possible, the excitement of the external organs of sense, and consequently, those parts of the brain corresponding with them. This renders us the more sensible to causes of excitement existing within our bodies, while, by the inactivity of those parts of the brain which correspond to the organs of sense, we are deprived of the usual control of such parts of the mental functions as are thus excited; the effect of which is greatly increased by the rapidity of the operations of the memory and imagination, when not restrained by some of the various means employed for that purpose in our waking hours. These are often objects of sense, as written language, diagrams, sounds, and, sometimes, even objects of touch; but the most common is the mere use of words, independently of any object presented to our senses.

"Thus, my dear madam," said the doctor, "having stated my premises, I will make my application."

"I presume," said Mrs. Smith, with a languid smile, "I shall better understand the last than the first—pray, try me."

The doctor smiled and bowed. "Any one may perceive how difficult it is to pursue a train of reasoning without the means of detaining his ideas for the purpose of steadily considering them and comparing them together. Now in sleep, in consequence of the excitement depending on the brain being so partial, we are deprived of all these means; and our ideas pass with such rapidity as precludes all consideration and comparison. Our conceptions are, therefore, uncorrected by experience, and we are not at all surprised at the greatest incongruities. Why should we be surprised at our moving through the air, when we are not aware that we have not always done so? The mind of the dreamer differs from that of the infant in having a fund of ideas laid up in it which may be partially recalled; but it resembles it at the same time in being void of the results of experience, and consequently, with the exception of this partial operation of experience, of the means of correcting the ideas excited in it. In general, there is neither time nor means for doubt or hesitancy."

"Yes, I have experience of that being so," said Mrs. Smith.

"Such is our rapidity of thought in dreaming," continued the doctor, "that it is not uncommon for a dream, excited by the noise that wakes us, and which, therefore, must take place in the act of waking, to require more than fifty times the space in the relation. It is a good illustration of what I have said, that, when we dream we are conversing, and thus obliged to employ words, the usual incongruities of dreaming do not occur."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Smith; "and why so?"

"Because the ideas are sufficiently detained to enable us to correct the suggestions of the imagination. Now, madam, to conclude. The peculiarities of dreaming arise from partial causes of disturbance of the brain, and some of the sensitive parts of the brain being capable of excitement without disturbing others; and thus it is, that the more near we are to waking, the more rational our dreams become—all parts of the brain beginning to partake of the excitement,—which has given rise to the adage, 'morning dreams are true.'"

"I thank you, doctor. I wonder if *evening* dreams are always false; but I will not detain you any longer. I hope to retain some of these thoughts, and to see why some dreams are more clear and perfectly defined than others."

On the long-looked-for, and long-wished-for day, on which his wife was permitted to descend to her parlor, Mr. Smith came

home at the hour to help her down stairs. It seemed to be his greatest gratification to render her all the little aid and assistance she required, and would not permit her nurse even to do her any little service, when present, which it was in his power to render her. As she entered the room, she had a most expressive evidence of his considerate care; every covering soiled on the night of the party had been replaced, and no trace of injury to her carpets could be seen. Mrs. Smith turned to her husband with a look of grateful affection, and threw her arms around his neck. No word was spoken—none were needed; but Mr. Smith instantly diverted her attention to some beautiful pictures he had purchased as an agreeable surprise to her on her coming once more into her parlors. They were selected with great taste, and the subjects were all in harmony with the beauty of the rooms. There was no Judith with the bleeding head of Holofernes; no St. John Baptist's head in a charger; no Rebecca surprised by the elders; no Venus and Mars under their iron veil. And, especially, were there no undistinguishable masses of brown paint from the pencils of the "old masters;" but all pictures pleasing at the first glance, and pleasing always, awakening emotions of delight from the blending of light and shade, or of grace and loveliness portrayed on the canvas. There was not a single master of the "Old School" among them, but all fresh from the easels of native artists—men who have only to be patronized to attain the perfectibility of the past age, with all the superadded attractiveness of scenes and subjects of present interest—a matter of no small value, if common sense were to prevail in these matters.

It is strange how many are the perversions of the arts of painting, which originated in the stupidities of monks and nuns, who have controlled the flight of genius, and tasked it to the impossibilities of combining the unities of the arts of design with their monkish superstitions.

Chateaubriand, in his "Genie du Christianisme," speaks of these obligations of the fine arts to Christianity—a word which means, with him, Romanism; and most Protestants have taken his dicta for Gospel truth: but there is a reverse to this medal, and it is thus presented by Robert Robinson, in his "Researches," p. 259:

"Of all the descendants of Adam, an enthusiast is the most ridiculous, and of all enthusiasts, a sacred fanatic in holy orders is the most perverse. These gentry got uppermost in Spain, and in spite of all the glare which a profusion of wealth throws over the arts, artists groan for freedom from the barbarous hands of such masters. Two examples may suffice:

"Spain hath produced, at least, two hundred capital painters, and pictures are innumerable; but the religion of the country

narrows the field of fancy, and keeps wholly out of sight the finest subjects of history-painting, while it brings forward a set of uninteresting beggars, called saints, whose idle pranks, real or feigned, represented in beautiful coloring, occupy places due to actions of magnanimity and virtue worthy of imitation by all posterity. A traveler should not fall languid at the sight of an historical painting; he should catch fire, and return a wiser and a better man. An artist let alone, would produce such effects, but when the fatal hand of superstition guides the pencil, it aims at nothing nobler than to make a devotee snivel. Even Italy, with all its fine ancient models, is vitiated with this bad taste; and in Spain it is much worse.\* To say nothing of pictures of St. Augustine pulling out a beam, which a bungling carpenter had cut too short, by miracle to its proper length, or the flaying alive of St. Bartholomew, or of the Virgin Mary squeezing milk out of her breasts, for the relief of souls in purgatory, or of St. Nicholas in bed causing roasted partridges to fly away because it was fast-day, or of Christ standing on the basin of a fountain, spouting out blood from his five wounds; or of many more of the same kind: there is one in the Escorial which deserves notice. One of the finest pictures in Spain, perhaps in the world, is that called *Madonna*, or our lady of the fish, in the old church of the Escorial, painted by Raphael. Never did the eye behold a finer piece, if a judgment may be formed from engravings.

“There is, however, in this, as in other of Raphael’s paintings, an anachronism. How could a man of his true taste, in a picture of the transfiguration, place two Franciscan monks on the top of Mount Tabor, not far from Christ, Moses and Elias? ‘My astonishment ceased,’ says a connoisseur, ‘when I was informed that he painted that picture by order of a community of Capuchin friars.’ A community of nuns gave Raphael the following personages to be embodied in a picture: Christ, the Virgin Mary, St. Jerome, Raphael the Archangel, and his young pupil Tobias. None but Raphael could have formed so extraordinary and beautiful a picture from a subject so sterile and unconnected, but Raphael could not perform impossibilities, and the anachronism is a take-off which can never be removed. Had the state provided husbands for these devout ladies, and settled the mansion and the farms on the painter, all free from the superintendence of a priest, he would have enjoyed the luxury of being Raphael alone, and his works would have been as perfect as his taste. Ah! who can

\* See Turnbull’s Collection of Paintings and Sculptures. Gresley’s Observations on Italy. Dr. Moore’s Travels. Baretti. Twiss. Walpole’s Anecdotes of Paintings.

help deploring the fate of those artists whose work-shops face a Court of the Inquisition!"\*

On entering the library, the surprise of Mrs. Smith was great, to see on the shelves the very folios which had been referred to by the Gentleman in Black—and she became strangely mystified, but kept her cogitations to herself; still the conviction grew day by day, as she visited the library, and took the seat she had occupied in her vision, that the Gentleman in Black was a real personage—that Peter Schlemihl was now walking the streets of Babylon. Indeed, whenever she heard a noise behind her, she turned quickly round as if expecting to see the one or to feel the kiss of the other warmly impressed upon her cheek.

"Poor Peter, I wish *he would come*," she said to herself. "I should then be satisfied. It cannot be it was all a dream. Sir Thomas Browne never composed such a story in his life!"

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

Adela Tripp's first love, in which the narrative goes back to a conference between Mrs. Tripp and Adela—Expensiveness of daughters—Duty of eldest daughters to get out of the way of their sisters—Mrs. Tripp proposes Mr. Winterbottom—Character of old Van Tromp in contrast with Mr. Tripp—Mrs. Tripp's plans of securing Mr. Winterbottom—Story of Adela's first love—Results of *target practice* on Frank Stanly—Reaction upon herself—As directed by her mother, dismisses Frank—His melancholy—Janet Strahan's love for Frank—Conduct of her parents—Frank avows his love for Janet, and is accepted.

In order that our readers may better understand the position of the characters, we have introduced to their acquaintance, it is proper to go back a little, and to relate an interview which took place at Mr. Tripp's.

A short time before this first grand party was given by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Tripp was seated with her daughter, contriving the dresses to be worn on that night, when the following conversation took place. They had been speaking of the various matches which had been announced, which were to be consummated during the coming holidays.

"My dear Adela, it is time you should be disposed of. Jo-

\* R. Robinson, p. 260.

sephine is now about to enter upon her second season, and unless you make haste, you may be compelled 'to dance in the brass kettle.'"

"I should have been in no danger of it, had my own wishes been gratified," replied Adela.

"And married Frank Stanly, a poor clerk! And what would you have done as the wife of Frank Stanly?"

"Alas! that is true. I am a worthless accomplished girl, fit for no useful purpose on earth, but to aid in the gayeties of fashionable life."

"My dear, you are eminently endowed with beauty, and to these your father and myself have, at great expense, joined all the advantages of a highly fashionable education, and it is now for you to avail yourself of your position, and make a good match for yourself."

"Poor Frank!" sighed Adela; "he loves me, and would coin his heart's blood to make me happy; but I am fitted for no life of sacrifices, and must give up all hope of happiness."

"You talk, child, like a simpleton," replied Mrs. Tripp sharply. "Is there no happiness in a good position in society? Are you so stupid as to believe, 'the love you're only rich in, will light a fire in the kitchen? or the little God of Love turn the spit?' If you think so, you are not the Adela Tripp I take you to be."

"No, mother, I am not so great a simpleton, though poor Frank is. He would persuade me that such love as ours must command the bliss of heaven on earth. To him no sacrifice is great to possess my affections, but I have been educated by my mother, and I have some of the wisdom she possesses in such great measure. I know it cannot be so, yet I am willing to wait the chances of life. He may yet become a junior partner, and be able to meet the cost and charges of a married life such as my tastes demand."

"Well, my child, if *you* can wait, *I* can't. Your last winter cost your father a thousand dollars, and he can't afford such cost; and besides, he has other daughters to bring out. Sophia and Elizabeth are fast approaching the time they too must make their appearance in society."

"A thousand dollars! how can you say so? I never spent over three hundred a year, and I am sure no young lady can dress with more economy, and retain her position in the circles in which we move."

"But did we not give a party for you last winter?—and did not that cost with all the economy I could exert, full seven hundred dollars?"

Adela sighed—"If father deems his children such a bill of cost



to him, I only wonder he should ever have incurred such unwelcome responsibilities."

"Adela Tripp, you astonish me!" cried her mother. "But, child, here you are, and you must get through the world as best you may, and I tell you, you must hasten and be out of the way of your sisters."

"Pray, what can I do?" asked Adela; "I have rejected no one but poor Frank."

"And poor Frank, as you call him," replied the mother, "has kept you from making use of your eyes for any one but him. I wish he had been at Jericho before he ever crossed your path. Don't you know I tell you the truth? There was Mr. Herring, on the very brink of falling in love with you, but he drew back when he saw you were pre-occupied by this poor clerk."

"Oh!" said Adela, with tears in her eyes, "how can you think it possible for me to love a man so hateful to me?"

"And why so hateful? because you were besotted with this young man who has only his personal attractions to commend him. Mr. Herring is a man of wealth."

"Yes! and a *man of years*, too," replied Adela—"with sons older than myself. What a sight it would be to see me dancing with his fine, fashionable sons, while my husband sits gaping and dozing on a sofa, wishing me out of the ball room before midnight. No! I can't do that."

"And there's Mr. Winterbottom—he has no sons," said Mrs. Tripp.

"But he's so cold and so very precise," replied Adela.

"Ah! my child, but then he's so rich. Now, Adela, I have a plan for you which cannot fail to prove successful, and all I ask of you is your co-operation—shall I have it?"

Adela was silent—the tears stole down her cheeks, and there was evidently deep emotion in her soul; and her mother sat with eagle eye watching her face, to see if this tempest of passion should burst into a rage of tears, or subside.

Adela wiped away her tears—and said, "Mother, I have no choice—I am unfit to be the wife of Frank—I *must* give up the only passion I ever cherished—he deserves a better wife than I can make him, and I will not mar the happiness of one I can never myself realize. I am the creature of fashionable life; to such condition I was born, and I must fulfil my destiny. I am ready to follow your lead, lead where it may this side of infamy."

"My dear Adela," replied Mrs. Tripp, in a soothing tone, "you positively shock me. I only wish to see you well placed in life, and I know this can be attained. Now you shall have my plan. Mr. Winterbottom is every way worthy of you. He is a

man of amiable and excellent qualities; he has eminently a good heart, and is very fond, as you know, of music, and has shown, in his recent visits, since his return from Europe, great pleasure in listening to you. He evidently thinks you a fine girl, and such men must have sentiments susceptible of being awakened to the pleasures of domestic life. All that is needed is to gently draw him on; to make our family circle pleasant to him; to give him all fitting opportunities to appreciate your qualities to make his home, now so desolate in all its splendors, attractive to himself, and pleasant to his friends. I will have him invited to this party, and he shall go with us."

Adela fell into a fit of abstraction, and awaking out of it, said, "Mother, if I give up Frank, as I must and will, may I not be allowed another year to suit myself to a husband who will be to my taste? I don't see that my chances are so desperate. There's Teresa Van Tromp, whose engagement has just come out to young M'Shane, why may I not be as successful?"

"Because, my dear, your father is not a Van Tromp," replied Mrs. Tripp, with great asperity of tone. "You know as well as I, that your father won't lift up his finger to help you on in this matter. You know he has the most ridiculous notions in the world on these subjects. He is not a president of a bank, and has no moneyed influence to exert in favor of any son-in-law of his, and if he had, he is the man who would see his sons-in-law bankrupt before he would exert it."

"And didn't old Van Tromp let Mr. Simpkins go down in the crash of 1836?" said Adela.

"It is true," said Mrs. Tripp, "that Simpkins did suspend payment for a while, and old Van Tromp roared out against him like a lion, yet he was soon pacified; and then 'Old Van' showed himself an ace of trumps, for he nobly paid off all his creditors, and set him a going again, and has ever since had an oversight of his affairs. Now, then, don't you see what a *bonus* old Van Tromp has offered to any young man whose stocks hang heavy, and whose affairs are somewhat embarrassed? Believe me, Adela, there's not a set of girls in Babylon whose chances are better than theirs; and Katrine Van Tromp, though she weighs a ton, will be deemed as 'good as old gold' one of these days, and you will see her well married, when you and all your fine accomplishments hang dead in the market."

Adela sighed again deeply. "I don't see how I am to win Mr. Winterbottom. He has been a long time in this world, and has withstood all the attractions which have been brought to bear upon him; and what hope can I have of being successful when so many have failed?"

"Leave all that to me, Adela. *Propinquity*, my child, is all that is required; fortunate opportunities and agreeable interviews will do the rest. We will have some nice little parties this winter, a few good dinners, and as you ride with grace and elegance, and Mr. Winterbottom loves his horse so well, you shall ride out with him. Other girls have had no clever mothers to help them, and I must say, few, if any, possess the powers of pleasing, and the address, of Adela Tripp. All I ask is that you give your whole soul to the task, and allow yourself fair play. And I, too, will secure the aid of the Van Tromps and the Van Dams to aid us."

"The Van Tromps and the Van Dams!" exclaimed Adela. "You must be crazy to think of the possibility of such a thing. Have they not done their best to ensnare him for themselves? and do you think they will help you?"

"Yes, my child, they will! and for the very reason you give. They have long since left the chase, and their hatred of a man who has declined all their overtures, can be brought to play to our advantage."

"Dear mother, you are very clever, I well know, but I doubt your ability to change these hyenas into lambs. Have they not ridiculed you, and made me the sport of their malice? and can you be so mad as to believe they will come to aid you to succeed in the very effort in which they have so signally failed?"

"Certainly they will, for these very reasons. They would gladly have put an extinguisher upon you, but they can't do it; they dread to come in contrast with your attractions, which they affect to despise; and they will rejoice when you are disposed of; and they would doubtless deem themselves revenged on Mr. Winterbottom by helping him on to a union with you. And then, too, they would be stimulated and rewarded by being your bridesmaids, and sharing in the splendid parties you will give. All these matters I can manage through their mothers; leave that to me; only give up your soul to this labor of love."

"Labor of love, indeed! To me, mother, it is a stern task of soul; but it is my sad destiny, and I submit."

"My child, don't talk so despondingly. Think of the advantages you will gain, the splendid saloons in which you are destined to shine, the ability you will possess of *patronizing* those who have dared to patronize you, and the satisfaction you will have of repaying all these old scores with interest, and then, too, you will be able to bring forward your sisters—"

"Alas!" sighed Adela, interrupting her mother in her Alcanzar-like dream, "I wish I had never been born, or, if born, I had come into the world some years later; then I might have been happy."

"Happy! who so happy as yourself—who will be so envied? You talk like a mere school girl." Here Mrs. Tripp paused for a reply.

"Is it so, mother? Is love nothing? Is the healthful play of the affections nothing? And shall I not live to envy the woman who will make Frank Stanly happy? But there is one motive, mother, you have overlooked. I shall, I hope, be able to induce Mr. Winterbottom to lend his aid in the creation of his fortunes. It shall be done with all stealthiness. Frank shall never discover the source, and I shall be happy to know I have done as the wife of another, what I am powerless to do as his own."

Mrs. Tripp looked at Adela, who now sat in deep thought, with a smile, almost a sneer, and willing to aid her castle-building, she said, with apparent enthusiasm—

"Yes, Adela, and you may adopt one of his children, perhaps, as your own—"

Adela started—"And am I then to die childless!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Tripp discovered her sarcasm had waked up a most painful thought. "Childless!" exclaimed the mother, as if the idea was absolutely amazing; "how can you think so? Has not Mrs. Younghusband recently had twins, and there's Florida Klein has brought her husband up to *par* by a boy that weighs fourteen pounds!"

These were examples in point, and Adela took the consolation they were so well calculated to afford.

Adela now surrendered at discretion, and the result of the first demonstration towards the accomplishment of making Mr. Winterbottom a happy man, has already been related.

Now, the story of Adela and Frank Stanly was on this wise—and we relate it here, as aiding to a more perfect delineation of this interesting young lady, in whose history we hope our readers are sufficiently enlisted to read the story of her *first love*; for every heart has its first love, and happy are those whose first love is the love of a whole life!

Frank Stanly was distinguished for his fine form, his intelligent face, and graceful manners; he was at this time just twenty-two years of age, and held the position of confidential clerk in the house of Archibald Strahan & Co., a Scotch house of importers in Babylon the Less. His salary was a very liberal one, which he devoted, (all beyond his personal expenses,) to the education and support of two younger brothers who were at College. His admirable character and his filial affection won for him the entire confidence of his employers, and they took great pleasure in bringing him into the family circles of their friends. Especially was

this true of Mr. Strahan, at whose hospitable mansion his musical tastes and accomplishments, for he played admirably on the flute, made him a welcome visitor. Mr. Strahan's family consisted of his wife, two daughters, and four sons, younger than the daughters. The elder of these girls, Janet Strahan, was possessed of extreme delicacy of thought, and great timidity of manner. Her sister Jane was, at the time we speak of, a school girl of fourteen.

To Janet, Frank Stanly had become a beau-ideal of excellence; the consequence of hearing her father's commendation of his character—an idea, which was readily developed by her familiar intercourse with him. Her admiration was changed to love unconsciously to herself. The father, averse to society which led him away from the comforts of his own fireside, and yet anxious that his wife and daughter should be gratified, intrusted them to Frank, whose happiness it was to accompany them to the theatre, the concert, and all parties to which they went. To Frank, Janet was a being of another sphere—he never dreamed an alliance with one so far above him, and the thought, had it arisen, would have seemed treasonable. But Janet knew of no such difference in their condition. Money to her was something about which she knew but little. Her father's purse was always open to every demand, but such was the care taken by her mother of her children's wants, that a few dollars was all the spending money she ever required.

Frank Stanly's society became the charm of her life. The music he admired she played, and the books he recommended she read, and so sought to become in all things conformed to his tastes, and to be like him, who was to her the perfection of mankind. All went on happily with her, till Adela Tripp, to use her mother's phrase, crossed his path; and Janet then discovered the depths of her love at the moment she felt it must be hopeless. The musical skill of Adela was unrivaled, and Frank at first was an admirer only of her admirable execution on the piano. At the musical soirées given by Mrs. Tripp, Frank was invited, because of his exquisite accompaniment with the flute, which helped to show off Adela's performance, and Janet, because of her parentage. And as they walked homeward, the poor girl was made miserable by the admiration she heard expressed for Adela, although as yet, it was only her musical taste and talent which were dwelt upon.

Adela discovered the attachment of Janet, and it gave to Frank a new value and importance. She found it in her heart to give her eye an expression of softness, as she looked up to Frank to turn over the leaves of the music they were playing together, which was exceedingly fascinating, but Frank was too

modest to see. Still the look came back to him as he fell asleep on his pillow, and Adela reappeared in his dreams. Waking, he dwelt upon the flattery which it conveyed: "what was he? a poor clerk!" and so he fell asleep again, to dream of Adela Tripp, her sweet voice, her soft smiles and speaking eyes.

Now, though Adela went into this, merely by way of experimenting on her powers of pleasing; neither wishing nor intending more than a mere manifestation of her artillery, as a sort of target-practice, by poor Janet, who sat by, a silent and absorbed spectator of the powers of Adela's fascination, every new demonstration was watched in agony, and with a heart sinking in despair; she lost all her powers to sustain any share in the society, from which she could not withdraw herself.

Adela Tripp, as many such young ladies have discovered in their sad experience, found that what was commenced from over listlessness and want of other occupation, became at last the pleasure of her existence. She saw with secret satisfaction the struggles Frank made to repress his love for her society. He would absent himself for weeks, but she knew how to recover him by a single appealing look, and to tie him to her side against all the strivings of his will to resist the Circean cup of her attractiveness, never so beautiful as when bestowed upon him.

Janet, in the meanwhile, became more and more silent in her intercourse with Frank; her piano was rarely opened when she could avoid it; and she made a pretence of a cold which prevented her from singing. A hectic flush appeared on her cheek, which prevented her going out in the evening, and she said, too, "she loved to keep her father company," and this was a reason so gratifying to her parents, that she was suffered to have her own way, and remain at home.

Mrs. Tripp, who had looked upon the growing admiration of Frank Stanly, and the play of Adela's powers of pleasing as mere coquetry, now awoke to the danger likely to result from its continuance. She found Adela absorbed by Frank at parties where good opportunities were worse than lost. And she determined the winter about to open should not be lost, as the last had been. This brought on the grand demonstration of which we have spoken. Adela had been compelled to appear wayward, and when Frank, in order to determine the condition of her affections, had disclosed his own, Adela relented, and once more both were happy as lovers are, with whom, alas! "the stream of true love never runs smooth." The very obstacles made their meetings the more fond and frequent.

Mrs. Tripp once awake, was not to be put to sleep. She

discovered the state of Adela's heart, and urged a final and fixed resolve.

With great agony and with many tears, Adela told Frank, their attachment could only bring upon them both the extremest misery. She was unfitted for a poor man's wife, and felt herself unable to sustain the sacrifices she would be compelled to meet.

This was all-sufficient for Frank. His generous nature could not ask Adela to make a sacrifice for him against the convictions of her judgment, nor did he complain because her love was not equal to the sacrifice. He was deeply wounded, but he uttered no reproaches, and received with tears the little gifts he had persuaded Adela to accept; and it was some weeks after this last interview, that the conversation between Mrs. Tripp and Adela took place. He had never contemplated renewing the subject, but Adela had; and she knew how to recall him, if she found it in her heart to do so—but now she said—"I will relinquish Frank Stanly—forever—poor Frank!"

The distress consequent upon the vacillating course which had been pursued by Adela in the mind of Frank Stanly, was not unheeded by Janet. Her generous soul was now overflowing with tenderness to one she loved, and who was so very wretched. Her quiet attentions were grateful and soothing. No word was spoken by him, no allusion was made by her. This continued until the final and fixed result was expressed by Adela, which left Frank in a state of the deepest wretchedness.

His unhappiness now attracted the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Strahan, who, without knowing what had happened, kindly contrived a business tour for Frank, hoping to divert his mind. Mr. Strahan asked him frankly, "if he was perplexed for want of money; if so, his purse was at his service."

"Perhaps, Frank," said Mr. Strahan, with great kindness of manner, "you have got into some scrape you are heartily ashamed of? If so, make a confidant of me, and I will help you out, my dear fellow. I have gone through all this before, when sowing my wild oats, and know what it is. Now, my boy, have you lost money?—and how much do you need to clear yourself?"

Frank's tears told his deep feeling, but with a most melancholy smile, he replied to his most excellent and amiable employer—"Money, dear sir, can't help me. I am just now in the Slough of Despond, but I shall after a while get out on the right side."

"Cheer up, my good fellow, and dine with us next Sunday—go to church with my wife, and see what a sermon, and a glass of wine after dinner, will do for you." So saying, the good man, with all the sunshine which benevolence sheds on the heart, took up his candle, and bid him good night.

Mrs. Strahan, who was present, now took up the theme relinquished by her good husband, but could make nothing of it; and when Frank took leave of her, the affectionate and excellent lady fell to thinking.

"If it is not money," thought Mrs. Strahan, "it must be love: and if love, who can it be for but Janet?" and then she opened her eyes, and though it was full bed-time, she still sat in deep meditation. "Frank is only a clerk—he has nothing, and everybody would say Janet had thrown herself away:—poor fellow! I'm sorry for him." Then again she mused awhile. "But is he so poor? are his talents nothing—his integrity, his noble sacrifices for his brothers? Are these nothing?—all worthless, and of no account? Whom could I find, if I were to search the city, to whom I should so willingly confide the happiness of Janet? Her susceptible, sensitive heart needs the warm affections of a generous nature, one whose refinement of feeling will never grieve her. I must think of this;" and so she slept upon it. And when Frank came in the next evening, her manner, unconsciously so to herself, was more *motherly* and kind towards him than ever.

Frank was most happy to leave the city. He spent the winter away, and with the happiest results. His mind had time to recover its elasticity, and to see the folly and almost wickedness of persuading a girl of Adela Tripp's education to share the struggles which awaited him in life; and it was a relief to him to hear, on his return, that Adela was in full tide of successful experiment to win the affections of Mr. Winterbottom.

The Strahans welcomed Frank home with the utmost cordiality, and the good mother, whose suspicions had been awakened as to the cause of his depression of spirits, was on the alert to see if her guesses were true. To her surprise, she could not discover any embarrassment in him, created either by the presence or absence of Janet, and as for her sister, he played with her with an air as unconstrained as though she were a kitten.

The dear lady was now at a stand still. From Frank she looked to Janet. She saw a great change had come over her, and that the indications she had expected to see in the one were apparent in the other. There had been an evident improvement in Janet's health since Frank's return—her piano was re-opened—she played, when alone, the new music Frank had brought her. Their voices once more blended sweetly together as they sung songs which had been all but forgotten.

"It must be," thought Mrs. Strahan, "that my precious child loves Frank. Alas! poor girl, and is it so?" and her heart sunk within her: the case wore a phase of extreme painfulness. The extreme timidity and almost morbid sensibility of Janet forbid her



mother from making any reference of this condition of her affections even to her husband, till she had settled all this in her own mind.

Accident discovered to Frank the interest which their constant intercourse had created in the heart of Janet Strahan. These things do reveal themselves in the glance of an eye—the changing color of the cheek, and the inflections of the voice;—through some one of these avenues of the heart, Love delights to manifest his presence, and no care can guard his escape. While Frank's own heart had been pre-occupied, these passed him unnoticed; but now, the spell was broken, and he was once more at liberty to use his eyes, and to look from a point of observation never till now attained.

His emotions, as he became more and more fully possessed of the state of Janet's affections, were at first painful. He was grieved to be loved by one whose wishes (so it at first seemed), never could be gratified. That this lovely girl's history was like his own—the stream of love was to be broken into bubbles, to live but a brief moment, and to die. But he asked himself, "Why must it be so?" and then he recalled his love for Adela—his own dependence: but as weeks elapsed, the aspects changed. Janet appeared more and more beautiful, as she retreated from his increased attentions, and sought the side of her father and mother, as they passed together into the street to walk, or as she took her seat at the centre-table: yet, when having so disposed of herself, she evinced no unwillingness to converse with him. It was only at the piano they were near each other. If their eyes met, hers fell; if, in the haste of turning over a page of music, their hands chanced to meet, she withdrew hers as though a bee had stung it.

And now Frank began more and more to feel how sad it was to be poor; and images of home, in which Adela was forgotten, and Janet with all her gracefulness and gentleness assumed her place, now visited the pillow of master Frank as he laid himself down to sleep.

How long matters would have gone on at this rate, no one can tell, had not Mr. Strahan, who was engaged reading the newspaper, seated in his easy chair, chanced to look over the top of his spectacles one evening, and witnessed one of these little scenes at the piano. Like a most excellent husband, as he was, his first step was to speak with his wife. She became all at once surprisingly obtuse, and had to be enlightened, and when fairly waked up, she looked her husband in the face, and said:

"Where will you get a better son-in-law for Janet than Frank?"

"By George," replied the husband, "that's true. He is poor, but I will make him our junior partner on the 1st of May next."

This was done to the unspeakable happiness of Frank. His affairs now looked bright, and his spirits rose, and he asked himself, "Who will love me so well as Janet? Where shall I find such parents? Ah! if it were possible! If I dared to ask the hand of Janet!" His heart sunk as he proceeded to ask, "Do I love Janet as Janet deserves to be loved, and must be loved, to be happy? and, can she trust me after knowing my attachment for Adela Tripp?"

Here was an enigma, but *love* solves all such riddles. It is the great alembic which transmutes earth to gold; and which, even when mixed with earth, purifies and refines.

These misgivings grew weaker, and his confidence in himself, and his hopes in Janet's love, grew stronger. He felt the value of one so good, so gentle, and devoted, and said to himself, "I shall love—I *do* love!" Having thus settled this great question in his own mind, his next difficulty was to make his wishes known to her parents. He remembered all their kindness, and the frankness which had characterized their whole course towards him—and it was only with their consent and sanction he determined to proceed in the expressions of his growing attachment to their best beloved child. This was due to them and to himself.

One evening, as they were alone, he requested them to give him the opportunity of conversing with them in the private room of Mr. Strahan, which they at once granted, and having taken their seats (a moment of dreadful expectancy to Frank), he addressed them, at first, with great embarrassment of language—spoke of their uniform friendship—the great and distinguished favor recently conferred, and finally his desire to ask one still greater and higher expression of their confidence and love, in their permission to seek the hand and heart of Janet.

Mr. and Mrs. Strahan heard him through in a silence which was quite alarming; Mr. Strahan had now no impulses, but left his wife to reply. She said in a kind tone, but with great precision of expression: "If, Frank, you are sure of yourself—certain of your love for Janet, you have our sanction and our best wishes." Mr. Strahan simply bowed his acquiescence, and Frank found himself (he had no exact recollection how), in the entry.

On entering the parlor, Janet and her brothers were seated at the centre-table, in the greatest glee over the amusing gossip they had found in the rich pages of Old Knick, just received by them. Donald, the eldest, was the reader, and explained to Frank the anecdote so far as they had read it—and proceeded. The hits were admirable—the boys were delighted and boisterous in their mirth, and Janet was gay and happy, but Frank was as grave as any mile-stone.

"Why, Frank, what is the matter?" said Donald, looking up. "What has happened? Is the bank broke—the steamer lost? or what is it that has closeted you with father and mother; and that you can't even smile at the clever gossip of Old Knick?"

Frank was very much embarrassed—and Donald was really in earnest, lest some dreadful commercial revulsion had reached even his father.

"No! Donald," replied Frank, "we were never more successful—no mishap has happened to us or to others that I know of."

"I'm glad of it," said Donald, once more commencing to read aloud. Janet, whose attention was thus called to Frank, looked at him with an earnest look of inquiry, and such was the expression of Master Frank's look, that her eyes fell, and her face was suffused with blushes.

Happily for these lovers, the cry of "fire! fire!" was heard in the street, and sent off the boys on the jump, leaving Frank and Janet alone. Desperate men take to desperate measures. Frank had no wish to perpetuate his state of doubt and expectancy; and at once rose, and, seating himself beside Janet, took her hand. She was surprised, but certainly never guessed what was next to be said or done; her look was one of unconsciousness, of innocence, and surprise. But when Frank made his declaration, she became extremely nervous, and withdrawing her hand and hiding her face, burst into tears.

It was not a very promising commencement for Mr. Frank Stanly's hopes, but when one's own heart turns traitor, there's little chance of escape. Frank's language was fervent, and in a tone of utmost truthfulness, and she was too happy to believe him sincere.

The parents having given Frank ample time, as Mr. Strahan said to his wife, "to settle the affairs of a nation," though never did time seem so short to any one as to Frank, now entered the parlor, and with the air of one perfectly happy, Frank rose and led Janet to her parents, saying, "Dear Janet has consented to become my wife—and I pledge myself to love her with all the fullness of my soul—so help me God!" The old gentleman kissed his daughter; and then she was most tenderly embraced by her mother, who led her out of the room, and said to Frank, as she took her daughter's hand,

"My dear Frank! I know you to be a man of truth—of a tender and affectionate heart; and I am well assured of the happiness of my dear Janet."

## CHAPTER XV.

Scenes at the springs—A party, consisting of Col. Worth and family, Mrs. Smith, Mr. De Lisle, and Mr. Winterbottom, made up for the springs—Mrs. Tripp's plan of detaching Mr. Winterbottom—Her success—Voyage of Mrs. Tripp and Adela under his care—Night scene on the Hudson—Scenes at the Hotel—Flora Goodenough and Jack Musard—A sermon at the springs—Adela's infallible cure for the colic—Her ride with Mr. Winterbottom—Miseries of being rich by Mr. W.—The party of Col. Worth arrives, and Mr. Winterbottom absconds—Mrs. Tripp's plan for his recovery.

DOCTOR HERPIN, who had great confidence in the restorative influences of society, recommended to Mr. Smith that Mrs. Smith should spend the summer months at the springs. This suggestion was made when Mr. and Mrs. Worth and Grace, Mr. De Lisle, and Mr. Winterbottom, were present, during an evening call. Mr. Smith expressed his earnest desire to meet the suggestions of the doctor, "and unless," he said, "I can entrust my wife to some party of friends going to the springs, I must take her with me to France, where I am compelled to go. I have already proposed to do so, but her horror of the ocean seems insuperable."

Col. Worth addressed Mr. Smith, and said, "He should spend some time in traveling, and would be most happy to add Mrs. Smith to their party." Mr. De Lisle also said, "He, too, had determined to devote the summer to visiting the springs, and in travel, and offered to take charge of Mrs. Smith;" and so it was agreed, before the evening closed, that Mr. De Lisle should assume the especial care of Mrs. Smith, and Mr. Winterbottom begged to be permitted to make one of the party; so the party was made up, to the great delight of both Mr. and Mrs. Smith, nor were Mr. De Lisle and Grace less gratified with the arrangement, though their mutual satisfaction was more quietly expressed, and the evening passed away in discussing their tour of travel.

Mrs. Tripp soon became possessed of an item of information so important to be known, as that Mr. Winterbottom and the Worths and Mrs. Smith were all to spend some weeks at the springs, and she heard, too, with great satisfaction, that "*her set*," the Van Dams and Van Tromps, all designed to spend the hot months there. It was of the very first importance to carry Adela to the

springs. This was "a fixed fact" in her mind, but a controverted one in the mind of her husband. He was astonished at the suggestion; said he could not, and would not afford it. Mrs. Tripp had heard all such sayings before. She listened with her accustomed quietness of manner, and which won from casual observers, the high commendation of being a most dutiful wife. But though she could not explain her reasons, nor discover her plans, she knew how to carry them into the widest possible execution.

She satisfied her husband it was absolutely necessary for her own and Adela's health, after a winter's campaign such as they had gone through, to recruit at the springs; that it would be of the first necessity for her to have a parlor and a suite of rooms in one of the cottages; that Adela's piano must be boxed and sent up, and that she must have a *carte blanche* as to all her expenses. Now all this is very wonderful! but women, *some women* are thus persuasive.

While Adela was making all her arrangements for the springs, selecting the most beautiful summer dresses, seeing to the making up of an elegant riding dress and cap, her whole soul filled with these most transcendental and delightful occupations, with Mr. Winterbottom, to be sure, in the distant prospective, (as a sort of back-ground of her picture,) she one day entered the parlor, threw off her bonnet, and was talking of the "sweetest thing she ever saw in her life at ten shillings a yard, down at Hammerslie's—" when her eye caught one of those magical notes, which have little slips of lustrous ribbon attached to the wax.

"Who can this be?" exclaimed Adela, opening the note. "Heavens! mother, Frank Stanly is married!"

"I'm glad of it; who has he found to comfort him, Adela?"

Adela threw down the card, bursting into tears, and hastened into her chamber, and Mrs. Tripp, with all quietness of manner and perfect unconcern, went to the table and picked up the note.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK STANLY,

At home on Thursday next.

*La Grange Place, No. 601.*

"No. 601 La Grange Place!" said Mrs. Tripp to herself. "Why whom can he have married? That's a very fashionable street—very good neighborhood, indeed. He may thank me for his good fortune." And Mrs. Tripp really felt that "soul's calm sunshine, and that heartfelt joy" which steals into the soul of one who has conferred some signal favor on a fellow-creature. She went up into Adela's room, and found her in a passion of tears.

"The last link is broken!" cried Adela.

"Broken! why, child, you astonish me. I thought it had been broken up for six months past. Have you been trifling with me all this while?"

"How trifling with you?" asked Adela.

"Have you had any kind of intercourse with Frank Stanly since November?"

"No, mother, I've not seen him—not heard a word from him. Oh, mother, if *you* had ever loved, you would weep with me, and not reprove me."

"Weep for what?" said Mrs. Tripp. "That he's made a happy man? that I have saved you and saved him from a long life of extreme poverty? I may weep, if I find my daughter, Adela Tripp, after all that has taken place, made miserable by what makes Frank Stanly happy."

"My dear mother," said Adela, in a pleading tone of distress, "let me weep these last tears. *They are the last*, and I *must* be indulged."

The mother now went down stairs—the dinner bell rang. Mr. Tripp asked for Adela, and his wife, with all quietness of tone, said, "Poor Adela is very easily overcome by any exertion. She has been out in the sun this morning, and it has given her a sick headache. I shall be glad when we get to the springs, for I'm sure she will never recover her buoyancy of spirits till we do."

And when Adela appeared at the breakfast table the next morning, Mr. Tripp felt real solicitude for the aspect of lassitude and distress which was to be seen in the air and countenance of his daughter.

The Thursday came, and Mrs. Tripp and Adela made the wedding call. The rooms presented groups of happy faces when Adela and her mother entered. An air of joyousness was worn by no one so brightly as by Adela. She kissed the bride, presented her congratulations to Frank, and during the few minutes she remained, was eminently felicitous and witty in all she said. Again kissing Janet, and smiling, and playfully holding out her hand to Frank as he handed her to the door, she left the house with her mother.

Frank looked out of the window as she entered the carriage. He was for an instant most miserable. "And is that the being," he asked himself, "for whom I would have sacrificed life itself? Thank God! I am loved, and I will deserve the love I have won." With such thoughts he returned to the saloon where his wife received her guests. His heart was lightened of a heavy load, for he had dreaded this interview. At the close of their evening party, as his wife sat beside her mother, Frank took her hand, and

expressed his gratification that she had so well sustained the fatigue of this severe day of duty to the demands of society.

"Let me congratulate you too, Frank," said Mrs. Strahan, "that *you* too have met its trials with so much success." There was a meaning in her eye, but it was an expression of complacency; for she had watched Frank narrowly, and saw the sad cloud which had invested him during the early part of the day, dispelled with the call of Adela Tripp. "I have had this day," continued the good lady, "new confidence inspired in me in the future happiness of my dear child."

"She shall be as happy as my love, entire and supreme, can make her." Janet looked up, and smiling, offered her pretty lips to her husband, and, with an earnestness and warmth he had never before been possessed of, he sealed his pledge with a husband's kiss. We will now leave this new married pair to make the voyage of life, under the auspices of mutual love, respect, and confidence.

Mr. Winterbottom was especially delighted with the plan of their summer tour. His time hung heavily on his hands, as it does with most men whose only business is to sign their names to stock-books when receiving their dividends, and whose rents are all managed by agents. And when Mrs. Tripp told him, as by accident, that Adela and herself had been talking of spending some weeks at the springs, he expressed his satisfaction, and told her of the delightful party recently made up at Mrs. Smith's, of which Mrs. Tripp apparently heard for the first time. And when Adela told him she had thought of sending up her piano, so that she might not lose her practice, Mr. Winterbottom was earnest in the expression of his hopes that she would do so.

Mr. Winterbottom was a lover of music, especially the songs of *Scotia*, and Adela had taken great pains to acquire the accent requisite to sing these airs in perfection. And Mr. Winterbottom had unconsciously assumed the interesting position of a teacher, as well as listener, to this attractive young lady; and though she hated what she called "these hurdy-gurdy airs," yet, when singing to Mr. Winterbottom, she assumed all the enthusiasm of a Scottish girl, singing the airs of her native hills with a facility and beauty, wood-wild, to the great admiration of her auditor.

When the time approached, Mrs. Tripp was exceedingly anxious, as Mr. De Lisle was to take charge of Mrs. Smith, that Mr. Winterbottom should feel himself charged with Adela and herself. To effect this, required a degree of management which was hard to attain.

Mr. Winterbottom was a difficult subject even for Mrs. Tripp

to prepare for deglutition, unaided and alone. She dared not trust her husband, who, though he had consented to the trip, to use her own phrase, yet "would not lift his finger" to aid her ulterior plans and purposes, which he, indeed, did the best he could not to see, and so save his pride by seeming perfectly unconscious of them.

Mr. Winterbottom had lived his life long in the fear of being carried down by a *maelstrom*, and becoming engulfed by the arts of some designing woman. Every beautiful girl had been to him a *Scylla*, and every attractive widow a *Charybdis*, to whom he gave a wide berth. The courtesies of society had all worn the aspect of so many snares set for his unguarded footsteps; and thus his years had passed, and though frosted by time, he was still in vigorous manhood, and as yet felt no symptoms of old age. Sometimes, too, as he sat alone in his splendid rooms, the thought would steal into his mind that he might have made a mistake in not trusting to the lottery of matrimony, if, indeed, it were a lottery; that whatever his wife might have chanced to have been, he should have possessed the unbought caresses of his children. He was, therefore, just at this time, in a state of mind peculiarly favorable for the seductive arts of a heartless woman—the only women who will condescend to beguile such men into the toils of marriage; a fate they well merit, and which inevitably awaits them, sooner or later in life, should they venture to change the cheerlessness of solitude in hope of the sunshine of domestic happiness. And though they may happen to have little to console them by the change, still there are few of them but thank their stars that by any means they have been induced to make the change—for the worst of wives is far better than none.

Mrs. Tripp, though much perplexed, still believed that this enlisting of Mr. Winterbottom could be accomplished. If Mr. Winterbottom should go with Col. Worth's party, a great point would be lost. No! she said to herself, he must be detached from them, if but for a day, and go up with Adela and herself alone. As matters were arranged, Mr. Tripp expected and purposed to go to the springs with them, but Mrs. Tripp had no such design.

Time rolled on. Mr. Smith had sent one of his clerks to secure a cottage attached to the hotel, and had engaged one for Mr. Tripp at the same time, next to the one to be occupied by the Worth party. Adela's piano had been boxed and forwarded with their extra baggage, and the day but one on which Mrs. Tripp was to leave had arrived. Mrs. Smith and the Worths and Mr. De Lisle were to follow the next week—but a week might accomplish much if they had Mr. Winterbottom all to themselves. The Van Dams and Van Tromps were already there, and it would wear a



most delightful aspect to reach the springs under the care of Mr. Winterbottom.

All her projects, and they were numerous, were rejected as fast as created. She found she could not act alone; she must have the aid of some one, and whom could she trust? for she had felt it best that the event, when brought about, should seem even to Adela the result of chance, inasmuch as it would leave her free and unconstrained.

After much deep thought of the plan, and the accomplice, she fixed upon Josephine, who had a common interest with her in making this journey an effective one. And so it was arranged that Josephine should fall sick the next morning. Accordingly Josephine did not appear at the breakfast-table, and Adela being requested to call her sister, returned with a face full of alarm, and said Josephine was very sick.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Tripp; "how unfortunate if we should be delayed by her indisposition!" and rose immediately and went to her daughter's chamber with an anxious, troubled air. She sent word to her husband, "to call on his way down town, and send up Dr. Frank as early as possible."

Mr. Tripp, who was a very excellent, amiable man, swallowed his coffee in haste, and set off for the doctor.

When Mr. Tripp returned to dinner, his first inquiry was as to Josephine. Mrs. Tripp said, "the doctor had prescribed a febrifuge, and that he did not deem much the matter with her, and nothing which would detain them in their departure; but that Josephine had insisted upon not being left alone by both father and mother, and that they should be compelled to go without him." A decision every way gratifying to Mr. Tripp.

"Who will you get to take charge of us?" asked Mrs. Tripp. "Indeed I don't know," replied Mr. Tripp. "You are competent to take care of yourselves, and you must take your chances for company."

"As for that matter," replied the wife, with some tinge of sharpness, "I can do very well without the protection or society of any one. But how will it look for Adela and myself to make our appearance at the hotel unattended by a gentleman? Who will seat us at the dinner-table on the day of our arrival? If you are so reckless of all these little matters, I am not; and, Mr. Tripp, I wish you would call on Mr. Winterbottom, and tell him how we are placed,—perhaps he would hurry his departure."

"But why not wait a day or two?" said Mr. Tripp, annoyed at the request.

"You know as well as I do, Mr. Tripp," said his dutiful wife, with a tone and look, the power of which she knew from experi-

ence was irresistible, "that Adela has set her heart upon going to-morrow afternoon. If you won't help us, I believe in my heart she won't go at all, and then all my cost and trouble goes for nothing."

Mr. Tripp sat silent, with compressed lips, and the conversation during the dinner that day was carried on in monosyllables. He saw a storm gathering as he made a movement to go into the little library to smoke his accustomed cigar; and so, to save himself from a scene which he knew must terminate in his doing what he was bid, he took up his hat and cane, and walked over to Mr. Winterbottom's, whom he found smoking a cigar, in his splendid saloon, with a bottle of wine before him, in all the luxury, so it seemed to Mr. Tripp, of solitude.

"My dear Tripp," said Mr. Winterbottom, rising as he spoke, and advancing towards his visitor, shaking him by the hand, "you have come just in the nick of time. When drinking by one's self, the bottle comes round so rapidly, that I rejoice when a friend comes in to help me. Take a cigar; those are *Coralls*, sent me by a friend just from the province of Tobasco, and which rarely find their way out of the country; try one."

Mr. Tripp loved a cigar and a glass of good wine, and found himself very comfortable, as he sunk into one of those "sleepy hollows," which the refinements of modern upholstery have introduced into the houses of the rich. And as they smoked, they talked of the state of the funds, the value of stocks, and all such sleepy topics, drinking all the while, till they grew mellow and companionable. Mr. Tripp rose to take leave, and had reached the door before he recollected for what purpose he came. Then he hesitated, and with some awkwardness of manner, told Mr. Winterbottom how he found himself circumstanced at home, and that he had called to make the inquiry, if perhaps he would be willing to hurry his departure, so as to accompany Mrs. Tripp to-morrow afternoon to the springs.

"Certainly, my dear friend," said Mr. Winterbottom, with all pleasure. "Wait a moment, and I will go over with you and place the ladies at perfect ease on this score."

So saying, he left word, if Mr. De Lisle called, to say he had gone over to Mr. Tripp's, and taking his hat and cane, accompanied Mr. Tripp home. The ladies received him with their sweetest smiles. Coffee was served up, and Mr. Winterbottom was just in a state to be pleased, and Miss Adela never wore a more charming aspect. She was greatly delighted with the arrangement, and sang in her sweetest tones. Mr. Winterbottom grew young again, as he sang with her the old Jacobite songs of

his boyhood. At eleven he went home, thinking "what a pleasant family Tripp has got!"

The next afternoon saw Mrs. Tripp and Adela, and their friend Winterbottom, on board of a splendid steamer, on their way up the noble Hudson. Mrs. Tripp told Adela to stand aside during the daylight, telling her, "at night she should have the deck all to herself." The young lady duly appreciated the suggestion of her mother, and assumed an air of retiring modesty, so that Mr. Winterbottom found it difficult to draw her out. She allowed herself to be delighted with all the beautiful scenery to which he called her especial attention, and then sunk back again upon her air of reserve, with a grace which, while it was effective, was well calculated to lull any lurking suspicions in the mind of one so extremely sensitive as she well knew Mr. Winterbottom to be.

In the evening, the moon was bright, and the air warm and soft—the hour was late, and few were on deck. Mrs. Tripp left them, as she said, to go for a shawl for herself, and going to her state room, she undressed and laid down to sleep, and to dream of the certainty of the success of her dear Adela.

Adela now assumed the place assigned her. She was well read in Burns, Byron and Moore, and had prepared herself for the scene and the hour. She quoted all their pretty and appropriate verses with the sweetest facility, and leaning on the arm of Mr. Winterbottom, with just the degree of pressure which made him sensible of the pleasure of sustaining so fair a form, she sung, *sotto-voce*, some sweet airs in which moonlight, and waves, and love were sweetly interchanged. Mr. Winterbottom drank in all the delights which were thus presented to him.

Adela now declared, "she wondered where *ma* could be?" and then whispered, "I must now retire and say my prayers," pressing the arm of Mr. Winterbottom with tenderness to her side, as she spoke. He would willingly have detained her, but she said, "it's so late! I *must* leave you," and so he led her to the door of her state room, where, in a soft tone, she said, "good-night!" and was about to open the door, when Mr. Winterbottom took Adela's hand.

It certainly is one of the most awkward positions for a man to place himself in, and I warn my readers against taking a young girl's hand into his own, if he does not know what to do with it. That was just the fix in which Mr. Winterbottom stood, an hour after midnight, in a saloon alone with this fascinating girl. There it lay, soft and warm, as though it were glued to his own. To kiss it, would have done very well, but not all it seemed to demand. If a kiss is to be impressed, there are the lips, and it is

just as well, and far better holding the hand, to make for the lips. In a state of such dubiety, Mr. Winterbottom held the soft hand of Adela, who evidently stood waiting for a demonstration of some sort, and Mr. Winterbottom had the strongest inclination to kiss her—there was no one near, and there stood the lovely girl, with her eyes cast down, wearing the most provoking aspect of loveliness and innocence; but his heart misgave him, and pressing her hand, he bowed and retired, not even saying “good-night.”

Mrs. Tripp was awake—and wide awake; and Adela begged her to help her to undress, “for she was all but dead for want of sleep;” but her mother would not so much as unhook her dress, till she made her go over all the scene in which she had been the actress, and finding everything to encourage and commend, she helped Adela to disrobe, and contentedly sunk to her slumbers.

As for Winterbottom, the last impression floating on his mind was that Adela was a pious, lovely girl, who said her prayers even on board a steamboat! Now, this was a very important fact, as he thought, to have discovered. He was orthodox, and had some misgivings as to Adela’s religious opinions, though she never expressed any, but then she went with her parents to the *Moriah* Church, and that was unfortunate.

The next day, the party arrived at dinner, and a most conspicuous seat opposite the Van Dams and Van Tromps was assigned them. Mrs. Tripp entered the hall after all had been seated, with an air of complacency she did the best she could to suppress; she witnessed the lighting up of a look of surprise on the faces of her friends with heartfelt pleasure. Adela was perfectly quiet and serene—she wore an air of modesty which pleased Mr. Winterbottom, who took his seat between his ladies. The Babylonians passed their congratulations across the table, and Mrs. Tripp undertook to sustain the arduous task of playing the agreeable to their gentleman, leaving Adela to sustain that of a modest young lady who found herself for the first time in her life at the springs; a little piece of intelligence Mrs. Tripp whispered to Mr. Winterbottom, which, at the same time it explained the air of diffidence Adela had assumed, helped to fix his attention on the sweetness, extreme refinement, and delicacy she exhibited on that trying occasion.

“On entering the saloon after dinner, Mrs. Tripp took care to relinquish the arm of Mr. Winterbottom, in order to speak with the Van Dam *clique*, who were stationed in the upper end of the room, to whom she renewed her expressions of pleasure, and told them of the pleasantness of their journey to the springs.

“Adela, left to herself, as became her, took Mr. Winterbottom’s arm, and now conversed with ease; concentrating her looks and

attention upon Mr. Winterbottom in a way eminently flattering, and especially so as the admiration of all around them was attracted to himself and the beautiful girl at his side. Of this admiration, as became her, she was all unconscious, looking up into his face with a most bewitching innocence and simplicity, as if absorbed by himself and indifferent to all beside, while she leaned on his arm with the air of one who could only sustain herself when supported by him.

Mr. Winterbottom evinced his pleasure by putting forth all his colloquial powers, and introduced Adela to his numerous friends, who advanced from all quarters of the room, assembled as they were from every city of the Republic, to welcome him.

If Adela had been married that morning, and was in bridal array, she could not have worn a sweeter bridelike look, nor acted better. The effect was admirable, for while it pleased the vanity of Mr. Winterbottom to witness the universal admiration Adela excited, it was as good as an advertisement of an understood engagement existing between them; and in all such matters, it is important to give public opinion a right direction.

The Van Tromps especially, and the Babylonian ladies up town generally, saw all this with surprise and spleen.

"Did you ever see such an artful minx as Adela Tripp?" said Katrine; "how in the world has she entrapped Winterbottom to parade her here! and what a fool he is making of himself."

The Van Dams, to whom this was addressed, answered by a laugh. At this moment Adela caught their eyes, and approached with Mr. Winterbottom.

"My dearest Adela," said Katrine, kissing her, "how delighted we all are to meet you here—but where, Mr. Winterbottom, is De Lisle? I thought you were to come together."

Adela saved Mr. Winterbottom from discovering how he had been entrapped, as Katrine would have reported it, by saying, for Mr. Winterbottom, that "the Worths and Mrs. Smith had been detained unexpectedly, and Mr. Winterbottom had come on in advance with them to see that all preparation had been made for their reception—especially for Mrs. Smith."

Mr. Winterbottom bowed—Katrine was certain the answer was Adela's, and not his, and that an attempt had been made to mystify her; but she did not press her inquiries further.

The room was not filled, though a large number were present, and as they stood near the piano, Katrine insisted on Adela's playing, which she firmly but quietly refused. The Van Dams united with Katrine, and Mr. Winterbottom with the Van Dams, but Adela declined, and taking Mr. Winterbottom's arm, bowed and passed on, and walking out of the room upon the verandah,

Adela with a look of reproach, said, "O! Mr. Winterbottom, how could you ask me to make such a display of myself before this mixed up throng? You know I never play, but for those whose kindness enlists all their sympathies in my favor; and whom I live but to please."

Mr. Winterbottom saw the delicacy and propriety of her declining, and expressed his sincere regret for having had so little regard for the difficulty of the task his desire to hear her had at the moment suggested.

"After supper in our own parlor," said Adela, "you shall see I'm not capricious;"—a promise she did not fail to redeem.

Mr. Winterbottom found the time passing away delightfully. Adela showed herself good at everything; she bowled successfully at nine pins; rose early, and never detained him a moment in his morning visits to the fountain, leaving her mother, as she said, fast asleep. They rode together every day, and her style of riding was at once graceful and spirited; with the air of one to whom fatigue was unknown, for she had heard Mr. Winterbottom express his contempt of women who broke down, after a morning walk, or a ride at noon.

Everything seemed going on with success, and her eventual triumph sure; but she concealed her confidence under an air of growing dependence on Mr. Winterbottom. Mrs. Tripp, in the meantime, was not idle; she well knew the value of public opinion, and its important bearing upon such men as Mr. Winterbottom, and she determined to do her best to create a little every fitting opportunity.

"How do you like Adela's dress?" she said to Mrs. Van Tromp, indicating, by her eye, the spot where Adela stood, leaning on Mr. Winterbottom's arm, conversing with a group of gentlemen gathered around her.

"It's pretty enough," was the cold reply of the lady.

"She wore it last evening, and Mr. Winterbottom was so much pleased with it, that he insisted on seeing her in it to-day at dinner—"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Van Tromp, opening her eyes, "and does Mr. Winterbottom so soon prescribe to Miss Adela the dresses in which she is to appear? Really, you take me by surprise! Is it an engagement?"

"My dear madam, no, indeed!" said Mrs. Tripp, with an air of affected surprise. "You know Mr. Winterbottom has long since relinquished all idea of marrying."

"He may have done so," said Mrs. Van Tromp; "but I should not wonder at anything Adela and you might put in his head."

Mrs. Tripp gave a gay laugh, and tapping her friend with her

fan, said—"Oh! how can you be so dreadfully severe?" and passed on to another group, and though Mrs. Tripp did not stop to listen to the many kind things Mrs. Van Tromp found in her heart to say to her, Katrine was at hand, upon whom she expended all the amiable expressions of her contempt at the credulity of one who had been proof against the charms of her own elaborately and most expensively dressed daughters.

Katrine was a patient listener, and entered heartily into all her mother's feelings, so far as envy was concerned, and would doubtless have made some valuable contributions to the subject of her remarks; but her attention was at the instant arrested, by seeing Jack Musard enter the saloon, leading in a beautiful girl, whom she knew to be Miss Flora Goodenough, the daughter of a rich pastry cook, of whom she had heard a rumor that Jack, the handsomest man, and the best waltzer in Babylon—the man whom she had designed herself to make happy for life, and upon whom she had already bestowed no little pains to please, and of which he could not have been altogether unconscious,—had attracted, and was about to marry.

To be surpassed in the admiration of a man of Jack Musard's fine appearance, by the daughter of a maker of pies, was anything but gratifying. As Jack was poor, and had just commenced his professional career, Katrine had counted largely on the advantages an alliance with herself would have given him, in climbing the steep ascents of society and fortune; and though the rumor had been rife for a week or so before she had left the city, concerning Jack and Flora Goodenough, she never could believe any attentions he may have paid the lady, extended beyond a little harmless and unmeaning gallantry.

But now she found herself a witness of what she was pleased to say to *herself*, was a most wanton and unprovoked insult. He must have known she was at the springs, and if he was pleased to ally himself to one so far beneath herself, he had no right to make her a spectator of his humiliation, and her own defeat. She would resent it as a personal insult.

While thus cogitating her wrongs and her revenge, Jack and this lovely girl passed the spot where she was standing, as they followed the crowd of guests, who were promenading in the saloon, as they are accustomed to do after dinner. And in passing, Jack bowed politely to Katrine, who "cut him dead;" but he survived with a fortitude and calmness almost miraculous. His countenance exhibited no change, and the sweet girl had no reason to guess she was passing an ambush, in which lay concealed a tongue which would wound, and heart that could have killed.

As they walked on, Katrine looked about, to see whom she

could enlist in the crusade she was determined to commence, when Mrs. Tripp came round in the circle, walking in the rear of Adela and Mr. Winterbottom, curtseying, and smiling, and speaking to all she knew, so that none in all the room with whom she was acquainted, should be unadvised of the presence of her daughter or herself. Should there be any anxious mothers among our readers, whose daughters are hard to dispose of, we commend Mrs. Tripp's method to their special attention.

Katrine beckoned her to her side, and assuming an air of extreme concern, told her, as a great secret, and for her especial advantage, what she had just observed, and which shocked her beyond all measure to see; the dreadful and bare-faced depravity exhibited by Jack Musard.

"In Heaven's name, what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Tripp.

"Wait a moment, and I will show. They are coming this way. There, you see him walking next to Mr. Winterbottom and Adela."

Mrs. Tripp looked with all the eyes in her head. The young lady was graceful in her carriage, beautiful in her face, and the only thing Mrs. Tripp could discover, was a little too much elaboration of costume. She was *finely*, rather too richly dressed.

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Tripp, in an anxious tone.

Katrine waited till they had passed, before she whispered in the ear of the petrified Mrs. Tripp—

"She's no better than she should be—the daughter of a pastry cook, whom Jack Musard has just *brought out*."

The horror which Mrs. Tripp expressed, was every way gratifying,—to see such a girl walking in the same room, breathing the same air, and next to her spotless Adela! Her indignation had no words for expression. Katrine carefully wound her up, and then set her agoing.

Mrs. Tripp, by a happy accident, saw Captain Townly standing alone. He was a friend of Mr. Winterbottom's, and had been formally introduced to her on the day of their arrival, and had called to see her at her rooms. Mr. Winterbottom and the captain had been schoolfellows—and had voyaged together, and were the best of friends. It was a matter of some moment to win him over to her side.

Mrs. Tripp lost no time in speaking to the captain. After a short conversation, conducted in her most agreeable manner, Jack Musard and his mistress, as she was believed to be by Mrs. Tripp, made their appearance again in the wake of her dear Adela and Mr. Winterbottom. And Mrs. Tripp thought it would tell well upon the captain to unbottle a little of her virtuous indignation at the sight. She did so;—the captain looked his alarm and surprise;



—he asked from whom she had received her information, and to whom she had communicated it. Mrs. Tripp, with some surprise at the minuteness of these inquiries, replied with all truthfulness.

The captain led her through one of the windows upon the verandah. So soon as they were alone, he addressed her with a tone of intense severity, and a fierceness of look, which frightened poor Mrs. Tripp before he had uttered a word.

"Madam," said the captain, "I have been a witness of all the arts which your precious daughter and yourself are playing off on my friend Winterbottom—and I have been willing, if it pleased you and him, that he should make a fool of himself, by being 'trotted out' by your daughter, and come at last gently and gracefully into your toils. But when your d—d arts reach *my niece*, you must expect me to carry the war into Africa, and I will soon show you how effectively I will do so."

The captain was in a rage.

Mrs. Tripp was instantly aware of her danger. She truly had "waked up the wrong passenger;" and all her thunder against the vices of the times stopped in mid volley. The captain was turning to leave her, when she held him by the arm, and entreated him "to stop! to listen! to believe she had been misled—that nothing could give her so much pain as to wound a lovely, graceful, beautiful girl;" and she went on at a rapid rate, denouncing Katrine Van Tromp as a most base, malicious and wicked calumniator, and mixing up admiration for Flora's beauty with her hatred of Katrine, she soothed the captain to be in some degree pacified towards herself.

"I am content, Mrs. Tripp, to let you and yours alone, on one condition," said the captain.

"Name it, dear Captain Townly. There's nothing I will not do to make all and every possible reparation."

"To be candid with you, madam, I don't believe you, when you tell me I am the only person you have addressed on this subject."

"Upon my soul, captain," said Mrs. Tripp, with all possible earnestness, "you are. Indeed! indeed you are!"

"I hope it is so—but I doubt it," he replied sternly as ever. "I will take my revenge on you, madam, and soon blow up all your plans of plundering my old friend Winterbottom. By George! how the dollars of his money-chest would jingle when once your fine fashionable daughter has opened the lid, grabbing the whole, while claiming her thirds."

The captain gave a laugh of derision, which extended into one of good humor, at the picture he had thus sketched. Mrs. Tripp could have cried, but that would be getting up a scene, which

might have its undesired spectators. She restrained her emotions, and insisted on leading the captain to her parlor, where she wept freely, and begged him not to punish her daughter for her indiscretion. She now took the cause of self-condemnation, as most likely to affect a generous nature, and the captain, whom entreaties could not move, was softened by her tears.

"Dear Captain Townly, you said there was one condition on which my folly and wickedness could be forgiven—prescribe the condition; I am ready to do everything and anything to show you the sincerity of my sorrow, and my earnest desire to do justice to your niece."

"Well, madam," said the captain, after thinking awhile, "I will bury the hatchet on these conditions. To-morrow, after dinner, I shall present to you my niece, and you must act as her *chaperon* for an hour in the drawing-room, and whenever she appears, you must pay to her marked attentions. Do you understand me, madam? And Adela must unite with you in these attentions to my niece, so far as to be seen speaking with her."

"Perfectly, captain; and I will truly and fully comply; but may I ask, why is Adela included?"

"Do you think, madam," said the captain, with a tone expressive of the utmost contempt, "I have any wish my niece shall be known to you or your daughter? Not at all, madam, but as you have mixed yourself up with her reputation, you shall do what I deem best in refuting your own slanders in the presence of the residents here. Are you content?"

"I am content," replied Mrs. Tripp, in a tone of unaffected humility. The captain bowed himself out of the room, saying, "Good-day, madam! We will meet again in the saloon."

Now, though Mrs. Tripp had a thousand thoughts chasing through her mind, most mortifying and painful, yet there was, like the box of Pandora, hope at the bottom. The interesting picture of Adela, with her elbows hid in dollars, dwelt upon her mind, and she dried up her tears when she thought of it, but still she had her misgivings, lest, after all, the captain should first humiliate her and then break his pledge. If he did, all the beautiful visions of hope would die down to sheer despair. Yet what was to be done? Conceal in her own bosom all that had transpired! She determined to do so, and to nurse her wrath for Katrine Van Tromp; and promised herself it should be piping-hot, when the time for its administration should come. Adela must be hoodwinked; that she could readily accomplish. The sneers of the Van Tromps, and the Van Dams and their set, she must submit to. Anything but a rupture with Townly, and the destruction of her plans. "Success," she said to herself, "will repay all." Yes,

Adela should make a strict inquest of those "*thirds*" of which Captain Townly spoke. And so Mrs. Tripp bathed her eyes in some diluted Cologne to take out the inflammation, meaning to return to the saloon, when Adela came in hurriedly, and addressed her in a tone of reproach.

"What has become of you, mother? I have been wearied to death with all I have had to go through this day; and now have been walking for two whole hours with Mr. Winterbottom, and am all ready to sink into the floor. Up at five in the morning; walking about the spring till seven; riding twenty miles out, and back at noon; and now two mortal hours in the saloon; if matters don't hasten to a conclusion soon, I'm killed up, and I can't and won't endure such a severe course of training, mother; and you know I asked you to take Mr. Winterbottom off my hands after dinner, that I might get some sleep"—and giving a heavy sigh, she threw herself at full length on the sofa.

Her mother exclaimed—"Adela Tripp, what are you doing? laying down in that costly new dress!"

"Help me, then, to get rid of it!" cried Adela, exhausted of her patience and temper and strength all at once.

Mrs. Tripp, acting as maid, helped Adela to shed her dress, and unlaced her stays, when she threw herself on the bed, and in a moment was fast asleep.

Mrs. Tripp wondered at her facility at sleeping. "Ah!" thought she, "if she knew the anxieties of a mother's heart, she would not find it so easy thus to go from the saloon to the sleep of childhood."

Mrs. Tripp, doubtless, did believe herself to be a pattern woman. She set up for one, and certainly is not the first person who has deceived herself.

While Adela slept, Mrs. Tripp made ready to receive Mr. Winterbottom, and whoever else might chance to call in at her parlor during the evening. Mr. Winterbottom, from not knowing what to do with himself, was sure to come, and as for all the rest, it would have pleased her if they could have suited themselves elsewhere. She was not therefore surprised to see Mr. Winterbottom come in about eight o'clock. Mrs. Tripp did the best she could to supply the place of Adela. The provoking girl slept on, reckless of all the precious time she was losing, and her mother was compelled to apologize for her absence.

"Adela has gone in to see a lady who has been seized with a severe colic, and Adela, dear girl, has been heating some brandy, and has just gone in with it to see if some such means might not help her."

"Brandy's excellent!" cried Mr. Winterbottom, "and hot

brandy the best thing in the world. It don't matter how it is applied, inside or out, in such a case. Really, Adela, clever as she is, is more clever than I had supposed."

"Ah! Mr. Winterbottom," said Mrs. Tripp, in a sort of rapture, "if you only knew her! but she's a timid child, and needs some one always at hand upon whom she can lean; her tenderness will, I fear, cause her a great deal of sorrow. This world is not a place for *mimosas*, and I tell Adela so; but she says she can't help it; if she suffers, she must suffer. Her nature is to feel deeply, and to love fondly, and she can't help it—she must do so."

"She's a sweet good girl," replied Mr. Winterbottom, with an emphasis, which sounded most musical to the ear of dear Mrs. Tripp.

Before Mrs. Tripp could gain a moment's time, so intensely interested had she become in this conversation, which continued for some time, and so absorbed had been the attention of Mr. Winterbottom, that she had no time to go into Adela's room, and tell her about the sick lady with the colic and the hot brandy applications, when Adela appeared in the room.

Mr. Winterbottom rose with kindness, and taking her hand, with great cordiality of manner, asked—"How does the hot brandy suit the case? have you applied it inwardly or outwardly?" smiling as he put the question to the astonished girl.

Adela's confusion was real and very pretty. She looked inquiringly at her mother, and her dear mother was at her hand.

"My dear Adela, I've been telling Mr. Winterbottom of your visit to our sick neighbor, who has been taken with a colic after dinner, and how you warmed some hot brandy and carried it to her, hoping it might relieve her. And Mr. Winterbottom is delighted, and says it is the best of all remedies."

"Upon my soul I do, Miss Adela," said Mr. Winterbottom heartily, "for I've been troubled with colic, and I never found it to fail. How came you to think of it?"

Adela looked down with a most bashful air, as one unexpectedly discovered in an act of benevolence, and who blushed to hear it praised. "When I was a school girl, I visited an old lady who was very sick, and she begged me to heat some brandy, and also flannels, and apply them, dipped in the brandy, hot to the stomach, and which happily gave her ease after a short time; and so it occurred to me it might be useful in this lady's attack." And looking to her mother, she continued: "she was greatly obliged to you, mother, for the heated brandy, and I doubt not to-morrow, she will be perfectly well again." So having perpetrated all these lies with an air of the utmost amiability, she took her seat on the sofa beside Mr. Winterbottom, who gazed upon her with increas-

ing admiration, and their stream of conversation flowed on as free and as full, as if they had not for the last five days been almost constantly in each other's society. Mr. Winterbottom's utmost wishes were gratified with Scotch songs, and he listened with pleasure to a few operatic gems which Adela played to give variety to the music. As he rose at a late hour to go, he invited them to attend church the next day, and asked "where shall we go?" Neither of the ladies had any choice at first, but Adela thought she should like to go to the Presbyterian Church, which, as it was his own, was certainly every way pleasing to him.

When Mr. Winterbottom's step had ceased to be heard, Mrs. Tripp embraced Adela, and was for the instant really mirthful.

"My dear Adela, you ought to have been an actress." Adela was not so well pleased as her mother, and replied,

"I beg you will not draw upon my powers of personating a character on the instant, and without so much as a clue to the part to be performed."

"Clue, child! and did I not tell you the whole story?" replied Mrs. Tripp.

But Adela insisted it was exceedingly hazardous, and not to be repeated.

It was a Sabbath, indeed, to Mrs. Tripp; for the usual meeting of the guests was omitted, and she had one day of grace. On their way to church, they met Mrs. Van Dam and Mrs. Van Tromp, and daughters, all so prettily dressed, holding in a most conspicuous manner, their velvet-covered and golden-clasped prayer-books; gayly conversing with the gentlemen in white vests and gloves, who accompanied them; and though it was Sunday, Mrs. Tripp could have looked daggers-drawn at Katrine Van Tromp—but she didn't, for she had settled it in her mind it would be very unwise to do so; so, bowing very graciously, she let her pass, though Katrine's eye said as plainly as words could have spoken it, "How well you manage matters."

At church it was truly edifying to see how devout Adela demeaned herself. She sung out of the same hymn book with Mr. Winterbottom, and her sweet tones blended charmingly, (so thought Mr. Winterbottom,) with Mr. W.'s *ground-tenor*. The text was "Remember Lot's wife." It was all Adela heard, for the last word set her fancy off at a canter, and she never reined up till it was all over. Not so Mr. Winterbottom and Mrs. Tripp: they listened to the most fearful description of all the incidents connected with the Scripture history, which, from the extreme minuteness of detail into which the preacher entered, one would have thought his hearers had never heard of it before. He commenced with the calling of Abraham, the selection of the plains

of Sodom and Gomorrah, the dangers of wealth in the fostering of all the corrupt tendencies of our nature, the arrival of the angels, and slightly touched upon the strange expedient Lot took to save his guests; described, in the most picturesque language, the rising of the sun, the stillness of the hour, the hush of expectancy in all nature, and the security of the sleeping, sensual Sodomites; the flight of Lot and his daughters, the reluctance of Mrs. Lot; proposed several strange but very natural thoughts which might have arisen in a lady's mind, on leaving home so early in the morning before making her toilet, and so, having diluted down the stern simple narrative of the Holy Scriptures to the weakest possible solution, and consuming the first forty minutes of the sermon, he made a "forcible-feeble" appeal to the consciences of the very well dressed fashionable audience he had the honor to address.

To Mrs. Tripp the sermon had the charm of a *Waverley* novel; she had, to be sure, some idea floating in her mind that Sodom had been burnt up, but the style of preaching was entirely new to her. Not so to Mr. Winterbottom; he was accustomed to such preaching, and though familiar, it was not the less interesting to him.

It is pleasant to witness the aspect of a congregation *up-town* listening to discourses of this sort. To men who live surrounded by all the luxuries of life, the preacher tells of the danger of riches, and they listen with a zest which poor wretches have little conception of. And as these dangers are developed in all their living realities, there they sit, and lay the "flattering unction to their souls," as they think how successfully they have resisted and overcome all these temptations, and they "thank God, and take courage," in the full assurance of faith, that, having met and surmounted the fearful trials of life, they shall pass unscathed the fiery ordeal of a future judgment.

"How did you like the sermon, ladies?" inquired Mr. Winterbottom, addressing himself, however, to Adela, who was for an instant puzzled how to reply; but her watchful mother at once replied, "My dear Mr. Winterbottom, I was delighted. I never heard a more interesting discourse. It was so impressive and so beautifully descriptive."

"It was, indeed," said Miss Adela. "Do you know, mother, who that lady was in the pink bonnet and lace veil, that sat opposite us?" asked Adela, to change the topic, and she was successful, for the topic of who was who, was sustained till they reached the hotel and took leave of Mr. Winterbottom; when Adela had an opportunity of being "posted-up" as to the sermon. The afternoon was devoted to sleep, which was required by both these ladies, and the evening to a walk to the spring. Adela had

an opportunity in the evening to show off her piety and her perfect recollection of the sermon. Mr. Winterbottom was pleased to find Adela so docile and teachable in his religious sentiments. He told her how the Presbyterian church was constituted—how the ministers were ordained—how the ruling elders were elected and set apart—of the duties of the session—of the order of church government—of the presbyteries, and the appellate power of churches to presbyteries—from presbyteries to synods—and from synods to general assemblies; and all such like sacred and devotional subjects were explained and commented on in a very pious manner, and Mr. Winterbottom, when he went to sleep, felt he had spent the day in a very proper manner;—just as if there was any religion in all this.

Now while they were so occupied, Mrs. Tripp was reading a work much more to her taste. It was Rousseau's Confessions, and finding a passage which seemed to her important, she folded down the leaf and left it in a very conspicuous place on Adela's table. The passage was that in which Rousseau tells of his journey with a very lovely lady, in whom he had unconsciously awakened a tender passion, but such was his extreme modesty, that none of the methods adopted by her to possess him of the fact, being successful, during a solitary walk with him in the country, she overcame all obstacles with complete success, by throwing her arms around his neck, and kissing him.

The book lay unnoticed by Adela till the next morning, when she was making her toilet for breakfast. She read the passage, and with flashing eyes went into her mother's room, and asked her for what purpose she had folded down that page. "Do you think, mother, it would be best for me to throw my arms round Mr. Winterbottom's neck? Was that your thought?"

"Certainly not, my dear," replied her mother with the utmost quietness of manner. "You are to ride out with Mr. Winterbottom this morning, and I thought you would perhaps see in the conduct of this lady the favorable positions which a woodland walk might afford for the inception, if not expression, of tender emotions."

"If you suppose I shall compromit myself, in any unmaidenly manner, to win Mr. Winterbottom, you are mistaken, mother. If he marries me, he shall have the comfort to believe he inspired love in me, and was not carried by force of arms as this lady captured Monsieur Rousseau. If I am to live with Mr. Winterbottom, I shall need his respect, and no certainty of success could induce me to act so as to lose it."

"Alt very proper, my dear Adela," replied Mrs. Tripp; "you speak like a book. But I'll tell you, child, you feel the necessity

of bringing matters to a close; you see the usual methods are not effective; now you must seek some new scenes, which will give rise to new topics, and present to his mind, in contrast with his position, the pleasures of affection and the images of domestic life. These may bring him out. And I recommend you to think seriously of what I say."

The day was bright and beautiful. And Mr. Winterbottom and Adela were in the saddle by ten o'clock. She looked sweetly, and her horse was in fine prancing mood. Adela had the pleasure of receiving the admiring gaze of the well-dressed crowd, who thronged on the verandah to see them off, and witnessed the envious looks of Katrine and all the other Tromps, old and young, not forgetting the Van Dams. Mrs. Tripp went about among them, saying to one and another—"Doesn't Adela look well? Isn't that a beautiful riding cap?" Meanwhile Mr. Winterbottom was engaged in the very delicate and delightful task of arranging the folds of Adela's riding-dress. "Good-by, love. Good-day, Mr. Winterbottom," cried Mrs. Tripp, as they rode away at a rapid pace.

Though Adela was so indignant in the morning at her mother's suggestion, yet it rested upon her mind, and after riding a couple of hours, they came to where the road lay along a beautiful lake, through a grove of trees, which afforded a deep shade, and Adela proposed to Mr. Winterbottom, that they should dismount and walk awhile in the wood, where the sward was as fresh and as level as a Turkey carpet. Mr. Winterbottom was pleased with the plan, and hastened to dismount and fasten his horse to the boughs of the trees, which swept down so low as to be readily reached.

This done, he came to the side of Adela, who threw herself from her saddle into his arms with the most delightful abandonment. Mr. Winterbottom felt the pressure on his breast for an instant, and Adela shaking out the folds of her dress, took up the train and threw it over her arm, whence it fell in graceful folds, revealing her spotless petticoat, and an ankle very neat, and prettily set on to a foot well suited to be a *modèle* in a *studio*. All this was noticed by Mr. Winterbottom as he tied Adela's bridle to the boughs of a tree.

Coming up to Adela, Mr. Winterbottom offered his arm, which, with a blush of modesty and a look of tenderness, she took. What there was to call it forth did not so readily occur to him, but still it was so attractive, that he could not but look into the face of Adela, and again it was renewed, and her eyes fell to the ground. They now walked on in silence, when Mr. Winterbottom, gathering up his thoughts, and seeing a picturesque cottage, hid among



embowering trees, surrounded by a white paling, wearing all the attractions of taste and refinement, pointed it out to Adela.

"O, is it not sweet!" exclaimed Adela. "And how much of happiness, and serenity and peace seems hid in that sweet cottage! How few who are living in our thronged city are able to estimate all the freshness and purity of such a home! and yet, perhaps, the inmates of that happy home may have looked with admiration, and even of envy upon the possessions of those whose homes are the palaces of Babylon. Such is life!" and Adela, whose tones had become sweetly sad as she proceeded, here stopped and sighed.

"Ah! my dear Miss Adela," said Mr. Winterbottom, "few people know anything of the miseries of those who are wealthy. They see us living in fine houses, and rolling past them in splendid carriages, and they say—'there's a happy man!' They can't see beyond the outside of things. They know nothing of the anxieties which reach us through a thousand avenues:—does the fire-bell toll? they have no anxiety lest the flames should be converting their fortunes into smoke—do they read of hurricanes and storms at sea? they have neither ships, nor stocks to be engulfed in the ocean. They hear of vast commercial embarrassments, but have no inquietudes how they may be affected by them. I assure you, Miss Adela, I am never certain whether my income, in any one year of my life, is to be ten thousand or two hundred and fifty thousand; and yet, everybody sets me down at the highest sum. Nor is this all; my servant puts upon my breakfast-table a heap of letters received by the morning's mail. I say to myself—'well, they shall wait 'till I finish my coffee;' but usually I have a reason to read some particular letter upon a subject of instant importance, and so I am induced to glance my eye over the superscriptions, and not exactly knowing which it may be, I select one at a venture. I open it, it is from a lady—'she has lost her husband, he was her all; on his industry, her hopes, and on his life, all her happiness was centered; he is in the grave. She has three young children, and a baby four months old. God has made her happy home as dark as the tomb. She owes me seven hundred dollars for the rent of her house. She proposes I shall take her furniture for pay, and hire it to her, and she will strive to support herself and family by keeping boarders; and begs me to avert the stern requirements of my business man, who insists on her removal.' And while the warm tears are running down my cheeks, my coffee is getting cold. Then I have to endorse in pencil to my agent to cancel the debt, and give her six months rent free; this done, I order a fresh cup of coffee, and make another venture. I open a letter; it is written in a beautiful hand by a fine boy whose

parents are dead, and he says he must leave school and go to work, and wants employment. Offers to drive a cart, or a carriage, to work in the house or out of it; but he must work or beg, and so he selects me of all the people of Babylon, to set him to work. Now here's a subject for a half-hour's thinking: what must be done for him? or, perhaps, as was the case the day I left, a girl writes me her mother is dying, and she can't buy even the medicine necessary to mitigate her sufferings. The letter takes me ten minutes to decipher—here, then, was a case that demanded instant attention. John must be called, and then 'twas found the girl had forgotten to give her number; that must be found from the Directory; and he sent off with money and a basket of eatables, and before I could set down again to my table, the beefsteak was cold, and so ends my breakfast.

“ Well, then, Miss Adela, I commence the task of reading my letters. Some I find full of excellent advice, gentle hints, how I can do a vast deal of good; others again complaining that their rent is too high; some saying my agent had promised improvements and alterations, never yet made; and before I get through all these details of trials and sorrows, in walks a gentleman in black who hands me a letter of introduction. He is the agent of some society which has for its object the conversion of the Jews, the civilization of Africa, or the illumination of the world, and I have to listen to him. He tells me a long story of the vast fields of usefulness opening to their society; the necessity of instant and vigorous exertions; the Catholics are already in the field; and after working up my nerves to their extremest tension, he digresses into the responsibilities of men of wealth; their being the stewards of God's mercies, to be held to a strict account for every dollar they spend; and woe, woe to the man whose gold is rusting, while souls are going to perdition; and then he comes to the last grand demonstration, *money—money*. In the utmost alarm, I ask him ‘if all I am worth will be a drop in the bucket,’ and he tells me, ‘ten thousand dollars will free my skirts of the dreadful responsibility under which I live.’ So grateful to have my house left over my head, I give him a check for the money, and he takes his leave. Then, too, I have most eloquent appeals to aid young men to establish themselves in business, or, what I hate most of all, the most terrible heart-rending appeals, ‘to lend my name for only sixty days to save some friend whom I never saw a dozen times in my life,’ (except it was at parties I was compelled to go to, given by them at vast expense; and whom I supposed to be *millionaires*,) ‘and whose innocent and lovely wife and children, all unconscious of impending destruction, will be saved from ruin and inconceivable misery, by my compliance; and all this without the

slightest risk to myself—and in conclusion, they tell me the recollections of their ruined family must haunt my pillow, if I refuse to lend a helping hand to a sinking brother in his hour of anguish.' Now only think of it, dear Miss Adela, to go to bed with such frightful pictures of distress dancing on the curtains of my bed like so many spectres, to say nothing of being bored to death to subscribe for stocks for roads and canals highly necessary to the welfare of our city, and all important to the interests of our posterity, Miss Adela."

Here Miss Adela looked at Mr. Winterbottom with a gaze of tenderness, but he was too full of his subject just then to appreciate it, and so she let her eyes fall to the ground.

"Such, dear Miss Tripp, are a few of the miseries of moneyed men. I can't tell you how often I am deprived of all relish for my dinner, by tales of the most loathsome wretchedness, which God knows I would relieve at the sacrifice of my life, if I could do so; and this is not the life of a day, but from one year's end to the other. Well! I meet all these demands as best I may. I often wish I had been born a beggar, for then sometimes I should be happy. Ah! if a man wants to be miserable, let him be rich."

Adela, finding Mr. Winterbottom fairly out of breath, now found her tongue, and spoke of the pleasures of a country life, its freedom from the cares and turmoils of the city—its healthful occupations, and its sweet repose.

"Alas!" she said, in her sweetest tones, and they were beautifully soft and clear, "how little are those ladies to be envied, who are surrounded by the splendor of a city—which brings with it so much anxiety, where you are not sure that the friends who fill your parlors, are not, at the moment, making you the victim of their sneers, or, perhaps, their scandal; where the seclusion of home is liable to a thousand interruptions, which the conventional laws of fashionable life require to be conformed to, and which we must endure. And how often does the possession of wealth sever hearts who would be bound to each other with the strong ties of love, if poverty had but shown them how dear they could by any means be made to each other. 'Tis the poor who rely with confidence on each other. They bear their mutual sorrows, and share their mutual joys. The hour of assembling their little circle is the reward of all their toils. Ah! how happy are those who are possessed of a cottage so sweet as the one we have just passed—who are strong in each other's affections, and who need no other ties than those which love confers."

Mr. Winterbottom listened with delight, as men always do, when listening to a pretty girl discoursing her sweet sentimentality.

ties. Adela sighed. Mr. Winterbottom looked into Adela's face; he caught her eye beaming upon him with the fullest and fondest expression of love which she could command, and he felt his arm pressed closely to her side; her eyes again fell in sweet confusion.

"Ah!" said Mr. Winterbottom, unconsciously aloud, "it is too late!" and then relapsed into a brown study, in which he saw Adela sitting in a lovely dressing gown, her hair in sweet disorder hanging over her shoulders, and a beautiful baby in her lap, to whom she was in the act of revealing a bosom of spotless purity, whose little hands were tearing away impatiently the muslin folds which confined, but did not conceal the mother's breast. It was a sweet vision of hope and blessedness.

Adela, not being able to divine his thoughts, and fearing lest they might be straying away from the subject under consideration, now said, in a tone yet more tender, and with a sweet confusion of voice and manner—

"How can you say so, dear Mr. Winterbottom?"

Nobody can tell what he would have said, or where this would have ended, had not Captain Townly came suddenly upon them, climbing over a fence near by, with a gun on his shoulder, and game in his hands.

"How are you, Winterbottom! Good day, Miss Tripp!" said the captain. "What has brought *you* here?"

This was a staggering question to Winterbottom, which at once opened to view, as if by magic, the bottomless abyss upon whose brink he stood. Adela saw his confusion, and said in a quiet even tone, "that they had been riding, and as the sun was excessively bright, they had dismounted to walk a little while on this beautiful green sward." She saw the charm was over, the spell broken, at least for the present,—and with fine tact at once told the captain she must be permitted to take *his* arm, and Mr. Winterbottom should take his gun, and she was sure Mr. Winterbottom would be most happy of the exchange, and she should secure two attendants instead of one; and so she rattled on with great joyousness of manner, and gradually Mr. Winterbottom regained his self-possession, and was able to talk with the captain.

On reaching their horses, Adela insisted that Captain Townly should resear her, and she allowed herself to be lifted by him into the saddle, laughing at the captain for looking red in the face from having made so great an effort, and all being ready, she put the whip to her horse, crying, "Good day, captain," in a gay tone, and rode off.

The captain stood admiring her, "Well, let her have him!" he exclaimed, when they were out of hearing. "She's a fine

girl, though she's the child of her mother, and a thousand times too good for him."

Adela rode her horse at the top of his speed, and so saved herself from any further conversation with Mr. Winterbottom. On reaching her mother's room, she threw off her riding cap, and then gave way to a flood of tears. Mrs. Tripp looked on with astonishment. She had seen Adela ride up with an air of hilarity which delighted her, and had hoped to have heard the most joyous tidings of success from Adela, whom she now found speechless from tears and sobs.

"It is all, *all over*, mother!" cried Adela, sobbing passionately.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Tripp, folding her arms around Adela, and laying her head on her shoulder, "tell me all that has happened."

Adela had her cry out, and then wiped away her tears, and told all that had occurred with that remarkable precision and minuteness of detail which are peculiar to young ladies when they fully set about giving their confidence on such subjects.

Mrs. Tripp was in deep dismay at the untoward turn matters had taken. Adela said, in a passionate tone to her mother—

"Had Captain Townly been shooting anywhere else, or what would have been just as much to my taste, had he been shot anywhere else, the whole matter would have been settled. A declaration of some sort would have been made; I should of course have been deeply moved, and felt like fainting. Mr. Winterbottom would have been compelled, indeed he must have put his arms around my waist. I could then have swooned away, and he would have gently laid me on the grass; after giving him all the time requisite, I would have opened my eyes, and it would have been the most natural thing for him to have kissed me then, if he had not done so before, and then I could, consistently with my notions of propriety, have thrown my arms round his neck, hid my face in his bosom, and the whole affair would have been ended."

"Yes," said her mother, "no doubt, dear Adela, and all that was to follow would have been a mere matter of pastime and parade duty—the battle would have been fought, the victory won—and in one week you would have been ready to have gone back to Babylon."

"But now," said Adela, "it's all over, and never can be brought on again—I tell you, mother, it is all over!"

Such was the course of their conversation, and such the ultimate convictions of the daughter. Mrs. Tripp, though she had more cause than Adela to fear such a result, calmed her daughter, assuring her that, so far from being all over, Mr. Winterbottom would probably regret the appearance of Capt. Townly more than

she could do; but that it was certainly important that they should change their plans to meet the unforeseen aspects the case now wore.

"I hate the sight of that man Townly," said Adela, with the bitterness of grief.

"Dear Adela," replied the mother, "remember he is the friend of Mr. Winterbottom, and he can help us. He has a very pretty niece here, whom you must speak to. These men are very much influenced by their friends, and I particularly wish you would make yourself agreeable to Capt. Townly and Miss Flora Goodenough, his niece. *Tact*, my child, *tact* is everything! you have shown me that you are the *mistress of yourself!* I assure you that is one of the greatest of all attainments for a young lady to make. I believed you were possessed of it, but now, Adela, I know it; and, let me tell you, there are few who attain to it."

Adela was soothed. "Mother, I am weary and worn out—I must rest—excuse me at dinner as best you may. Say I've a sick headache; no, that won't do; I prefer it should be the colic, to that—Mr. Winterbottom must not know I've a headache. Say anything, mother, but I can't go down to dinner, and can't and won't be seen till after supper." So her mother undressed her, and left her to sleep away her griefs. Sweet sleep, that freshens up even the aged, now came, and Adela wore a placid, calm, and lovely aspect—the very picture of innocence—as she lay sleeping; and, could Mr. Winterbottom have looked in upon her, all the dark surmises of his brain would have been dissipated, and the only wonder would have been how the accidents of wealth and society could have offered inducements so great as to make him worthy of Adela's acceptance. At dinner, Mrs. Tripp found Mr. Winterbottom more sedate and reserved than usual. He asked for Adela, and when Mrs. Tripp made her excuse, he was silent, and Mrs. Tripp turned the current of his thoughts by speaking of some *on-dits* of the day she had gathered from the newspapers received while they were away. A dreadful shipwreck helped out the dessert, and as they rose from dinner, Mr. Winterbottom led Mrs. Tripp to the drawing-room, and bowing, retired.

The crisis of affairs with Captain Townly had now arrived. He had followed Mrs. Tripp into the saloon, and bringing up his niece, introduced her to Mrs. Tripp, who received her in the most affable manner, and, taking her arm, asked leave to go round the room with her. They fell into the throng of those who were promenading, and Mrs. Tripp kept Miss Flora in a constant play of conversation. There was no lack for food for her wit and fancy.

"Look! my dear Miss Goodenough, at that group. See! there stands a lady of some inland town or village, whose highest hopes

are this day realized—she is at the springs! she knows nobody, and *here* is nobody—her husband may be the squire of the village, or the richest man in the town, or perhaps a member of the legislature, and this is her *entrée* into public life—with what a look of vacancy she gazes on the fine ladies and gentlemen she sees here. And her husband, too! how anxious he looks to see some face to recognize. Yes! there the governor sees him—with what joy he shakes his hand. And the lady! she's presented to the governor—her husband is, after all, somebody—they are a peg higher in their own self-estimation. And her husband! he's looking to see who may be the witnesses of his importance. Alas! no one is in sight, who sees. He seeks to detain the governor, who bows and passes—and now the wife and husband relapse into their former nothingness.

“Heavens!” continued Mrs. Tripp, “did you ever see such a fright as that lady is?” pointing to a lady fair-and-forty, parading an old beau of sixty, whose few hairs were carefully brushed from the back of his head, and curled over a bald pate. “That is a very fashionable lady from Bostonia—she comes here as regular as the season, and every year ten pounds heavier. Oh, my dear Miss Goodenough, we must go to the ball on Wednesday evening to see her dance. I have often trembled for the safety of the floor when witnessing her *tours de force*, expecting every moment to see her descend into the cellar with a crash, carrying us all down with her. Look at her beau! Though he's so old, he has been taking lessons of Korponay, in dancing the Polka, and will exhibit himself on next Wednesday, for he is to dance with that splendidly-dressed Spanish-looking lady, whose diamonds are only rivalled by her eyes.”

And so Mrs. Tripp ran on in one unbroken string of comments on the company around them, to the admiration of the young girl, to whom all these were strangers, and when the captain called to take the arm of his niece, and relieve Mrs. Tripp of her “parade duty,” Flora said to her uncle, “What a most interesting lady you have introduced me to! I never was more amused and delighted than I have been in her society.”

The captain replied, coldly, “I have very little acquaintance with Mrs. Tripp, but have heard she was very brilliant, and could be very sarcastic.”

“Oh yes! she is,” said the innocent girl; “but then she is so clever.”

“My dear Flora,” replied the captain, “listen to me; these very clever people are not always harmless. The same skill with which they show up others, may be turned upon ourselves. I have no wish you should know Mrs. Tripp, except as an acquaint-

ance at this place; here she may help to amuse you, but in Babylon give her a wide berth; do you hear?"

"Yes, dear uncle; but she has a fine, fashionable air and manner, and that is always pleasing, and then her conversational powers are admirable."

The captain now gave up Flora to Jack Musard, and withdrew. Though this exercise had been so gratifying to Flora, to Mrs. Tripp it was anything but amusing, for she had seen what had escaped the notice of her young companion. There were many of "her set," who looked their surprise at her new found friend, and as for Katrine Von Tromp, that young lady threw up her eyes to the ceiling, and spread out her fingers by her side, with an air which, had it been in any other place, would have led a looker on to have believed she had been inspired by some sudden fit of devotion, which found its appropriate expression in an ejaculatory prayer.

Retiring to her room, Mrs. Tripp found Adela still sleeping, and she sat down to meditate on the many trials of fashionable life.

The next day brought Colonel Worth and family, Mr. De Lisle and Mrs. Smith, whose seats at the table were immediately opposite to them, and next the Van Dams. Mr. Winterbottom was delighted to see them, and Mrs. Tripp had to follow his example as near as it was possible, though in her heart she wished them on the other side of the globe. Adela assumed a quiet air, which well became her. On rising from the table, Mr. De Lisle took Adela's arm, and Mr. Winterbottom that of Mrs. Smith. This exchange was natural, and Adela had no reason to regret it, for De Lisle was decidedly the greatest *catch* of the two, in the estimation of the Van Dams, who, while they looked on at the scenes in which Mr. Winterbottom was a principal, with an amused air, were really envious when they saw his place assumed by Mr. De Lisle.

Adela recovered her powers, and adapting herself to the character of her companion, talked the best sense, in the best manner she knew how to command, and Mr. De Lisle and Mrs. Smith, as well as Mrs. Worth and Grace, expressed to her their pleasure to meet her again, and promised to spend the evening with her, in her mother's parlor, after supper. They did so. Mr. Winterbottom came in with them; he took no part in the conversation, but sat silent and reserved, wearing an abstracted air, and when Adela was asked to sing, he expressed no wish to hear any of his favorite songs, and though Adela sung those old Jacobite songs which required a chorus, no chorus was forthcoming.



Mrs. Tripp saw all this as plainly as the nose on his face, and a sinking of despair took full possession of her heart.

When all were gone, Adela took a seat in front of her mother, having first placed a lamp where it would shine full into her face, said, "Now, mother, what do you think? Isn't it all up with Mr. Winterbottom?"

"I fear it is, Adela; but still there are other strings to pull. We have other appliances to bring to bear upon him."

"Such as what, if you please," said Adela, with an air of greatest wonderment, "for I have exhausted all I know anything of."

"My child," replied the mother, "I will talk with you in the morning; I've had enough to suffer for one day, and now I bid you good-night!"

And Adela, with the confidence of youth and beauty, retired to her room, relieved of a pressure, which, unconsciously to herself, had weighed upon her spirits. She had been anxious to succeed, because she had determined to be successful; but she was sure few men, no one worth having, could have resisted the powers she had exerted. And now she would prove herself in a direction, where success, if it gave her not great wealth, should secure for her what was better, distinction, the distinction which always attends upon a woman allied to a man of talents. She would experiment on Mr. De Lisle.

Such were her last thoughts, as she sunk to sleep, and her dreams were full of beautiful imagery, and she awoke with a joyousness of heart every way delightful.

Now her mother had slept but little, and the aspect with which she met her daughter, was full of care and mental suffering.

At breakfast, Adela appeared in fine health and gayety of spirits, and Mr. De Lisle and Mrs. Smith both spoke in terms highly complimentary of her appearance. Mr. Winterbottom listened, but said nothing.

At dinner, he was absent, and Mrs. Tripp and Adela found their way to the table under the escort of Mr. De Lisle and Mrs. Smith. From the hall, they retired to their rooms, and found a note from Mr. Winterbottom, saying, he had called to inform them that business of an urgent nature had called him to the city, that he regretted to find them out, and hoped Mrs. Tripp and Adela would find themselves at home with their mutual friends, whom he had requested to supply any lack of attention they might require during his absence.

"The bird is flown!" said Adela, with a sprightly tone and manner.

"Not so far," replied Mrs. Tripp, with asperity, "but he shall be brought back."

"Who is to go after him, mother? I tell you, once for all, I won't!"

"You won't! my child, that is very strange language for you to adopt. You must obey me, your mother; and though I shall ask you to do nothing unworthy of you, I expect you to act like a woman of sense."

"And pray, what can such a sensible lady as myself do in the case? He is gone—he is rid of us and we of him. So let it be," said Adela, smiling.

"So it *shan't* be," said Mrs. Tripp, in an angry tone.

"And how can you help yourself, mother?" said the daughter, with a most provoking smile.

Mrs. Tripp was in no-smiling mood, and that she was offended by the levity of her dear daughter, it required no spectacles to see, but she suppressed her emotions, and taking up a ruffle, set herself at work, sewing it. Adela rose, and went to her piano, and in a few moments, forgot all the troubles of the past, in the present difficulties of a chromatic passage she was playing, of the all but impossible piano compositions of De Meyer.

Mrs. Tripp, having recovered her self-control, called Adela to her seat, and commenced speaking:

"Adela! Mr. Winterbottom is a man of generous and very delicate feelings."

Adela said not a word, but looked incredulously. Her mother went on.

"He has, now, for several months, visited our house with some degree of frequency, and has, in the sight of all the world, attended us here. He has rode out with you, and in the saloon has paid you the most particular attentions a gentleman can pay to a lady."

"But, mother, has he not been drawn into this by our invitation? and how could he act otherwise?"

"That matters not. I speak of his conduct as it appears to others. And, now he is gone, he must remember his conduct with some degree of self-reproach. Now, my child, if you will but follow my lead, all will yet be well. I am just as certain of it, as though I saw you, at this moment, dressed in all the splendor of a bride's attire, waiting for the hour of your nuptials."

"You are very imaginative, mother," said Adela.

"I wish you may be so, too," said Mrs. Tripp. "I will now reveal to you my plan. We will remain here a week or so, to see if Mr. Winterbottom will return. If he does not, we go back to Babylon. After reaching home, you see no company. I

shall see that he hears that Adela Tripp's affections are the cause of her sickness. Letting that work awhile, I will alarm him by the news that there are fears entertained that you will go into a rapid decline, and that his conduct at the springs is the cause of it all. And, too, I will set Mrs. Van Dam at work upon him, and other ladies whose sympathies I can enlist. He sha'n't sleep without your image having been presented to him, in some shape, every day he lives. In the meanwhile, I will occasionally meet him with all my usual kindness, and speak, in sad tones, of your feeble state of health; and when he shows signs of relenting, as he will do, he shall be invited to the house, and when he comes, it shall be contrived, that you shall walk into the parlor, dressed in a charming white dressing-gown, the lamps shall be shaded, and starch will give you the aspect of extreme paleness. You shall appear for a moment only, shall offer him your hand, cold as ice water can make it, and thank him, in the sweetest tone, for his kindness in calling, and slowly withdraw, leaning on my arm.

"A few such scenes will do the business, safely and surely. His vanity will be flattered by the power of interesting so lovely a girl; and his pride shall be addressed, and his love inflamed, and you shall have a last scene, in which love and tenderness will melt the ice around his heart; for I assure you, (such are my sincerest convictions, from my knowledge of the man, and I have studied him well,) I believe he is sorry, at this moment, he has left us, and his home will never seem so lonely as it does at this moment, and he would gladly wish himself back again, if he knew how to get here free from the sneers of these people by whom we are surrounded."

"Mother," said Adela, in a firm, slow and measured tone, "your plans look feasible; but a failure would be fatal to me. I can't consent to put my reputation at a hazard such as this; and with every feeling of respect, I say to you, I can't! and I won't!" So saying, this dutiful daughter rose, and left the room.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A party of Mexicans arrive at the springs—Scene at the assembly—Adela, in the absence of Mr. Winterbottom, experiments on Mr. De Lisle—Col. Greenwood and Lieutenant Doyle of the Coldstream Guards—Meet Mrs. Smith and friends at the ball—Adela dances with Lieutenant Doyle—The sage of Lindenwold introduces these officers to Mrs. Tripp next day in the saloon—Adela rides out with Col. Greenwood and his friend—*Tête-à-tête* of mothers and daughters after breakfast at the springs.

ON the very day of Mrs. Smith's arrival with her friends, there appeared on the verandah of the Grand Hotel, where they and the fashionables "most do congregate" at the springs, a party of four gentlemen, whose air, looks and mien bespoke them Spaniards. They were all under the usual height. The elder, who was the tallest, was about fifty years of age, with hair black and glossy. His eyebrows were heavy, and overhanging an eye black as night, that gleamed, at times, with a strange and most sinister expression, which was, doubtless, heightened by wearing in his right eye a glass set in tortoise-shell, which hung around his neck by a black ribbon. His form was symmetrical, and his movements eminently graceful and dignified; and his hands and feet almost feminine in size and shape. The three young men resembled him in form and feature. They, too, had the same delicacy of hands and feet, the same grace of movement, and eyes as black and as bright, without the glance which sometimes shone from under the heavy eyebrows of the eldest of the party. They all wore dark olive-green frock coats of a foreign cut, richly embroidered; and the young men had beautifully shaped moustaches and imperials; the eldest wore none. He wore no ornaments, but the young men had the richest diamonds in their shirt-bosoms, and on their fingers, which, however, were only seen at dinner, for their hands were covered at all other times, as the hour required, in the most perfect of yellow or white Parisian kid gloves.

They knew no one, and seemed indifferent to all around them, but walked from one end of the verandah to the other, sputtering Spanish; the young men, who were between twenty-two and twenty-five years of age, now and then gazed out of the corners of their eyes at the ladies as they passed, though but few had

the happiness to know that they had been so distinguished by the strangers.

After dinner, they came into the saloon in pairs, holding their hats in their hands, and walked around, seeming to find abundant subjects for remark from the throng by whom they were surrounded.

There was a strange interest excited by the appearance of these Spaniards, who seemed to have nothing in common with the visitors of the springs; and especially was this true of the Misses Van Dams and the Van Tromps, who, in addition to all their other accomplishments, were able to talk Spanish. The list of arrivals simply announced—

|                                   |         |
|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Don Pedro de St. Jago,            | Mexico, |
| Don Juan Ferdinando de St. Jago,  | “       |
| Don Sebastian Philip de St. Jago, | “       |
| Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto,       | “       |

But the mystery was solved by an article which appeared in the Babylonian Gazette, stating that Don Pedro de St. Jago, one of the richest landed proprietors of Zacatecas, whose mines yielded a million annually, with his sons and nephew, had recently arrived at New Orleans, and, it was said, would make a tour through the States.

This item of intelligence was read by everybody, and gave these Mexican gentlemen a most enviable position among the *élite* at the springs. Many were the attempts made to form their acquaintance, but as few could speak Spanish, and it was understood they spoke no other language, the competitors for this honor were necessarily limited. Among these, Eugenie and Lucille Van Dam, and Katrine Van Tromp, stood in advance of all others. So it was, that, whenever these gentlemen came round the circle to the spot where these interesting ladies stood, they failed not to be engaged in earnest and lively conversation in Spanish; a fact these gentlemen did not fail to remark, and recognize by a smile and a bow.

On the next Wednesday evening, the assembly was given of which Mrs. Tripp had spoken, when the lady of Bostonia was to exhibit what Mrs. Tripp had been pleased to style, not inappropriately, her *tours de force*.

The ball was a splendid one, and most of our friends were present. Mrs. Smith and Grace sat as lookers-on, attended by Mr. De Lisle. Adela was indisposed, and her mother was necessarily absent. Colonel and Mrs. Worth never attended assemblies.

Until near midnight, the Mexicans remained quiet spectators, seated opposite to Mrs. Smith, who, at last, became nervous at

seeing that hateful dark-looking man, looking, as she said to Grace, "like an ogre," constantly and directly at her.

After midnight, as Miss Eugenie Van Dam and her sister, preceded by their mother, who was accompanied by the gentlemen with whom they had been dancing, came promenading down the side of the hall on which the Jagos, all dressed in full ball costume, were seated, though as yet they had made no movement toward securing partners for dancing, the elder St. Jago now rose, and bowing with an air of distinguished and respectful consideration to Mrs. Van Dam, in Spanish, begged "the permission to solicit for his sons and nephew the honor of an introduction to herself and daughters."

Poor Mrs. Van Dam understood as little of Spanish at this moment, as of Low Dutch on the night of her wedding, and would have been at a dead stand as to the request made of her, had not Lucille advanced, and bowing to Don St. Jago, acted as interpreter. Mrs. Van Dam smiled and bowed her acquiescence, and immediately introduced Lucille to the senior Don, who took her hand in both of his, and bowing as he did so, addressed her a few words with a very graceful air, and turning to Eugenie, went through the same ceremony, and then taking the hand of Mrs. Van Dam, bowed, and, through Lucille, expressed his acknowledgments. This done, he presented, in order, his sons and nephew to each of the ladies. As Mrs. Van Dam understood nothing that the Don could say, he was compelled to bow and gesture what he had no words to express. The young folks, in the meanwhile, seemed to Mrs. Van Dam running their words all together in a string, so fluent had they become all at once, while Eugenie and Lucille, by the flutter of their fans, were evidently endeavoring to ward off the profusion of their compliments. This pretty piece of pantomime was seen in all its details by Katrine Van Tromp, who was dying to share in the honors of an introduction, especially as the finest of the three young Mexicans, Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto, remained standing unoccupied, and only occasionally addressed by the young ladies, who seemed entirely absorbed by the Santa Jagos. It was perfectly natural for Mrs. Van Tromp and Katrine to be walking that way, and to the great relief of Mrs. Van Dam, who beckoned to Katrine to come to her. Katrine and her mother presented themselves, and Lucille introduced the senior Don, who went through all the forms with his accustomed gravity and grace, and presented his sons and nephew as before, which done, Don Hernandez commenced his demonstrations upon the fair and palpable Katrine, who certainly had the quality of talking as fast as any of the group, though she

failed in those little feminine airs, in which the Van Dams excelled. It was a wonder to see their fans hold together, so various and manifold were the various flirts and shufflings up and throwings open, to which they were, for the first time, probably, subjected;\* and then the little mirror in the side of Lucille's fan, was playfully held up by Lucille to Don Juan Fernando, it might be that he should be frightened with his own face after uttering some superlatively sublime compliment.

All this while, the senior Don looked on and listened with an amused, and (so it seemed to Mrs. Smith, who sat looking on from the opposite side of the room), at times, with a most malicious smile; and Mrs. Van Dam and Mrs. Van Tromp did what many mothers have done before, when they heard their accomplished daughters gabbling a language of which they knew nothing, to gentlemen ignorant of the only language they could command; they smiled, and strove to guess, as best they could, what was said from the countenances of the speakers. At length, Don Jago, senior, led the mothers to a sofa, and bowing, took leave of them, and having stopped for a moment at the group, who still remained standing, and, doubtless, saying some very agreeable things to the young ladies, took leave of them and retired.

So soon as cotillions were recommenced, the mothers had the supreme satisfaction of seeing their children dance with the sons and nephew of a man whose income was a million a year, and who had refused "to dig out any more silver than he could find ways to spend."

"Only think of it," said Mrs. Van Tromp; "Katrine showed me the paper which said so. Don't you think he resembles our ex-president, the Sage of Lindenwold?"

"He has the same expression of countenance," said Mrs. Van Dam, "and the same smile and distinguished courtesy of manners; but then his complexion is so different that I don't know it would have occurred to me."

"You remark it, when you see him in the saloon," replied Mrs. Van Tromp, "and I'm sure you will see in his general bear-

\* Mrs. Emma Willard, in her recent "inspired revelation" on the "Motive Powers of the Heart," has given the philosophy of the fan. She says: "Possibly you have provided yourself with a little instrument invented in ancient times, for an assistant to the breezes. It lessens the labor of breathing, and widens the range of temperature by cooling the surface, while it supplies oxygen to the lungs. This little instrument is called a fan."—*Treatise on the Motive Powers of the Heart*, p. 145.

How few of our fashionable ladies ever knew there lay a philosophical truth beneath their fans. It is to be hoped they may be hereafter used for their legitimate purpose, and not to help to cover a face where blushes should be and are not.—PETER SCHLEMIHL.

ing, and especially when he smiles, the very same expression of countenance."

And so these ladies talked on, well satisfied with the success of their children, who seemed every way pleased with their partners. After the many were gone, these strangers and their new found friends commenced dancing Spanish dances, and finally waltzed; and the step of Katrine was light and buoyant, more so than usual, and well it was so, or the little Mexican could hardly have succeeded in bringing her round in time, to keep the foot fall of the waltz. But when they were led to their mothers, though a little flushed, they were evidently exhilarated by the dance; the eyes of the Dons flashed with light and looks of most ardent admiration; and if the young ladies, as they took their seats, wore an air of exhaustion, it was because it better concealed the little look of tenderness they thought proper to adventure as an experiment on the moods and tempers of their new admirers, whose earnest gaze showed they came from the land of the sun, and retained all the heat of their warm climate still glowing in their bosoms. And so, as these girls took their seats, the air of fatigue was assumed with a most lovely recklessness, which was quite pleasant to behold, and won looks of burning admiration from these passionate Mexicans. The mothers thought it best to break in upon this scene, lest too much progress should be made in one short evening; for it must be confessed they had not the same satisfaction in hearing their daughters addressed by strange gentlemen, of whom they knew nothing, in a strange language of which they knew less. The Dons escorted them to the door of the ball-room, and stood in the entry, bowing and kissing their adieus, till the ladies had reached the top of the stairs, when Katrine kissed her hand to them, an example Lucille and Eugenie did not fail to follow, and so they disappeared to their respective rooms, as delighted with their Dons, as their Dons could by any possibility be with them.

From this time onward the young ladies were assiduously escorted by these Dons; the senior Don being left very much alone, seemed to have little else to do than to gaze with his ogre eye upon Mrs. Smith. He fastened his eye upon her the moment she entered the room where he chanced to be, or to enter. To Mrs. Smith it seemed the look of a basilisk, and she found herself, in spite of her fixed purpose, looking at him; and whenever she did so, there was he, with his eye-glass looking straight towards her. As for Grace, she shrunk back whenever one of these "demons," as she called them, came near her, and looked askance into her fair face.

As these strangers occupied a cottage beyond their own, they and their servants (all dark and grim as so many banditti), were



constantly passing and repassing, and Mrs. Smith never could put her foot upon the verandah on her way to the saloon or returning from it, but she was sure to meet the elder Jago, who bowed to her and smiled, a cold sinister smile it was, as he passed, till it became a matter of serious annoyance, of which she was conscious, but of which she never ventured to speak until Grace and herself, finding themselves at the same moment the object of this hateful scrutiny, retired by the same impulse, and each spoke of their uncomfortable emotions, from being under the constant supervision of this hateful Mexican.

Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto was especially attentive to Katrine Van Tromp. He was extremely communicative, and from Katrine, Mrs. Smith learned the vastness of the estates of the Jagos,—the splendor of his palace, and of his own château at Sombrero. Indeed, Katrine could talk of nothing else, and it was evident her imagination was completely filled with the magnificence of Don Hernandez, and the loveliness and splendors of equatorial skies. She even forgot to sneer at Adela Tripp, who in times past was sure to be served up at every call.

Nor were the young Misses Van Dams less absorbed by their admirers, though they had much more prudence than Katrine; but it was evident they had no wish beyond the satisfaction they derived from the assiduous attentions of these Jagos, who seemed every day gaining ground in the esteem of their mothers, who even now had assumed the office of teachers of English to the young men, who, from all appearances, were destined at no distant day to become their very dear sons-in-law. Their progress was not very rapid, to be sure, and they evidently took much more pleasure in talking to the daughters, than receiving lessons from the mothers, which is no uncommon circumstance, as most mothers can testify.

\* \* \* \* \*

We will now return to Miss Adela Tripp. She was not long in discovering that she had a rival in her hopes upon De Lisle in Grace Worth, whose influence, she had reason to fear, would render all her arts powerless.

Grace, with native modesty, shrunk from the attentions paid to her on all hands. As the only daughter of Col. Worth, she was much sought after. Her father's friends were numerous, and they all were pleased to make Grace's acquaintance, who had now made her first appearance at the springs. Still she rarely left her mother's side, and never walked unattended by her father, her mother, or Mrs. Smith. With Mrs. Smith she was on familiar terms, but with no one else. With the Van Dams, and all of that set, she cultivated no other intercourse than such as the

common forms of society required. The attentions of Mr. De Lisle were always met with politeness, but with great timidity.

Adela saw that Mr. De Lisle's eyes followed Grace, when his footsteps did not. That he became another being, so soon as Grace made her appearance, and seemed unconscious of any attractions but those possessed by this sweet girl. And yet it seemed strange to Adela, that he offered Grace so little of direct attentions. He rather courted the society of her mother, or Mrs. Smith; but she soon discovered that he sought the one who chanced to be in company with Grace, and though he never walked by the side of Grace, he constantly addressed his remarks to her by his eyes, if not by his language. This demanded no reply from Grace, who never failed to listen with absorbed attention to whatever he said.

"It is very strange," thought Adela; "I will try if the charm is in the mother, or Mrs. Smith, or in this girl;" and so she made herself very agreeable to Grace, and contrived to detach her from her friends by asking her to take morning walks with her, and she soon found herself attended by Mr. De Lisle, who still followed the plan of talking exclusively with her, Grace only helping out the conversation with inquiries, evincing even to Adela, a range of knowledge of which she found herself ignorant; for the topics usually were those of morals or science, and a higher range of literature than she had ever heard of. These inquiries of Grace were made at the proper point, and led to a wider range of remark, and Adela admired acquisitions she did not possess. All this while Adela experimented upon Mr. De Lisle in her sweetest looks of admiration, but they glanced from him as if he had been a statue of ice.

Mrs. Tripp was not unoccupied. Still hoping Mr. Winterbottom would reappear, she restrained Adela all she could from the saloon, and compelled her to refuse a dozen invitations to the ball at which the Van Dams and Katrine Van Tromp had made their splendid conquests. Mrs. Tripp was greatly annoyed by the attentions she was compelled to pay Miss Flora Goodenough, who certainly evinced a great partiality for the very amusing Mrs. Tripp. As for Adela, she showed her innocence of her mother's management, by resolutely refusing either to call on Miss Flora, or to permit her mother's introducing Flora to the honor of her acquaintance, and Mrs. Tripp was compelled to insist Adela should not be in the saloon, as the only way of escape. All this added no little to Mrs. Tripp's perplexities, and made the imprisonment of Adela imperatively necessary; who compensated herself by attaching herself almost exclusively to the Worth party, especially to Grace, to whom she made herself very.

interesting, and they practised together by the hour, sure of having Mr. De Lisle sitting beside the piano as a most untiring listener. Happily for poor Mrs. Tripp, she was soon relieved by the departure of Captain Townly and his niece, and Jack Musard, who returned to the city.

While our friends were thus occupied, there appeared a young Irishman, and his companion and friend, a gentleman of very fine appearance, wearing large whiskers, and in the undress uniform of the British army. The Irishman was a dashing heels-over-head fellow, with a bright blue eye, full of fun, and a face of the purest red and white. His laugh was the most catching that ever was heard, and his manners, while they were free, bore the marks of high finish. He was indeed "an Irish gentleman!" The day after their appearance, four beautiful horses, led by two servants in undress uniform of the British army, appeared before the door. There they stood, the objects of universal admiration, and the guesses as to whom they belonged, were solved by these strangers riding them away, accompanied by their servants. Now, of these arrivals, Adela and Mrs. Tripp, so great had been their seclusion for a day or two, knew nothing. A ball was to take place, and Mr. De Lisle had invited Mrs. Tripp and Adela to accompany Mrs. Smith and Grace, and under such countenance, Adela insisted on going. Mrs. Tripp was compelled to acquiesce. She warned Adela not to dance, and to wear a pensive aspect; but Adela would make no promises on that score; and after long discussion, carried on with more spirit than humor, they separated to make ready for the evening. Adela thought if there was any superiority she was possessed of over Grace, it was in her fine fashionable exterior, and so she determined to make the most of it, and dressed herself accordingly.

Adela saw for the first time, the grand entrance of the Van Dams and Van Tromps, and their Mexicans. She sat looking on with wonder at the perfect understanding which seemed subsisting; the exclusiveness of their attentions; and the absorbed and gratified air with which all these attentions were received. She spoke of it to Mrs. Smith, who gave her an amusing account of the introduction, and Adela expressed her astonishment that matters should have progressed so rapidly during the few days she had been imprisoned in her own room.

While they were thus speaking, Adela's eyes were riveted by the entrance of our young Irishman in all the magnificence of his brilliant undress uniform. His companion's dress indicated that he, too, was an officer. They walked the room, the elder of the two quiet and cold in his demeanor, which was strongly in contrast with the excited and admiring looks of the Irishman, who seemed

perfectly charmed with the beauty on all sides of the hall. They took their stand not far from where Mrs. Smith and her party sat. The dancing commenced, and they remained spectators. If the face of the Irishman invited the approach of those who had a superabundance of ladies to provide for, the cold and distant aspect of his friend inspired a fear of a repulse; and so they were left to be the lookers-on of the gay groups.

From those dancing, the attention of the young Irishman was attracted to those who were seated, and became riveted upon the sofa, on which were sitting three ladies so beautiful, and wearing an air so eminently *distingué* as Mrs. Smith, Adela, and Grace, who were attended by but one gentleman, Mr. De Lisle, who for once was devoting all his time to Grace, leaving the other two ladies to amuse themselves.

Adela, having nothing to interest her so much as these strange officers, had her eyes fixed upon them the instant the younger seemed making an earnest request of his companion. Their looks were now turned toward them, and Miss Adela found something very pertinent to say to Mrs. Smith, which admitted of her gesticulating very gracefully, and giving a gay laugh at the close.

So soon as the cotillion was over, and before a new set was made up to take the floor, these two gentlemen advanced to the sofa, and, after bowing profoundly to Mrs. Smith and the ladies, the elder, in a very fine manly tone, with an English fullness of enunciation, addressed himself to Mrs. Smith.

"Madam, we here happen to be strangers to all present. My young friend, Lieutenant Doyle, of Her Majesty's Guards, has insisted upon my taking so great a liberty as to present him. He desires the pleasure of your permission to invite one of these fair friends of yours to dance with him." Lieutenant Doyle now put himself *in position*, as military men say, and the result was that Colonel Greenwood and Lieutenant Doyle became known to each of the party; the lieutenant led Adela to the floor, and Colonel Greenwood took the seat she had vacated beside Mrs. Smith. His address was quiet, unostentatious, and yet it was so agreeable, that it won even the attention of Grace away from Mr. De Lisle; but with such admirable discretion did he conduct the conversation, that soon every member of the party was made to take their share in it. If his looks could be interpreted, he was at a loss which most to admire, the attractive and spirited lady, or the timid and beautiful girl at her side.

Mrs. Tripp, who was sitting on the opposite side of the room, with Mrs. Van Tromp, had just begun to open the story of Adela's sorrow, the reason of her seclusion from society, and the cause of her pensiveness, when she was stopped short by observing what

was going on; she would have arrested her child if it had been possible, but it was too late; Adela was on her way to her set, under the escort of this young officer, and she was compelled to bite her lip, and select some other subject of conversation with Mrs. Van Tromp.

Adela danced with a joyousness of manner admirably suited to the buoyancy of her partner. They attracted the attention and admiration of the room, and from dancing they went to waltzing, and Adela found her partner even excelled the heretofore inimitable Jack Musard.

Adela was led to a seat by Doyle near Mrs. Smith, and seating himself beside her, he conversed with all imaginable fluency. His remarks were frequently so amusing as to convulse the lady with laughter; and so the evening passed away with a joyousness which but little fitted her for the *premature decline* which awaited her in Babylon; and as the idea occurred to Adela as she was disrobing herself, she astonished her maid, by bursting into long fits of laughter. "No!" thought Adela, "if I die, it will be of laughing at Doyle. Was there ever so amusing a fellow!"

Her mother was not so well pleased with the events of the preceding evening as was Miss Adela, and in the morning, read her a lecture upon the extreme impropriety of her conduct, in dancing and conversing with a gentleman of whom she knew nothing. Adela replied she was sure he was a gentleman, and begged her mother to wait awhile before she condemned her conduct, and ringing for her maid, sent for the morning papers of the week, and showed her mother, with an air of triumph, in the list of arrivals, the names of—

Lt. Col. Greenwood, Coldstream Guards, Quebec.

Lieut. Frederick Doyle, " "

"There! mother, look for yourself," said Adela.

"What does this prove, you simpleton!" replied her mother. "They are doubtless a couple of gamblers who come here to plunder their dupes at the springs."

Adela held to her convictions, and as she entered the saloon from the breakfast table, was delighted to see Colonel Greenwood and Lieutenant Doyle, engaged in conversation with the Sage of Lindenwold, who was the lion of the day at the springs. The ex-president took especial notice of these gentlemen, and Lieutenant Doyle, seeing Adela and her mother seated on a sofa, instantly addressed himself to the ex-president, whose attention was now turned to Adela and her mother, to whom he had been introduced by Mr. Winterbottom, on his arrival, and had frequently availed himself of the opportunity to pay Adela especial

attention; for he was a man to acknowledge and bow to the supremacy of beauty.

He led the gentlemen towards Mrs. Tripp, and asked permission to present Colonel Greenwood and Lieutenant Doyle of the British army, to the honor of their acquaintance. Mrs. Tripp received the introduction in a most gracious manner, and Colonel Greenwood took a seat beside her, while Doyle seated himself beside Adela.

Colonel Greenwood was a handsome man, and though cold in his demeanor, his manners wore all the marks of *haut-monde*. Mrs. Tripp was pleased to see the Van Dams and Van Tromps grouped together watching her success, which, she was sure, was a source of surprise and annoyance to them. As for Adela, she was delighted with Doyle; his humor was unfailing and his admiration unbounded, and her frequent fits of laughter showed her dear friends, on the other side of the room, that Doyle must be a most amusing companion, and who contrasted in this respect invidiously with their Mexican beaux.

The same day, while waiting for the Worth party in the saloon, to go with them into the dining-hall, Colonel Greenwood and Lieutenant Doyle joined them. It so happened that their friends were out riding, and were late in returning, and Mrs. Tripp and Adela found themselves alone in the saloon. Mrs. Tripp's frequent looks toward the door, showed they were waiting for some one, and Colonel Greenwood politely asked of her the privilege of seating her at the table, which she thought best to accept. Doyle was not slow to follow the example of his colonel, and Mrs. Tripp was amply repaid for her delay, by being led in by Colonel Greenwood, who, having seated Mrs. Tripp, and seeing a seat vacant next her, asked her permission to take it, to which she readily acceded, and Doyle, without the same formula, installed himself beside Adela.

All this was delightful, even to Mrs. Tripp; though she had her misgivings as to its effect upon her ulterior plans. Still the attention of the colonel of the "*crack* regiment" of the British army was not to be slighted, and it could, after all, make not much difference, and so she gave herself up to the practice of all the arts of pleasing of which she was possessed.

During the days following, Colonel Greenwood and Lieutenant Doyle availed themselves of their introduction to Mrs. Tripp, to become acquainted with Colonel Worth and wife and Grace, and Mrs. Smith and Mr. De Lisle, and especially was the colonel attracted by the sweet and lovely aspect of Grace. His attentions were always relinquished at the proper time and place. His only object seemed to please and be pleased, and it came to

be a matter of course for him to take his station beside Grace, whenever she sought the verandah or the saloon for promenading after dinner. His seat at the table brought him opposite Mrs. Smith, and his conversational powers seemed always in pleasant exercise, when addressing himself to Mrs. Worth, or Mrs. Smith, or to Grace. His address was at all times quiet and unpretending, and yet so agreeable, that he became identified with the Worth party in all their excursions. Mr. De Lisle and himself seemed especially suited for each other's society, and the topics of conversation introduced by them, were at the same time agreeable and instructive to Grace, while it gave play to the wit and varied acquisitions of Mrs. Worth, and the playfulness of Mrs. Smith. As for Doyle, he concentrated all his powers of pleasing upon Adela, to the great annoyance of her mother, who strove in vain to keep him at arm's length. But Irishmen, especially if they are young and handsome and accomplished, are famous for getting on in the world, and Doyle was a fair specimen of their success. All that Mrs. Tripp could do was to keep Adela out of the saloon, and at home in her own parlor; but this suited Doyle and Adela, for they were all the world to each other.

One morning, soon after the ball, Colonel Greenwood's fine horses were at the door, held by his servants, and attracted the attention of the gentlemen by their fine points, and that of the ladies, by the sight of a side saddle, placed on the most beautiful of the four horses. "Who could be the successful lady?" said the young ladies to each other; "what lady will ride out with these strangers?" said the mothers, who well knew their daughters were not the favored fair.

The mystery was soon to be solved. Colonel Greenwood and Lieutenant Doyle were waiting for Adela to appear in her mother's parlor, where the Worths, and Mr. De Lisle, and Mrs. Smith, were also waiting her coming, to see them off. As Adela came in, accompanied by her mother, the colonel's look told her she was admired, and Doyle swore outright she was a divinity! Mrs. Tripp was too much gratified to look beyond the moment. And Adela made her appearance on the verandah, accompanied by all her friends. Mrs. Tripp saw her seated, and the Van Dams and Van Tromps, at their posts of observation, looking daggers at her dear Adela, whom, it must be confessed, never looked so enchantingly. Bowing gracefully to their friends, the party rode away.

The groups on the verandah now dispersed, the gentlemen to nine-pin alleys and billiard-rooms, and the ladies to their rooms, to read a new novel, but most to gape and yawn, and say, "What

a stupid place these springs are!" How exceedingly weary it is to live only to eat and kill time.

Some young ladies sat down to elaborate letters to their lovers, or those who had none such, wrote letters to absent friends, and all the mothers to look into the trunks, for the dresses to be worn at dinner and in the evening. At such times it is usual for such criticisms to be made for the especial edification of their girls.

"My dear," said a Mrs. Upshot, to her daughter, who was lying on the bed reading, "you have spoiled this muslin dress; it is torn in twenty places. Where can you have been?"

The daughter, turning over on her elbow, with all manner of indifference, said, "it must have been torn when walking in the fields, yesterday morning."

"Walking in the fields! and with whom, child, and where?"

"I'm sure I don't know *where* it was; but I was walking with Mr. Fontleroy, and we thought we would make a short cut of it across the fields, and there were hundreds of strawberry vines in our way, and so every now and then my dress caught."

"My child, I am surprised at you. This Mr. Fontleroy is nobody, and never will be anybody, and yet you take morning walks with him, and promenade with him, and dance with him."

"That's all true, mother," replied the girl, languidly. "He is nobody, and I don't believe he ever will be. He's lazy, and reckless, and all that sort of thing. But you see, mother, I don't like to stand by the wall, holding up the pilasters; I never was fond of wall flowers, they always have a stiff appearance, and look like prisoners; nor do I love to resemble them. Fontleroy seems willing to lend me his arm, and I am glad to take it. If there was anybody here to take his place, I could shake him off at ease; he understands that, and as it is, I can't do better. And so upon the whole, I think you ought to be perfectly well satisfied."

I presume, if walls would be so kind as to speak, as well as to listen, there would be every variety of such conversations repeated. These mothers are not pleased with anything. They complain of their children for the acquaintances they make, for the attentions they receive, for the dresses they spoil, and ten thousand such like sources of disquiet. And, too, their rooms are small, intensely hot, and most miserably furnished. They speak of their spacious rooms at home, their bath, and all the luxuries they have left behind, in contrast with the mere closets, in which they are all but compelled to spend twelve to fourteen hours of the twenty-four. And so it was on the morning of Adela's ride; her happiness was the cause of much discontent in many quarters. But the decrees of fashion are imperative, and the "upper ten



thousand" must submit to the banishment of all home comforts, or lose their position in fashionable life.

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We must now be permitted to go back a little in our narrative, that the position of the parties whom we have introduced to our readers, may be the better understood.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Development of the attachment of Mr. De Lisle for Grace, and of matters between Lieutenant Doyle and Adela—Scenes in Mrs. Tripp's back parlor—Danger of playing duets for four hands—Results in the case of Lieutenant Doyle—Mrs. Smith's evenings "*at home*" described—Mrs. Smith relates to Grace and De Lisle her vision of the Gentleman in Black—The "Enigma of Life" discussed by Mrs. Smith and her friends—Character of Grace Worth—Misery of man shown by his pursuits—Lieutenant Doyle proposes to elope with Adela, who makes her mother acquainted with their plans—Mrs. Tripp's last interview with Adela on the night previous—Adela's letter to her parents—Mrs. Tripp's parting advice—Scenes at Mrs. Tripp's on the next morning.

Mrs. SMITH's party, our readers will remember, was given on the night of the 1st of December. During the progress of her recovery, she was pleased to witness the development of the attachment of De Lisle for Grace Worth, of which she had discovered, perhaps, the first inspiration.

There seemed a sort of instinct which brought them together, of which they were themselves unconscious. Grace was exceedingly timid in the presence of Mr. De Lisle, and Mrs. Smith observed that her vivacity was repressed the moment he made his appearance; and loving her as she did, it vexed her to see how few of the admirable qualities she possessed, could be seen by him. And yet, it was evident that Mr. De Lisle preferred the society of Grace to all the ladies whom he met at her evening parties, when a dozen or two of friends came in to see her; for she had established it as a rule, to be "*at home*" to a select circle (in all about fifty) of her friends, on every Tuesday and Friday evening. This arrangement was made with the approba-

tion of her husband, and the advice of her physician, and supplied her with as much society as she could well receive. As for giving parties, or going to them, Doctor Herpin said, it was not to be *thought of* at present.

By degrees, there congregated at her house, sometimes twenty, and sometimes more, of these selected friends. Some, on their way to a party, dropped in to spend an hour, and others, in returning from the opera, the concert, or the church, called in on their way home; and among them, Mr. De Lisle and Grace, by her special and oft-repeated request, usually spent the entire evening with her.

Her rooms were always cheerful, and her guests were permitted to come and go without ceremony. Those who remained till the close of the evening, were served with a cup of coffee or chocolate and refreshments, which left their dreams undisturbed. For those who loved a game of whist, there were card-tables in the library; those who played chess had in the corners of her parlors chessmen and boards, and so admirably were these social parties managed, that none who were admitted to these pleasant *reunions*, willingly omitted to spend an hour or two with Mrs. Smith on these evenings. Here, too, those who loved music were sure to find themselves gratified by the talents of her fair friends, for though Mrs. Smith could neither play nor sing, she knew how to task those who did; and thus amusements and conversation were delightfully interchanged, and all found themselves permitted to pursue the course which their tastes and predilections prompted.

Mrs. Smith, whose eye was everywhere, knew how to group her guests as was best adapted to promote the pleasure of all, with a tact unperceived by those who most needed her aid. Her own conversational powers shone forth in setting on foot those topics with which her friends were best acquainted, and in which she knew they could best amuse and instruct her circle. And gentlemen went home delighted, they hardly knew why, but they felt they had been felicitous and agreeable, but did not divine the skill by which they had been made to shine. These arts of society came to Mrs. Smith almost without effort, and Mr. Smith saw, with admiration, the talents evinced by his wife. He wondered at himself, that he had been so long unconscious of her worth. She seemed a new creation, and he reproached himself with the reflection of the long years which had passed without any other intercourse than was called forth by the mere details of domestic life. Her various acquirements were as new to him as to his friends. There was no envy in all this, but tender regret, that while his wife had been thrown upon her own resources for

amusement and information, he had permitted himself to be completely absorbed by the one pursuit of money making.

Mrs. Smith's happiness now seemed to her as perfect as this life could make it. The renewed love of her husband was a constant, daily-renewed, and unspeakably delightful source of heartfelt happiness. She saw his love and admiration in every act, and manifested in every inflection of his voice; and there was a fullness of joy she had deemed herself incapable of, in the consciousness of his increasing love and esteem. Every journey or engagement which took him away from home, was now a subject of his regret, and his return was looked for and welcomed with a joy which rewarded him for his absence. Those who knew him in the business of life were astonished at the warmth of his affections, and he became a *pattern man* for the wives of all their acquaintance, and as for the husbands, they envied him the wife whose powers of pleasing had survived the wear and tear of long years of matrimonial life.

Mr. De Lisle had been highly gratified by the arrangement which gave to him the privilege of being one of this traveling party, which was now increased by his being permitted to assume the charge of Mrs. Smith, in consequence of the departure of Colonel and Mrs. Worth, who were about to leave the springs for the far west, where the Colonel had business which now called him away, and was infinitely obliged to Mrs. Smith when she earnestly entreated them to leave Grace with her. And after some deliberation, it was agreed she should so remain, and that Mrs. Smith and Grace, and Mr. De Lisle, should meet them at Niagara. From Niagara, it was agreed to journey to Quebec, and thence, down the lakes, home.

One afternoon, after their departure, Mrs. Smith, Grace, and Mr. De Lisle rode out to the lake; and reaching a point where the landscape wore an aspect of great beauty, Mrs. Smith proposed they should wait to watch the setting sun, and promised them that she would, to while away the time, tell them the most interesting incident of her life. They readily acceded to her wishes, and seating themselves on a bank, she commenced the relation of her vision and conversations with the Gentleman in Black. Both agreed it was one of the most surprising dreams they had ever heard, and for the first time they became possessed of the mental history of their dear friend.

Mr. De Lisle asked "if, indeed, she was reduced to the wretched condition of skepticism she had described?"

"My dear sir," replied Mrs. Smith, "my opinions, and the present state of my mind, have been honestly given; and though

I have, and do, wish for the *certainty of faith*, on a subject of such vast importance, I confess, that I am now, as then, utterly devoid of all hope. *Life* is, to me, the sum of human existence; and as I feel assured there are but few more favored than myself, I strive to be content with the condition in which I find myself placed. Belief, or unbelief, seems, to me, one of the accidents of life."

Grace was silent, but evidently grieved at the frank disclosures made by one for whom she had cherished feelings of tender and affectionate respect. Mr. De Lisle, too, manifested his surprise and sorrow by his looks rather than his words; and Mrs. Smith was too observant not to perceive the effect of her disclosures upon her friends, and with the utmost candor of look and language, addressing herself to Mr. De Lisle, said—

"My dear friend, *you* are not indifferent to these subjects; *your* views are the results of study and reflection, and I have not bared my secret soul, but from the wish that you, knowing my ignorance and my despair, would help me out of the labyrinth of doubt in which I live. Dubiety is to me the skeleton at the head of the feast which appals me, from whose presence I would most gladly be relieved. I am, indeed, a child; knowing nothing, and wishing to know all things."

"My dear madam," replied Mr. De Lisle, with earnestness and tender sympathy of voice, "*this* is the mistake you have made. You are, indeed, a child, grasping at the stars, with the same confidence and expectancy that you would the play-things in your lap. The religion of the Bible is a *religion of faith!* The very exercise of faith is that which places the soul in the position of filial affection towards God, the Creator, and of the trust and reliance which are so lovely in children towards their parents, and so fitting for the highest intellects toward God. I can conceive of no method so admirably fitted for the training of intelligent beings, (such as we know ourselves to be,) as the one God has devised. It *must* be perfect, for it is His plan. Such were the views of Paul, and such is the heartfelt experience of Christians in all ages, and of all conditions of mental culture. We must teach our souls submission, and believe that what we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

"All this may be so," replied Mrs. Smith, "but pity me, if you cannot justify me, in entertaining the questionings which will arise in my mind, whenever I attempt to think of God and his government of this world. There seems to me no power in the speculations I have read, sufficient to charm down that spirit of *unrest* which is the malady of my mind."

"Dear Mrs. Smith," said Mr. De Lisle, "these are doubts which

no mind can solve. We are compelled, by the very conditions of our being, 't' await the great teacher, death, and God adore."

"But," said Mrs. Smith, "there is ever before me, a dark and unfathomable gulf of mystery, which no arguments I have ever heard can close up. Man to me seems an enigma unresolved. His birth, and progress and decline are all alike *vanity* and *veaxation of spirit*."

"And yet," replied Mr. De Lisle, "can such a creature as man, so wonderfully endowed, with such aspirations of soul, such longings for immortality, be, indeed, the creature of time? Can it be that God has made such a being to be bounded by such a life? 'Is life a dream,' as Shakspeare says, 'rounded by a sleep'—the sleep of oblivion?"

"Well," said Mrs. Smith, "we will assume, then, that man is not created for a day, but for eternity, and therefore, man is not created in *vain*. So long as any one can confine his thoughts to those who are yearning for the time which is clearly to disclose the counsels of Omnipotence, and fully to develop and to exercise the deathless capacities of the human soul; to those who are laboring, day and night, to prepare themselves for that hour of retribution, which shall unveil all hidden things, and make straight all that is oblique to our eye; so long as any man can fix his thoughts on spirits of this stamp, so long will this argument appear bright and impenetrable as the whole armor of God. But then, unhappily, there will, from time to time, rush in upon the mind the thoughts of those innumerable myriads, who approach the gate of death without any apparent consciousness of the *vanity* of their condition *here*; without one desire which points towards any further completion of their destiny; without a wish, and often without an opportunity, to seize upon the golden chain which the Saviour has suspended from the eternal throne, in order that thereby he may draw upwards all men unto himself. And what shall be said of these? Not, most certainly, that they are created in *vain*: for, whatever may be their lot hereafter, (if the Bible be true,) it cannot without impiety be doubted, that it shall illustrate before the universe, the wisdom, the goodness and the righteousness of God. I think, dear Mr. De Lisle, it must be confessed, that this same argument, which triumphantly rescues the constitution of the world from the imputation of *vanity*, leaves a still more fearful shadow hanging over the fate of that vast portion of the human race, of which, it may well be said, 'it were good for them that they had never been born!' That they were not made in *vain*, is a consideration which scarcely can assuage the perplexity, and anguish, and the terror with which the anticipation of their future doom must ever weigh down the heart of every one who has

'thoughts that wander through eternity.' Such are reserved for a state, according to the Bible, unspeakably more dreadful than *vanity*; 'the blackness of darkness may be their abode forever.'

"There is," continued Mrs. Smith, with a tone of deep melancholy, "something inexpressibly appalling in the reflection, *not* that man, through much discipline and tribulation must enter into the kingdom of heaven, but that, in such an overpowering multitude of instances, the discipline and tribulation appear to fail of their effect: so that millions upon millions, who, being mortals, would be the heirs of *vanity*, must, in their immortality, be the heirs of *perdition!*"

Mrs. Smith ceased, the tears were in her eyes, and she sat silent. Grace, deeply moved, put her arms round her waist, and leaned her head upon her shoulder as if to express her sorrow and her sympathy,—an act of tenderness of which Mrs. Smith was sensible, for, wiping away her tears, she kissed Grace affectionately. Mr. De Lisle, who had sat musing, now replied:

"My dear friend, I fully enter into all these painful conditions of doubt by which you are surrounded. Man can never find out God to perfection; *all* the enigmas of life can never be solved on this side of the grave. And when we muse on these fearful topics of thought, there is room for meditation even to madness. We want certainty, where all must be dubiety. We need something to soothe the pangs of the trembling and sensitive inquirer; to still the waverings of those that are in search of *rest*, and to rebuke the taunting spirit which is ever stimulating the soul of the doubter to the depths of skepticism. It is, I am well aware, one thing to show that man, as a creature of this world only, is walking in a vain show, the pageant of a dream, and disquieting himself for naught: but it is another, and a far more arduous thing, to grapple with the searchings of the heart, which must frequently arise when pondering on the fate of those immense numbers who seem content with *vanity*, and at ease beneath the bondage of corruption. When musing on such subjects, we feel almost impelled to break forth in the boldness which, sometimes, JEHOVAH permitted to his servants the prophets, and to exclaim: 'Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee; yet let me reason with Thee of thy judgments! Why is it that thy Spirit striveth not unconquerably with the wicked 'till they become weary of *vanity*, and are awakened and subdued by the benignity of Him who is the power of God, and the Wisdom of God? Why is it that thy salvation is still like a light that shineth in a dark place? Why is it that, if thou hast not *made* men in vain, it should seem as if thou hast *redeemed* them in vain?' But to all such ques-

tionings of the soul, there is this reply—"Shall not the Lord of the whole earth do right?" This, to an humble Christian, is a full reply. He rests on the *attributes* of God, and trusts Him when and where he cannot trace Him. 'God's judgments are a great deep.' We soon get into deep waters in our attempts to fathom them, and our cry must be, 'Lord, save! or I perish.'"

Grace had thus far sat an absorbed listener, and for the first time in her life, heard of questionings which were as painful as they were novel. She fully sympathized with her friend Mrs. Smith, while she heartily approved of the remarks made by Mr. De Lisle. She felt herself prompted to speak, but the fear of falling short of the subject, kept her silent. And while she gazed upon her dear Mrs. Smith, with a tender sorrow for her skepticism, there was a feeling of admiration for the reach of thought she discovered in all she said.

The piety which lived in the breast of Grace, had grown with her growth, and she could not well remember the discipline through which she passed in becoming a Christian. As they were sitting thus silent, the splendors of a gorgeous sunset were before them. The lake was bathed in light, and all around them spoke of the splendor of the Deity, whose present and *instant* creative mind gave form and color to every cloud heaped up in the depths of heaven, for their admiring gaze.

"Dear Mrs. Smith," said Grace, breaking the silence, "I have listened to all that has been said with the utmost interest and attention. And I would, in addition to what Mr. De Lisle has so well said, add my little contribution to the motives of action which, I hope, may lead you out of doubt to confidence and the assurance of *faith*. But you must begin at the alphabet of piety. You must offer, in deep sincerity of soul, the prayer of the poor man in the Gospel—"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!" God will not quench the glimmering wick—but you are grasping at the mysteries of earth and heaven. How much better to attain the piety of Cowper, as expressed in his beautiful hymn, 'God moves in a mysterious way.'"

"Dear Grace, repeat it to us," said Mrs. Smith. She did so; and when she had finished—"Oh! how sweet and lovely," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, "does piety appear in the mind of Cowper! Happiness only can be found *in* God, and in being *like* him!" and Mrs. Smith was again silent. The sun was down—the brightness of the heavens was now lessening—the party rose, and returned to their carriage, and in an unbroken silence they reached the hotel.

As we have seen, Mrs. Smith deemed herself unchanged in her skepticism. But our readers will, we think, have perceived

that in this she had deceived herself—that *unrest*, which she calls “the malady of her mind,” would not permit her to be quiet at the point of profound indifference, which is only attained when the Spirit of God has taken leave of the soul forever. Indeed, she had, unconsciously to herself, been brought under influences different from any in which she had ever been placed, and the effect of these influences is indicated, we think, by the course of her conversation, which we have repeated. The Holy Scriptures, for the first time in her life, had become the subject of earnest and sincere investigation.

And for this mental discipline and progress, she was indebted to the new friendships she had formed, in Colonel and Mrs. Worth, and their daughter, and Mr. De Lisle. Her love for these friends inspired her with respect for the principles that controlled them, and led to the inquiry, “Why are these persons so dear to me? Why is it that I am drawn, as by an irresistible impulse, to seek their society?” She was not long in discovering the secret of their attractions to her, to exist in the lovely exemplifications of Christianity which they, in different degrees and combinations, exhibited in every act of their lives.

Mrs. Smith had been saved, by her good sense, from being a *propagandist* of any of the opinions she had entertained. She never had been sure they would be the last results to which she should reach, and had acted accordingly. Indeed, she had so many examples of the absurdity of a different course, that she in no instance departed from the rule of conduct she had prescribed to herself. And whenever any of these topics were introduced in her circle, she always assumed the position of an inquirer—a course of conduct which it would be well for these “free inquirers” more uniformly to adopt.

In Grace she saw the innocence of a devotional mind, to whom all the truths of the Bible were unquestioned verities: she loved the sweet serenity of her faith, and wished it was her own. For Mrs. Worth, she learned to entertain the highest respect. Her range of thought was far transcending anything Mrs. Smith had ever before known. Her mind had been cradled and nurtured in the atmosphere of science and religion. She had early studied profoundly the philosophy of the mind and the science of theology, under the master minds of the day, at whose feet she had literally sat a delighted scholar. From Mrs. Worth she derived new sources of thought, and to her she opened her whole soul, and was too happy to find she had not lost either her love or confidence; difficulties, which had once been deemed insurmountable, became as mole hills, and doubts insoluble were solved, and truths, before repugnant or obscure, were placed in new as-



pects, and made to harmonize with the attributes and Word of God, and the clearest deductions of *the reason*.

Unconsciously to herself, Mrs. Smith had become a pupil of Mrs. Worth; and whenever alone, the topics of all others to which their conversation tended, and upon which they loved to dwell, were those best calculated to lead the mind of Mrs. Smith out of the labyrinth of doubt in which she was involved.

With Mr. De Lisle she had never before communicated her peculiar sentiments; but the absence of Mrs. Worth left in her mind the need of some one to supply her place; and she had sought, on this afternoon, to make a full disclosure of her mental history both to Mr. De Lisle and to Grace; and, as is common in such cases, she made out her condition far more hopeless than it really was. It may, perhaps, be questioned whether it was well to have said these things to Grace, who might have remained in happy ignorance of such doubts; and she had thought so, and had communicated her impression to Mrs. Worth; but her mother said that, though they might, and doubtless would perplex the mind of Grace, yet this would be a mental discipline which would be useful to her; and as these doubts and difficulties existed, they would, in some way, and at some time, be presented to her mind, and they could not be better presented than by herself, in the presence of Mr. De Lisle. So sustained, Mrs. Smith acted as we have seen.

At supper every shade of pensiveness was obliterated from the face of Mrs. Smith. Doyle had seated himself beside her at the table, and was more amusing than usual; and Col. Greenwood had led Adela and Grace to seats on the other side of the table, and helped to show off "his young *protégé*," as Grace was playfully called by him. Mrs. Smith was earnestly invited by Doyle to be at the assembly on that evening; Mrs. Tripp was sick, and could not accompany Miss Adela, and he was in despair if she refused. She said, "she could not go unless Grace would also go;" and, after much canvassing, and prayers, and entreaties, Grace consented, and the party was made up, and the ladies withdrew to dress.

At the ball, Mrs. Smith appeared in her liveliest mood of sportive gaiety, and conversed with Col. Greenwood with more than her accustomed joyousness of manner, and danced with him through several sets of cotillions, leaving De Lisle to play the agreeable to Grace. As Grace sat looking on the gay scene before her, her face assumed a thoughtful aspect, and Mr. De Lisle addressed her playfully,

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Grace."

Grace was taken by surprise, but with her accustomed truth-

fulness, replied, "I was wondering how our friend, Mrs. Smith, could wear such an air of gayety. Our conversation seems forgotten, and no one could believe that she could be the subject of thoughts, so dark and fearful as they seem to me, now that she wears so bright and joyous a look."

"Ah, Miss Worth, Mrs. Smith is the type of a class more numerous than you are at all aware of. Mrs. Smith has outspoken what most, if possible, conceal from themselves. The shadows of the future checker the festivities of the gay, but they fly with the greater eagerness from thoughts they dare not look full in the face, and in the earnestness of their pursuits after pleasure, strive to forget themselves. It is this rebound which we see in Mrs. Smith. The misery of man is never so plainly seen as in the various expedients made to get rid of self-consciousness. Why do these groups wear the aspect of so much joyousness? Is it that they are happy?" inquired Mr. De Lisle.

"They certainly look so," replied Grace, timidly; "but perhaps the scope of your meaning is not perceived by me. To be happy, we must be the subject of pleasurable emotions; now may not these be excited in such a gay scene as this? And if so, why are they not happy?"

"My dear Miss Worth," replied Mr. De Lisle, "to be happy, we must, as you say, be possessed of pleasurable emotions; but these must arise from such as are adapted to satisfy the wants of the soul. The excitement of this ball, like that of gaming, is successful only so far as it absorbs the soul, and wrapping it for the time in forgetfulness of itself. The hour of recess of excitement brings with it a sense of its poverty, and, perhaps, to minds in some degree enlightened, the stings of remorse."

The cotillion broke up, and, at this moment, Col. Greenwood and Mrs. Smith, Adela, and Doyle, rejoined them, and so put an end to this conversation.

"Dearest Grace, I have promised Col. Greenwood the pleasure of dancing the next set with you, and myself the pleasure, the distinguished honor, of dancing with Mr. De Lisle. Oh, you need not say one word, my child; you must do so, or we shall all be most miserable. Shall we not, Colonel?" said Mrs. Smith.

The Colonel now spoke for himself, and the many difficulties presented by Grace were all overruled, and as Mr. De Lisle only waited her consent to lead Mrs. Smith to her place in the set called for by the master of ceremonies, Grace reluctantly gave her hand to Col. Greenwood, and, for the first time in her life, took her position at a public assembly. The cotillion was a delightful one. Col. Greenwood was especially attentive, and at once entered into the timidity of Grace, and by his skill and attentions,

soon dispersed all her fears as to her success; and as for Adela, she feared no rivalry with Grace or Mrs. Smith, and danced with all her accustomed grace and spirit when the partner of the gay Irishman. The dance over, they all seated themselves again, and the Colonel retained his seat next Grace during the evening. And after spending an hour in looking on the waltzing and Spanish dances, in which the Mexicans and their partners, the Van Dams, and Katrine Van Tromp, Doyle, and Adela, were conspicuous, Mrs. Smith recalled Adela to her seat, and at an hour, late for herself and for Grace, but much too early for Doyle and Adela, she withdrew, under the escort of Mr. De Lisle, Col. Greenwood, and Lieutenant Doyle.

The next day after the assembly, Colonel Greenwood made his call on Mrs. Smith and Grace, accompanied by Doyle. He spoke of the distinguished honor he felt Miss Worth had conferred upon him, by making her first essay at dancing in public with him; and that he had called to make his acknowledgments, and to invite them to ride with himself and Doyle towards sunset on horseback, and turning to Mr. De Lisle, said, "I have a horse for you, and one for Miss Adela," who happened to be present.

Mrs. Smith at once accepted, but Grace declined; she had no riding habit.

"Nor indeed have I," said Mrs. Smith. "Colonel, I fear we must give it up, unless I can buy, beg or borrow suitable habits. I assure you I will try, and do not despair."

And with the zeal which always characterized her, in despite of all the dissuasions of Grace, who said she was as poor at riding as at dancing, Mrs. Smith left the gentlemen to Grace and Adela, and sat out in search of all the equipage necessary for an excursion on horseback: and making her wants extensively known, her room was soon filled with caps, boddices, riding skirts of dresses, in all possible profusion: so there was no excuse, and—"a riding they must go;" and it was a most delightful ride to the whole party. Grace acquitted herself with most entire success, and to the admiration of all her friends; openly and warmly expressed by the colonel, and in terms no less gratifying to her ear from Mr. De Lisle. And during the week, they usually rode out together during some part of the day. Time was thus slipping away very pleasantly to our friends, Mrs. Tripp only excepted. 'Tis true she found ample time to present in a proper light Mr. Winterbottom's deportment, and to say how poor Adela was buoyed up in her spirits by the confident expectation of his speedy return, and her fears for the consequences if he did not. That she was almost forced into society, and feared the gloss of her affected spirits would be seen through even by the lookers on, and if so,

how much more by her especial friends? But so it was. She shouldn't stay much longer. It was not possible for Adela to keep up the face she wore, and that she rarely went out except with Mrs. Smith and Mr. De Lisle, who took great interest in her case, and thought it was every way best for her to make the effort she did. And so this dear lady did the best she could, to throw dust in the eyes of these clear-sighted people. It is a remark, I believe, of La Rochefoucault, "No man is equally cunning at all times." And it was so now. Mrs. Tripp deceived no one but herself, and entirely absorbed by this one idea, she was entirely blind to what might possibly happen, while she was making these long and wearisome calls at her friends' rooms.

If Colonel Greenwood found Mrs. Smith's parlor the most attractive one at the springs, so did Lieutenant Doyle make a similar discovery of the many pleasant things with which Mrs. Tripp had managed to make her parlor pleasant. It had a pleasant look out of the rear of the building, for her parlor was in the rear—the front having been selected by her for her own private room; and, too, there was a splendid piano always open, and the most perfectly accomplished pianist at hand to give its harmonies to the summer breeze, which, loaded with perfumes from the garden, came in, as it were, by stealth, attracted by the sweet sounds.

Doyle was a fine performer on the violin, one of the best of which, a real *stradella*, he had brought with him, and he could play very well on the piano. This unity of tastes and powers of pleasing added greatly to the attractiveness of Mrs. Tripp's parlor to Doyle, and as Adela was not permitted to walk out, he came to share her confinement.

Mrs. Tripp was too much pleased with the attentions paid to her by Doyle and Colonel Greenwood not to look with complacency upon these gentlemen, and as there was none to witness the frequency of Doyle's visits (so she was pleased to think), and as they made Adela content to remain in the seclusion she deemed so desirable, she was well content he should come. As for Adela, the days passed delightfully, and the evenings were charming. She was actually inspired. She trod on air; she never before realized her powers of pleasing, so fully as now, and they were developed by one who appreciated them at their full value.

As Mrs. Tripp could not be everywhere, Doyle and Adela were much alone; but then she had cautioned Adela against *going too far*, and Adela was a girl that could be trusted.

Alas! the folly of all and every precaution, when an Irishman, and a handsome, young, joyous Irish officer, is in the case. It was not necessary for Adela now to call up a look; it was there in

spite of herself. One morning, as Adela was sitting in her most attractive *negligé*, the very dress her mother had selected as best to wear in the premature decline she was so soon to enact in Babylon, (the thought of which appeared to Adela more and more preposterous, as often as it recurred to her mind, in which Mr. Winterbottom stood in severe and hateful contrast with Lieut. Doyle,) his tap was heard at the door, and with his wonted smile and gay "good morning, Miss Tripp," he entered with a roll of music in his hand.

The roll was opened, and Adela found it to consist of some "duets for four hands," which, he said, he had brought her, and if she was unengaged, to play over with him;—a request which Adela, though alone, at once granted, so perfectly domesticated had Doyle become in the week after they had commenced their acquaintance.

They sat down, and went through the introduction and theme with good success, but soon were in a net-work of difficulties. The passage required to be studied; their faces were brought into most dangerous proximity as they read the passage together: but this was not all. Doyle's part carried his little finger under Adela's left hand, and they smiled and then laughed as they played on; the sensation was quite electrical—then they broke down again. Again they studied the passage, and renewed with fresh zeal their playing; but Doyle's fingers would go astray, and Adela playfully put his fingers on the right keys; then off they set again, but Doyle's eyes and fingers went hopelessly astray, and Adela ceased playing, and looked to see what was the matter. Her look was certainly a most beautiful one, perfectly unaffected, and every way fascinating. Doyle could not resist it, and before Adela had time for consciousness, she found herself folded in his arms, and his kisses warm and long on her lips. Her confusion was great, and her surprise was expressively and painfully painted on her now glowing cheeks.

Doyle, with an air of penitence, led her to the sofa, and there told her of his love, in tones and phrases the most honest and truthful, and begged her to reciprocate his passion. He candidly confessed that he made this avowal with the deepest conviction that he had little to offer her but his affections.

Adela listened with a most confused and distracted attention. She feared her mother would enter—feared she was doing wrong, and, finally, feared she might take a step which prudence and policy would not sanction as best. But her dear mother was all this while reiterating all her tale to Mrs. Van Dam of the sad state of Adela's spirits—her fixed purpose never to go into society only when she was compelled to do so—the kindness of Mrs.

Smith, and her entreaties to keep Adela from the life of seclusion which she seemed so resolutely determined to follow. And so Adela had time to regain her self-possession, and spoke of the shortness of their acquaintance, not yet two weeks, the little she could know of Lt. Doyle, and the little Lt. Doyle could know of her: and, indeed, talked in a most sensible and discreet manner; but it must be confessed, had she selected the method best calculated to increase the passion of her lover, she could not have done better. She told him of the wishes of her parents, and their expectations, in phrases most singularly felicitous, and as if unconsciously, her feelings of regret they had not met at an earlier day. The maid coming in, the conference ended, and Lt. Doyle retired; and Adela was well satisfied it should terminate at this point. It gave her time to reflect; and she lost no time in doing so. Her mother now came in from her room, into which she had the moment before entered, and told Adela she had been perfectly successful in enlisting the sympathy of Mrs. Van Dam, whose virtuous indignation had at last been successfully aroused; "and now," she continued, "we must, my child, think of going home. It won't do to stay here and receive the attentions of this young Irishman, and next Monday we must be off."

"Next Monday! my dear mother, and go back to Babylon in the heat of summer! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Nobody! dear Adela, and that will help to make the matter the more conspicuous. That's just what we need."

Adela sighed and said nothing—but the air of sadness was seen by Doyle at dinner. And he sought in vain to dispel the shadows which he saw in spite of herself, rested upon her spirits. He was sure it arose from his abruptness and his want of refinement, in overleaping all the bounds of courtesy in the conduct of his interview with Adela. On their way to the saloon, where she went "just to be seen," with her mother, for a few moments, (this being a part of the course of display adopted by this good lady every day,) Adela found time to whisper to him, in reply to his confession of deep regret at the sadness he discovered in her at dinner, that she was not angry, she had nothing to forgive, and that, after supper, her mother was engaged to play whist with Mrs. Van Dam, and she should be alone, and would then explain all. And so it was. Mrs. Tripp was no sooner gone into Mrs. Van Dam's parlor, than Lt. Doyle tapped at Adela's parlor door.

Relieved from fear of interruption, Adela told Doyle the cause of her griefs, and his alarm was as great as she could desire it. He renewed his declaration, again urged her acceptance of his hand, his heart; and Adela found her hand clasped in his with passionate eagerness, without the slightest inclination on her part

to withdraw it. She sighed as she told him in what a network of difficulties she found herself—the expectations of her parents. She confessed she found she had no love for Mr. Winterbottom. He was, indeed, a man of great excellence and moral worth, and possessed a princely fortune, but she never had any heart in this matter, but had followed the dictates of her parents. Now she knew she should be miserable for life, and perhaps lost forever if she married a man she never could love. Doyle's heart was fired by the love and sacrifices all this implied, and again told her his life depended on her loving him.

“Dearest Adela, give me the highest of all expressions of your confidence, and I pledge you my honor, my life shall be devoted to show you how truly I deserve and prize the confidence I seek—my angel! Elope with me—'tis our only hope of happiness!”

Adela started, and exclaimed, “Oh, no! 'tis impossible. What would the world say? What excuse could we plead? My parents would never forgive me, and then, too, what would *your* family say? It might wear an aspect to them which would forever shut me out from their confidence and affection. Oh! no, no, I dare not.”

Doyle was really sobered, and Adela thought she had gone too far, and had touched a wrong note, for he paused, and was lost in severe thought.

“It is all true, my beautiful Adela—the risks we run are great. You, my angel, sacrifice for me, a Lieutenant of the Coldstream Guards, a princely fortune. I have heard all about this Mr. Winterbottom since the day of our first meeting. Everybody who has spoken of you has told me of your being affianced to him—but when I saw you, I felt it must be a marriage in which *your* affections had no interest, and I have every day been more and more fully persuaded it was so. My family, dearest Adela, are of the nobility of my country—my father is a younger son, distinguished for his courage rather than his wealth. All my hopes rest on my uncle, now an old man, whose wealth is great. My marriage may be condemned; it doubtless will be; but when they see you, dearest Adela, they must love you. My old uncle can't resist your eyes for a single hour! No, dearest, we are safe! we shall be happy.”

And not to go on with further details, Adela agreed to elope with Lieut. Doyle. And the brief hour which remained was spent in telling each other how and when they first discovered their mutual passion, and all that sort of things, which are of the utmost importance to be settled, with as much precision as the meridian of a recently erected Observatory. It was certain Doyle

had no reason to complain of any confusion of dates, or circumstances in Adela's confessions. They were full and perfectly satisfactory, and *confirmed* in the agreeable way adopted on such occasions. The plans for the accomplishment of this grand event were forestalled by the pleasure they took in determining this most interesting of all *data*.

Adela, having instructed her maid to say to her mother she had been alone all the evening, and not feeling well, had retired, went to bed. For the first night in her life she was kept awake by her thoughts. Heretofore she had kept others waking by her fascinations, but now, for one night at least, she was unable to sleep. Her cogitations were full of clear views of all the advantages and disadvantages of the step she was about to take. That she should be roasted alive by *her set* in Babylon was to be expected. Of that she cared little or nothing, for she should be on the other side of the Atlantic or in the snows of Canada. Doyle had no doubt told her the truth. The old uncle was the mine to be opened to supply her wants; and she felt confident of her success with him. She fancied meeting him drawn up to his height, determined to resist her advances. She went through the scene in all its varieties, and saw her success in the mixing, with all possible grace, his whisky-toddy, and sitting on his knee while he drank it. Indeed there could be no question of the result. Then she thought of her presentation at court, and her chances of success as an American beauty. Beauty, she had heard, was the leveler of all the distinctions of rank in England; and there came thronging into her mind the devotion of earls and of dukes—the opera, and the drawing-rooms of royalty.

Then Mr. Winterbottom and his house looked like a mud cottage in the comparison—an old man, how hateful! She would turn him over to Josephine. And now should she tell her mother? This was long a debateable question, and finally determined in the affirmative. This done, she fell asleep.

And so the next morning Adela made her mother acquainted with her fixed and firm resolve to elope with Lieut. Doyle. She affirmed her unflinching determination never to marry Mr. Winterbottom under any possible condition of circumstances. She told her of Doyle's family, not forgetting the rich old uncle, and the certainty she felt of her success with him, and at the court—and then, too, Josephine might come forward, and, if she pleased, marry Mr. Winterbottom.

Mrs. Tripp listened in silent astonishment at first, but gradually the clouds lifted, and when Adela had come to a close, she embraced her, and said she deserved to be a queen, and she hoped she might one day see her one. She expressed her admiration



of her success, and agreed to send for a supply of money and some shawls, which Adela wished to be possessed of. And, entering with enthusiasm into her plans, promised Adela a thousand dollars a year, if necessary, until her plans had been fully accomplished.

Adela was triumphant! her step was buoyant, and her looks bright. Doyle was delighted beyond measure. Mrs. Tripp was counselor to all Adela's plans. It was deemed by her of the first importance that the marriage ceremony should be performed by a Catholic priest, and a clergyman of the Church of England. And this being communicated to Doyle, he sought among the visitants at the springs for these very important personages, and happily there was discovered the rector of one of the English Episcopal Churches in Canada, on a visit to the springs, and a no less important person than †John of Babylon the Less. So far all was well. While awaiting for the money, and the bundle from home, Adela emerged from her seclusion, and was once more to be seen in the saloon, in the highest health and gayety of heart—a great change from the pensive aspect she had assumed for a fortnight past. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Tripp announced her purpose of returning on the next Monday, and had secured the escort of Mr. Thompson, a merchant returning to Babylon, to take charge of Adela and herself. She acted her part to perfection, keeping up her daily intercourse with the Van Dams and Van Tromps, and speaking, with a fainter tone, complained of Mr. Winterbottom's inexplicable conduct.

Adela improved the time to the utmost. She sought to conciliate Mrs. Smith and Grace, and the esteem of Mr. De Lisle, and it is certain that, during their stay at the springs, she had succeeded in a good degree to interest them by her fine manners, and her many accomplishments. Nor was she less solicitous to appear well in the eyes of Col. Greenwood; but he had seen too many of just such fine ladies, and saw beneath this polished exterior, the utter heartlessness of the young lady, when she affected to be all heart. His attentions were concentrated on Grace, whom he always welcomed with a warm and affectionate smile, and sought by his attentions to please. Not that he evinced the slightest wish by any act, to win her affections. They were all strangers at the springs. Time hung heavy on them all, and was best spent by mutual courtesy. He spoke often of the pleasure he should receive by meeting them at Quebec, to which place he should return now in a very few days, and be ready to welcome them there.

The Sunday evening came, and the gathering in Mrs. Smith's parlor broke up at an early hour, as was usual. Adela kissed

the ladies with warmth and tenderness on taking leave of them, which was unusual, but still unremarked at the time.

When Mrs. Tripp and Adela entered Adela's chamber, there was yet one thing to be done, and but one thing. Mrs. Tripp's trunks and Adela's were packed, all ready for their departure. Adela's to be removed at daybreak, and Mrs. Tripp's, when the train left at eleven o'clock in the morning. Adela's to go to the North, and her dear mother's down the river.

"My child, there now remains but one thing more to be attended to, and I have left it to this last hour, that it might be attended to in the best possible manner. It is to write a letter to your father and myself."

"Oh, yes," replied Adela, "I have been thinking of that myself, and I will set about it." So saying, Adela opened her portfolio, and commenced writing.

"Do you think it should be a long letter or a short one?" asked Adela.

"A short one, my dear; but let it be one of deep feeling. Condense your thoughts, and make them tell. Sorrow is always brief, when really felt. Be as brief as may be."

And so Adela made a beginning, and ere she was aware of it, was under the necessity of turning over the leaf; her mother sat by in perfect silence, and Adela was at the bottom of the second page before she had come to an end, and then on the third page wrote a postscript, which all but overrun the entire page.

When she had written for the last time in her life the name of Tripp, she handed it to her mother, who read it carefully from beginning to end.

"It is entirely too diffuse, my child; it enters into too many particulars, and is wanting in intensity of expression."

"Dear mother, do you take the pen, and erase all you think best," said Adela.

"No," said Mrs. Tripp. "I prefer you should do so yourself. That allusion to Mr. Winterbottom must be suppressed entirely. This letter, child, is for general use. I must read it to all our friends here, and they have neither patience to read all this, nor credulity to believe it, if they did. *Feeling*, at a separation from your home, is natural and fitting, and all beside is mere verbiage. You need enter into no defence of your conduct; *that* is indefensible."

And so there was a long confab, in which every expression was modified so as to "pile up the agony"—all the expressions of love to her dear father, who was a most important person to be conciliated, were turned and twisted till the words fell into their proper places as perfectly as the pieces of wood in a dissected map.

All this being accomplished, Adela made a fair copy, and handed it to her mother to read over.

Mrs. Tripp, in the most natural manner possible, for she was sincere, after having read the letter, looked up from the paper, and said to Adela, "Here are the words, Adela, but where are the tears?"

Adela threw down the pen, and burst into a fit of inextinguishable mirth—"Sure enough, where are they? I can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come? I really can't conjure up tears on demand to-night."

The mother looked with surprise at her child's mirthfulness. "Tears, Adela, are essentially necessary and natural to be shown upon such a letter as this; they are as necessary as the ink; they are spoken of, and must be exhibited; both ink and tears are required alike in the expressions of the emotions here spoken of. I do not require you to weep. God grant you never may have cause to weep over the doubtful and perilous step you are about to take."

"Well, mother, this is a secret you haven't told me. I am ready to learn, but I am utterly unable to shed the tears spoken of now. I am sure I shall weep when this affair is all over;" and Adela gave signs of natural sorrow, which, if encouraged, would doubtless have supplied all the tears requisite even in the judgment of her mother. But Mrs. Tripp was not in a melting mood. She had braced up her nerves to go through this scene, and by a strong will, closed up every avenue of tears and sorrow, which could be of no service now, and would prevent her from doing what was so necessary to be well done.

She rose and rung the bell, making no reply to Adela, and seemed to take no notice of Adela's sensibility. The maid came into the room, and received orders to bring in a salt-cellar of salt. Adela sat now wondering at what might next be done, and was diverted from the sad thoughts which had come crowding into her mind.

On receiving the salt, Mrs. Tripp made a strong solution of it, and tried its strength by dropping it on a clean sheet of paper, and drying the drops by the blaze of the candles, until the mixture had attained the proper intensity. All this while both mother and daughter sat silent. So soon as Mrs. Tripp had satisfied herself of the fitness of the solution to suit the purpose of shedding tears, she told Adela to take the feather of the pen, and shed the tears as she deemed most appropriate.

"I think," said Mrs. Tripp, "the first and second sentences may be left unspotted. Emotion prompting tears would naturally arise and manifest itself toward the close of the letter. This pass-

age, I think, is touching, and will bear a few tears:—‘The image of my most precious father stands before me! I recall all his love and kindness! And you, O dear mother, and my dear, dear sisters! I shudder at the terrible consciousness that I am separating myself for life from all I love, and all who love me; my heart sinks, and dissolves in tears.’”

Adela dipped the tip of the feather of her pen, and shed her tears plentifully over this passage, to her mother’s entire satisfaction.

“Now,” said Mrs. Tripp, “the fourth and last sentence,” for Mrs. Tripp had been most mercilessly severe upon all the fine things Adela had found it in her heart to say, and had confined her letter to a single page:

“God only knows whether the step I take leads to a life of happiness or misery! But I must follow the irresistible promptings of love and destiny.”

“A few tears over the word destiny”—said Mrs. Tripp. “I like that word; it is very felicitous; it means everything and nothing, but has a fine effect in this place. Now, Adela, expend your tears plentifully here,” pointing to the close, which read in these words:

“In life and in death—in joy and in sorrow, you, oh my father, my most precious father! and you, oh my mother, my sisters, will live in present remembrance. Oh do not discard me from your hearts! pardon me—pity me! and love me with the unchanging and undying love which now rends the heart of——

“ADELA TRIPP.”

“To my precious parents, and to my dear, dear sisters.”

Adela all but obliterated the closing words, and her name was rendered perfectly illegible. “Will that do, mother?” said she, smiling, as she laid down the pen.

“Seal it,” said the mother; “and select the seal having the motto—‘Believe me.’” Adela folded her letter, and placing it under an *envelop*, sealed it as directed.

“Drop a tear near the seal,” said the mother. It was done. “Now direct it ‘My mother.’” Adela did so. “Now a few tears on those words.” They were duly shed.

“And now, my child,” said her mother, assuming her seat in the spacious chair in which she was sitting, “this is done; and before we separate, I have a few words to say, which I wish you to listen to with all attention. They may be the last I shall ever”—here Mrs. Tripp’s voice faltered; but in an instant she recovered herself, and in measured tones and with perfect emphasis, she proceeded.

“Doyle, my dear Adela, is a man of warm and generous im-

pulses, and as a first duty to him and yourself, you must study his character. Be sure and find out all his strong points, as well as his weak ones. Women make great mistakes on this head, and seek only for those points they can most successfully play upon, to secure their ascendancy, and so gratify their self-love. This you must avoid. It is of course a matter of the first importance to know how to manage your husband; but don't begin with his failings, and forget his virtues; for when you cease to respect your husband, you are on the high road to despise him."

Adela arched her eyebrows with surprise.

Mrs. Tripp went on:—"A girl of your sagacity will not be long in finding out the best methods, by which your husband can be induced to relinquish his own wishes, when they come in conflict with your own. But I warn you, '*use your spiritings gently*;' but having once made a demand, never relinquish it. Let him understand that, and it will save you a world of trouble. And from time to time, as proper occasions offer, let him feel the reins, and you will learn to guide him at your pleasure.

"You will doubtless meet a great many very attractive gentlemen, men of superior rank and fashion even to your husband, who will render you the tribute of their praise. Be sure, Adela, that you keep in rigid abeyance your love of admiration. With Doyle this must be a severe and difficult task. Not to excite admiration, will be to inspire the fear that he has married an ordinary woman, of no character or attractiveness; while, on the other hand, to make the slightest manifestation of seeking admiration, will be extremely hazardous. There must be a great many gay, fashionable and indolent men in the garrison, who will be glad to be amused. Make your home circle as attractive as you can, but out of it, be the very pattern of propriety. Remember this, my child, as you hope for happiness with your husband, or success in society.

"In your intercourse with women, I urge upon you to be free from all guile. Use no honeyed words with them, and no flattering arts."

Adela was all astonishment, but said nothing; her mother saw the look, but was in no humor now to suspend her remarks. She went on in an unchanged tone.

"Women, my child, well understand each other; and they never love one of their number who possesses in any great degree the power of attractiveness, if exerted over their husbands, their lovers or their friends. You may be certain your department is just what it ought to be, when you find yourself an object of confidence and friendship of the ladies around you. There is no better criterion of conduct than this. There is no false glare, no

speciousness of manners, which can long deceive your female friends. In your intercourse with them, be truthful, kind, affectionate and sincere;—but I warn you, make no confidants of them. If circumstances arise which demand the counsel and aid of a confidential friend, seek some gentleman whose honor and integrity are unquestioned—such men never betray the confidence of a woman.

“ You will see the necessity of my counsels, my child, when you reflect upon the position in which you will be placed in the circles to which you are about to be introduced. It is well to look at things as they are. In all probability you will be looked upon as a designing and successful dupe, who has secured a prize by an alliance with a young man of noble family. Such, I think, will be the first and universal impression on all the friends of Doyle in Canada and in England, and the least slip of yours will betray you. You now see the justness of the advice I have given you. Assume, therefore, Adela, the aspect of an affectionate and artless girl, full of earnest enthusiasm, of love for her husband; conduct yourself as you can conceive Grace Worth would do, if by any possibility she could be placed in your position: and by degrees this feeling will give place to the sentiment that Doyle has captured a beautiful girl, whose heart he has carried by storm.

“ Beware lest a furtive look, or a lurking sneer should betray you! And trust no one, least of all your maid. Let the saying of Marshal Saxe be falsified in your history. Be the same loving, artless girl to her that you are to all around you, for she will be tampered with. All the mothers and daughters and widows who would gladly have captured Doyle, will deem you an intruder, and will seek by all means to discover your secret. Beware, Adela, I say it again, of your waiting maid.

“ Do not let yourself be betrayed by the winning confidence which will be sought to be placed in you by designing women, speaking scandal of the members of your circle. When so approached, assume the air of one who cannot believe an ill-natured remark; that you are sure there must have been some misconception, and perhaps misrepresentation. They will doubtless call you a fool and a simpleton, but they will in their inmost hearts feel, how easily one so unsuspecting and credulous, could have been led to believe in the professions of love made by Doyle, and this will help you to compel them to the belief that you are indeed a most unsuspecting, artless girl.

“ And now as to your religion, Adela; you are to have no religious *opinions*, but show yourself possessed of religious *sentiment*. They are not necessarily connected. Go to the Episcopal Church but *once* and in the *morning* of every Sabbath, and take

Doyle with you: indeed, insist on his accompanying you. He may object—it may be a new thing to him; but he will love you the better for the sacrifices he thus makes, and prize you the more highly; for, whatever may be the latitude of men's opinions, they love piety when gracefully exhibited in a wife. Let the first gift you receive from your husband be a prayer-book, splendidly bound as you please, with a gold cross on the cover. It has a very pretty, pious air, and is, besides, a beautiful ornament to a Sunday-dress. The velvet of the cover gives a sweet relief to the hands in which it is held, and besides, admits of their being seen without display to the best advantage.

“When you reach Ireland, I advise you to show all readiness to listen to the claims of the Catholic Church, and inspire, if possible, in that old bigoted uncle a desire for the salvation of your soul. If this can be done, and by degrees, *not too suddenly*, he can make a convert of you, you are safe! To have converted you to the true faith, will be a bond of affection which will tell well upon the future fortunes of your husband and yourself. I am sure you must see it to be so!”

Adela bowed, and replied: “My dearest mother, I never was so deeply impressed with your superiority and clear-sightedness as at this moment. I beg you to believe every word you have uttered has sunk deeply into my heart, and shall daily be the subject of my maturest reflection, and my earnest and constant effort shall be to follow suggestions which I feel to be of the utmost importance, and of the first necessity.”

Mrs. Tripp smiled affectionately. “I have but one word more, and I will leave you. Finally, then:—Never cease to be proud of your native land. Never hope to win the love of those whose country you have adopted as your own, by decrying the institutions of this. Defend its character only when assailed, and speak of your birth-place with pride and pleasure. Remember *you* are by birth as noble as the noblest—for as a child of this republic, you rank with the nobles and princes of all lands, for, if here there are none below you, so there are none *above*. This should never be forgotten by you.

“In writing to me, never use blotting paper; never leave a letter unfinished; and when sealed, place your letters in the office with your own hands. Such letters as are especially confidential, and let these be as few as may be, seal ‘*Dinna forget.*’ Trust no one! I shall write you only such letters as your husband may see—Never any other! Whatever advice you may require, must be derived from your husband only. But I have no fears for your success. And now, Adela, take this ring,” drawing off a brilliant from her finger; “when you feel its pressure, when

you see its light, remember all I have told you, and may God bless you, my child, my Adela!"

So saying, Mrs. Tripp embraced Adela, and with tears took her leave. Adela wept awhile, then wiping away the tears, sat a long time lost in thought. She looked at her watch, and found it past midnight. So making herself ready, she laid down, and soon fell into a profound sleep.

The next morning, as Mrs. Smith and Grace were waiting for Mr. De Lisle to go to the breakfast-hall, in rushed Mrs. Tripp, in the utmost dismay, with the letter in her hand. The ladies were surprised, and deeply sympathized with the distressed mother.

"Alas!" said Mrs. Tripp, "that I should have ever lived to see this day? Who would have ever believed it possible? That Adela Tripp should have eloped with a man whom she had never seen a fortnight since! Of whom she knows next to nothing, and who is mere lieutenant in the British Army, and may have nothing to support her with but his pay. Only think of it, Mrs. Smith!"

"My dear Mrs. Tripp," replied Mrs. Smith, "Adela has indeed taken a most unwise step, and one, I fear, she will live to sorrow over. But it may not be so. Doyle must be a cadet of a noble family, or he would not be in the Coldstream Guards. And he's not so poor a man as officers of his grade usually are, or he could not hold his place there. Have you seen Col. Greenwood?"

"Oh, no! dear Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Tripp, "and I am positively ashamed to see him. Ashamed of having such a daughter! I feel most deeply mortified at her conduct, and yet I must see the Colonel. Will you ask him to call upon me after breakfast, and beg him to come and see me? I shall not leave my room; I don't feel as if I could see a friend in the world."

Mr. De Lisle now entered, and surprised at the looks of his friends, and Mrs. Tripp weeping on the sofa, he asked the cause, and as Mrs. Tripp had no words at command, Mrs. Smith told him of the sad tidings of the elopement—news which seemed as strange to him as to his friends. After condoling with the afflicted lady, and promising to bring Col. Greenwood to see her after breakfast, the ladies left, and Mrs. Tripp returned to her room.

On looking in the glass, she found her eyes were as swollen and as red as the case demanded; for, indeed, she had spent the night in tears and wakefulness, and, though artful and unscrupulous, she was a mother, and had all the affections of one. She sat in deep study, anticipating the visit of Col. Greenwood, which she felt must be a trial of skill, when she heard his step in the entry; the door was opened by the maid, and the colonel, calm and self-



possessed, entered, and made his bow. Mrs. Tripp motioned him to a seat. She then put up her richest laced handkerchief to her eyes, hoping he would speak; but as no word was forthcoming, she commenced telling of her agony, her unutterable astonishment, and then gaining courage by the silence of the colonel, she proceeded with fluency, speaking of "Adela's folly in relinquishing the fondest hopes of her parents, and the just expectations of her friends, for the pay of a poor lieutenantcy—casting herself upon a family who would probably forever reject her, and becoming an outcast in a foreign land;" and all the dismal pictures she could imagine in the darkest colors. She paused, and Col. Greenwood rose to go.

"Doyle has acted like a d—d fool!" was the sententious reply to all this tale of woe. It was certainly very equivocal, and Mrs. Tripp would gladly have heard more from him, but he left all the conversation to herself. After another attempt, she really did burst into tears, and Col. Greenwood expressed his deep regret at the conduct of his friend, but had nothing more to say, and, as Mrs. Tripp saw nothing was gained by the interview, she wept on, and Col. Greenwood took his leave.

After his departure, the Van Dams and Van Tromps called in a body to read the letter, and hear the distressing news, and Mrs. Tripp had the happiness, for once in her life, to hear with her own ears their honest opinion of her divine Adela. Happily this was interrupted by the coming in of Mr. De Lisle and Mrs. Smith, who, with Grace, begged to be permitted to do all she might need attended to, before her departure. While they were thus all assembled, one of the English servants brought in a letter, sealed with the arms of Doyle, addressed to Mrs. Tripp, which she opened. It was a very brief note—expressive of his devotion to Adela, and pledging his life for the redemption of the pledges he had the honor to transmit enclosed. These papers were the certificates of his marriage to Adela, made out in due form by the Catholic and English priests. These were handed round the circle, and carefully examined by the Van Tromps and Van Dams, especially by Katrine, who whispered *an aside* to Lucille, "I am glad she's lawfully married. It's more than I expected."

After these kind and sympathizing friends had gone, Mrs. Smith told Mrs. Tripp that Col. Greenwood had just left them. That he was disposed to censure Doyle, but had made no expression casting any censure upon Adela. What he may have thought, they could not divine. But they would see Adela in their journey to Quebec, and would learn all they could as to his friends and family. Adela had not disgraced herself by the alliance, though she had acted most rashly in making it. But it

might, after all, be a happy one. They had made no inquiries of Col. Greenwood; but Mrs. Smith recollected to have heard him say, when speaking of Doyle, that he was a good fellow, who spent his income of two thousand a year, even in the snows of Canada, from which Mrs. Smith supposed he had resources independent of his pay. But though this was good news to Mrs. Tripp, she wondered, if it were true, why he had not said so to Adela; but Mrs. Smith and Mr. De Lisle both believed he had purposely omitted to do so, that he might possess himself of the highest assurance that Adela's choice was influenced by no other motive than love for himself. Whether this was so or not, still the possibility of its truth had a happy influence upon the mind of Mrs. Tripp, and she was able to say to her friends the full extent of her wishes, and the course of inquiry she wished them to pursue, on their arrival in Canada.

Mrs. Smith, finding she had eaten nothing, ordered a cup of coffee and some toast, and helped her to pack up the few things remaining out of her trunks. These were dispatched by the servants to the cars, and when Mr. Thompson called for Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. Smith and Grace, and Mr. De Lisle, accompanied her to the depôt, and there affectionately took leave of this distressed and bereaved mother. Mr. Thompson was assiduous in his attentions, and could not but admire the stern self-control Mrs. Tripp exercised over her feelings under these trying circumstances. On reaching the steamer, Mrs. Tripp went into her state-room, and re-examined the certificates of marriage. "After all," she said to herself, "this trip to the springs has been successful. Adela is married, *legally married*, as dear Katrine whispered, to an officer of rank and family—and probably to wealth equal to anything she could have obtained. Josephine has now no obstacle in the way of coming up with all the prominence necessary to a settlement; and as to Mr. Winterbottom, possibly his regrets at losing the one may induce him to seek the other. The Worths will visit Adela, and they will help to establish her in the confidence of her circle; this done, I have no fears for the rest." And when this lady had come to this conclusion, she laid herself down, and waking, once more found herself in Babylon the Less.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

Journey of Mrs. Smith, and Grace, and Mr. De Lisle, to Niagara—A Sabbath in the country—Colloquy of Mr. De Lisle and Mrs. Smith on skepticism—The dilemma of skeptics—Arrive at the Clifton House—De Lisle's declaration to Grace, who declines his hand—Her reasons—Advice of Mrs. Smith to the parties—Mr. and Mrs. Gracie, and Jane, and her "cousin Richard," join Mrs. Smith's party—Colonel Worth and wife arrive—Quebec—Adela as a wife—The travelers return to Babylon—Grace accepts Mr. De Lisle; tells her secret to Mrs. Smith, who thereupon determines to give a grand party—Mr. Smith refuses his consent—A domestic scene consequent thereon.

COLONEL GREENWOOD remained a week after the departure of Doyle and Adela. His manners remained unchanged toward our friends; but he never spoke of Doyle, and the incident of the elopement was never referred to. With many expressions of thanks for the attentions which had made his visit so pleasant to him, he took leave of them.

Mrs. Smith now began to speak of leaving the springs, where she had spent four weeks, and she was induced to shorten her visit at the entreaty of Grace. Grace had no love for its balls, its drawing-rooms, nor the throng of idle people, who, having found out the attractions of Mrs. Smith's parlor, wearied her with their attentions, and their frivolous conversation. So, changing her plan, Mrs. Smith made up her mind of going from one point of interest to another, and so spending the time which must intervene, before Colonel Worth's return, to join them at the Falls: a decision as grateful to Mr. De Lisle as it could be to Grace; for the constant intrusion of society into Mrs. Smith's parlor, the frequent balls and concerts, and the daily rides on horseback in company with Colonel Greenwood, had left but little time for him to see either Mrs. Smith or Grace by themselves. It was a great gain to him, to have these ladies under his especial care, and mainly depending on him for society; for, situated as he had been, with instinctive delicacy he had avoided all direct attentions to Grace, who had become more and more an object of interest to him, and who, with all her unaffected sweetness of manners, was evidently embarrassed by any increasing devotedness of attentions on his part. She rewarded him always by her entire

attention when conversing with others, but when alone, she could not, without effort, sustain her share of the conversation, and never appeared so well, as when sustained by the near presence of Mrs. Smith, who, when it was possible for her to do so, was always at hand, to help Grace out, which she did with the utmost skill.

Taking leave of their acquaintances, they set out on Saturday afternoon for a beautiful village, there to spend the Sabbath. This was Grace's plan, who could not feel there could be a Sabbath-day at the springs. They reached the village inn before sunset, and found themselves most perfectly accommodated. The Lord's day was a day of quiet; the very leaves on the trees seemed sleeping. The sun shone brightly, and the cattle were to be seen in the shade of the trees, in every direction, looking as grave as so many ruminating philosophers. To Grace the change was delightful, and to Mrs. Smith and Mr. De Lisle, it was grateful. At *ten* they all went to the neat village church, the clear tones of whose bell alone broke the serenity and stillness of the hour. The meeting house, (for it was not a "church,") was of wood, neatly finished, and had its choir, and all the requisites for the worship of God; of which most of all our southern inland places of worship, of all sects, unhappily, are wanting.

The sermon was a pious and excellent discourse, delivered in an impressive manner. The design of the preacher was to show "that it is the object of divine wisdom to make every age inculcate some great moral and religious truth." The subject was pursued through both discourses. And so ended the public services of the day.

Mr. De Lisle and Grace, since their conversation with Mrs. Smith, of which we have already spoken, had found no suitable opportunity of speaking with her, and re-opening the subject then begun. Indeed, Adela Tripp had, since the departure of Mr. Winterbottom, assiduously beset Grace with her music and her walks; and then Colonel Greenwood's rides, and then the attentions of some dozen young gentlemen, who would not be refused, at least, the pleasure of dancing attendance on her steps, go where she would, had hardly left the girl any more time than was absolutely required to make her toilet at the proper times, for breakfast and dinner, and for her rides, whenever they took place. So she was under constant requisitions from the demands of society, and Mrs. Smith, and Mr. De Lisle, and Grace rarely met, except in the presence of others. This, then, was the *first* Sabbath they could be said to have spent together.

They supped immediately, on their return from church, and as the sun was setting, they took a long walk, during which Mr.

De Lisle endeavored to draw Mrs. Smith's attention to various subjects, not inappropriate to the day, nor the hour; but she evidently wished to avoid the recurrence to any topic which could be brought home to her own history. Her mind was indeed unhinged, so to speak, by the gayeties of the springs, and she thought De Lisle would be to her a *Savonarola*, and she knew, that like Lorenzo de Medici, if she were in the act of dying, there were some things she could not and would not relinquish. But finding it hard to keep Mr. De Lisle in abeyance, she was desirous of being "let off," upon some mere speculations in theology, and finding no better topic, she recurred to the sermon. As this conversation was one of interest to Mrs. Smith and her companion, we hope our readers may find it well worth their perusal, and it is therefore preserved.

"Do you approve of the position taken by our preacher?" inquired Mrs. Smith of Mr. De Lisle.

"Yes, I think it is a correct one," was his reply.

"Do you not hold, then," continued Mrs. Smith, "the revelation of Christ is incomplete?"

"By no means," said Mr. De Lisle; "I deem the minister correct in saying, 'for every age some great truth has its peculiar appropriateness,' and God has allowed the Gospel to come in conflict with all the diversified forms of human sin and folly; to teach us that it contains the remedy for every possible form of error and evil, and to make this very conflict the means of rendering more and more perfect the manner of conceiving and presenting its doctrines. In the first ages, the Christian faith, not having yet insinuated itself into the feelings and modes of thinking of the early Christians, we see the constant struggle between the free grace of the Gospel, and the disposition to depend on legal observances. In the second, we see the Gospel in conflict with various philosophical systems, some irreconcilably opposed to it, others attempting an amalgamation with it, but none of them rendering theology at once biblical and philosophical. In the middle ages, we see the corrupted faith and imperfect philosophy of the earlier periods, degenerating into superstition, equally destructive of genuine faith and true philosophy. In the age of the reformation, religion and knowledge appear anew. The doctrines which distinguished this period, were truly evangelical, and the theological systems, biblical, but not entirely free from the fetters of the old philosophy. To this succeeded the period of strenuous orthodoxy, and vital piety again declined, leaving nothing but the form of biblical knowledge; and even this being destitute of the vital principle, was less perfect than it was among the reformers. The period of pietism followed—and orthodoxy

was again endued with life, and restored to the form in which it was held by the reformers, but not improved. The next period was that of the theoretical and practical infidelity, and piety, on the Continent especially, declined in the Protestant Church. But since the commencement of this century, it has revived, and been made to rest on the leading doctrines of the Bible. Theology is now pervaded by a spirit of true religion, and is so advanced, in the opinion of Tholuck, the first of theologians of the present day, whose views I have now briefly given you, that it has nothing to fear from its opposers. Thus, though there is no new revelation, the relations and bearings of truths may be said to be, at the present time, properly understood."

"But," said Mrs. Smith, "you acknowledged, the other day, that the enigmas of life have never been solved! Do you think they ever will be?"

"Probably, they never will be," replied Mr. De Lisle. "And yet, it may be, and I think will be, that many of the questionings of the present day will be met by the development of God's providence. As yet, the world is in its infancy. The revolution of centuries will make many of the dark designs of the Almighty, as we now call them, clear as the noonday sun."

"Lavater," said Grace, to whom Mr. De Lisle addressed himself as he closed the sentence, "used to say it was the highest of all Christian attainments to be able to say—'*I can wait.*' Dear Mrs. Smith, we must strive to possess that temper of mind, and to say to all the suggestions of our skeptical hearts, 'God is true, and *I can wait.*'"

"My dearest Grace," said Mrs. Smith, "you have imposed a severe task. '*I can't wait.*'"

"But, dear Mrs. Smith," replied Mr. De Lisle, "what better can you do? Here we are! Man finds himself in this world on an isolated point; he knows not whence he comes, nor whither he goes; he knows nothing but the spot upon which he awoke, and upon which he is soon to close his eyes forever. Now, such is the skeptic. And such would be the condition of every man, were he not, by *faith*, able to rise above himself and this 'dreary life;' he would have nothing to do but, with a high-minded calmness, to resign all hope of attaining the end to which Nature prompts him to aspire. As the world and God, eternity and time, annihilation and salvation, are the great conflicting points upon which human life turns, the ground and centre of the conflict lie in the struggle between faith and unbelief."

"Alas!" interrupted Mrs. Smith, "what a fearful conflict it is. How many hearts have sunk into despair in the fierceness of the struggle they have felt in their souls, or have sought for a respite

in all the busy occupations of life, or in gratifications and amusements of society—a respite, but not a release.”

Grace and Mr. De Lisle exchanged glances, as both recalled their conversation in the ball-room.

Mr. De Lisle, addressing himself to Mrs. Smith, continued:—  
 “The contemplation of this struggle must either have the tendency to bring us to a more elevated consciousness of the high destiny to which God has called us, or to the expectation of the bottomless abyss of unconscious existence, which is the result of all *logical* infidelity. *Infidelity*, my dear madam, in its widest sense, is a disposition which leads us to admit nothing as true which is not the result of our own reasonings or deductions;—*faith*, on the other hand, is that disposition which, influenced either by an outward or inward necessity, admits as true what is not, *merely* by logical inference, *rendered certain*. These definitions being stated, the great question here presents itself—What is the result to which we are led, when we *logically* pursue the path of skepticism—that is, when we are determined to form a logical system respecting human and divine things, with no other guide than speculation? There is something in the breast of every man which leads him to believe, whether he wishes it or not. Is it not so?”

“But,” said Mrs. Smith, “I had supposed this was the result of education.”

“No, madam, this principle is founded in the nature of man; but there is also in our fallen nature, something which prompts to *skepticism*. And as the evil in our nature (until restored by the Holy Spirit in regeneration) prevails over the good, the tendency to unbelief is more powerful than the tendency to faith. Yet the tendency to faith constantly opposes itself to the contrary disposition. Hence it is, there are so few who pursue skepticism to its legitimate results, and that there are so few thorough systems of infidelity in the world.”

“If it be not tasking you too much,” said Grace, “will you please tell us (for it is a most important inquiry), what is the result of all *logical* speculation, when we resolve to follow no other guide? Should you not like to know, my dear Mrs. Smith?”

“I should, indeed,” said Mrs. Smith. “I have heard a great deal of what is called reasoning, in my time, but I don’t recollect to have heard that question answered.”

“It may not be so easily answered as it is asked,” said Mr. De Lisle, smiling, to Grace, “but it is obvious that it must commence with some *first* principles, or *intuitive* truths. The point, therefore, from which it starts, must be consciousness—the consciousness of existence. But this is not a consciousness of

independent existence, but of an existence depending and grounded upon something else. Hence, the speculator, in the consciousness of his own existence, is, at the same time, conscious of the existence of an original existence, upon which his own is founded. As soon as the argumentation is commenced, a *dilemma* presents itself, which, according as the one or other side is assumed, decides upon all human and divine things. This dilemma is as follows:—*First*, my present being presents itself as a person; that is, as possessed of self-efficiency; for, if it be a person, it is self-active, having no other grounds of action than itself; but, *secondly*, I am conscious that my being and actions are dependent and restricted, that the remote ground of my activity is not myself, but in the original existence. How can these things be reconciled? If there be an original existence, unlimited and independent, upon which conditions all the other existences depend, there can be no agent out of him, which has, in itself, the last ground of its actions. For if the original existence is the necessary condition of the action of other existences, it is the only agent.

“Now, since this original existence is active, and in so far as it is the condition of all other existences, it is not a mere lifeless substratum, but is the living principle in all that is;—all independent, active existence, out of the original, is an impossibility. On the other hand, when I assume as incontrovertible my individual personal existence, if I regard every individual as a being which has, in itself, the last ground of its actions, as self-efficient, then the original existence is not unrestricted, since the individual efficiencies necessarily limit and restrict the efficiency of the original existence, each, after its own way, conditioning its activity. Hence it appears, that the speculator is encountered, at the very outset, by the riddle of individual responsibility. If he will neither renounce this personality, nor the illimitableness of God’s efficiency, he must be content to hold both sides of a contradiction, or turn *believer*, that is, receive something as true, which is not the result of speculation or argumentative deduction, but *that is inconsistent with the goal which he had placed before himself.*”\*

Mrs. Smith, after a moment’s silence, looked up, and smiled, and then again looked unusually grave. She spoke, at last, with a sigh—“I believe I must confess to you, my dear friends, that I need no such course of argument to show me the stupidity of skepticism; and that the only objection, of which I am conscious, to the truth of the Holy Scriptures, as Lord Rochester said to Bishop Burnet, on his death-bed, ‘*is a wicked heart.*’ Alas! that I should be compelled to say so!”

\* Tholuck.



"Dear Mrs. Smith," said Grace, earnestly, "your heart is no more wicked than mine. We are all alike depraved, and by nature our hearts are 'enmity to God.'"

"Oh! no, Grace," replied Mrs. Smith, "you were born into the world an angel.—Was she not, Mr. De Lisle? I will leave you to decide between us. I am sure it won't need the course of argument by which you have shown how great a fool is he who says, in his heart, or out of it—'There is no God.'"

Mr. De Lisle, with a look of admiring affection, replied—"Though I am willing to assign any position to our dear Miss Worth, in which your love or affection can by possibility place her, yet I doubt not she well knows, and is grateful to acknowledge the truth, that 'it is the *grace of God* which has made her what she is.'"

Mrs. Smith, having little else to do, became an attentive observer of the growing attachment every day manifested by Mr. De Lisle for her dear Grace; but she was utterly at loss to know what was passing in this artless girl's bosom. The assurance she felt in her entire innocence of all guile, and the inexplicable shrinking manifested by Grace when approached by Mr. De Lisle, made Grace an enigma to Mrs. Smith, whose curiosity was restrained by her love for Grace and her respect for Mr. De Lisle. She wrote Mrs. Worth letters, to meet her at Detroit on her return, of all that was transpiring, and all she felt it was due for her to know concerning her child. She was certain the Worths would rejoice if Grace could love Mr. De Lisle, and felt confident that love would finally triumph. Indeed she could not but believe Grace did love Mr. De Lisle, though she was so wonderfully successful in concealing it in her own heart.

Mrs. Smith was at the time ignorant of the course adopted by Mr. De Lisle. Before the colonel and Mrs. Worth left the springs, he had expressed to Mrs. Worth his wishes to win the affections of her daughter, if it were possible for him to do so; if a union with one so much in advance of her in point of age, was not an insuperable objection. Mrs. Worth had replied that the difference in their ages would not be an objection, if it should appear that he could truly and fully enlist the affections of her child, though she thought this might be doubtful, and he must entertain no hopes from their acquiescence. Whoever Grace could love, if worthy of her as a man and a Christian, would be their choice.

All that Mrs. Smith felt it fitting for her to do for the advancement of what she knew must be the wish of Mr. De Lisle, and what she hoped would be the happiness of Grace, was to give

him her support and countenance to all the courtesies and attentions which it was proper for him to pay and for Grace to receive.

As they traveled slowly towards Niagara, visiting all the places of interest in their way, opportunities were constantly presented for Mr. De Lisle to cultivate the confidence and awaken the love of Grace. He was himself often embarrassed and excessively timid in the presence of this young girl, as it appeared to Mrs. Smith, who could not understand his fears lest the disparity of their ages should prove an insurmountable barrier; which Mr. De Lisle felt was the true cause of all the restraint towards him evinced by Grace, and he would justify her repugnance, and often fully determined forever to relinquish all purpose of winning her love; and when he assumed the course of conduct which such sentiments naturally suggested, he saw with pain that Grace resumed an ease of manners which was instantly checked by the first impulse which his love prompted in a change of his deportment, so that he was more and more confirmed in the hopelessness of ever winning her affections.

They now had reached the Falls, and wishing to avoid the crowd, went over to the Canada side, and took rooms and a parlor at the Clifton House, where there were but few boarders. Here their time passed away pleasantly in reading and riding, and the little duties which devolve even upon travelers. The Falls grew in their grandeur—they began to be *felt* in all the majesty of their might, as seen day by day, in all the different aspect of sunshine and moonlight; and the roar of waters became, to their listening ears, the sweetest, deepest, grandest of diapasons. It was the everlasting hymn of praise to the Creator, to whom the cloud of incense was forever ascending from the great altar of nature.

A party, consisting of ladies and gentlemen from the south, whose acquaintance they had made at the springs, now joined them, and were a great acquisition to their society.

It is one of the pleasures of traveling to meet with members of society living in distant states, and to discover the existence of the same sentiments which we venerate and cherish, governing and controlling them as well as ourselves. This is the bond of brotherhood which can never be broken. This is the true bond of union which no dissensions of party can sever.

After a day so unusually warm, that the entire company at the Clifton House were compelled to remain in the shade until sunset, they all set out for a walk, and returning, took seats where they could best witness the lunar rainbow over the fall. The party were gay and delighted with all they saw. Indeed, it was a luxury to feel the coolness of the evening air, and while the attention of Grace was absorbed by Mr. De Lisle, the party one

by one had sought a higher point of view of the Falls, leaving Grace unconscious that she was left alone listening to Mr. De Lisle. So soon as she discovered it, she expressed her surprise, and looking around found the party were gone, and out of sight. She rose, and said to Mr. De Lisle, "Shall we not rejoin our friends?"

De Lisle felt he had everything to gain, and that he had too long suffered from that extremity of misery which Lord Bacon has said, is "the swing of the pendulum," and taking her hand, begged her to stay a few moments longer. Her hand trembled in his, and she re-seated herself.

"My dear Miss Worth," said Mr. De Lisle, in a tone of voice tremulous with intense emotion, "I have asked you to remain a few moments with me—to me the most momentous of my life. I have sought to detain you, that I might avow the love I cherish for you—a love which has taken full possession of my soul, and which I now dare to express with many fears it will not be reciprocated. But I would know this from your lips. I will not distress you by pressing upon you attentions which may be to you painful; but, O! if I can be so happy as to gain your love, the highest hopes of earth will all be realized."

Grace sat silent, her hand still trembling, and Mr. De Lisle, encouraged by her silence, continued—

"My dear Grace, I have long sought to secure the love of one who would fulfil the fondest wishes of my heart. Woman, to me, has ever been the ideal of all that is lovely. I have ever been an admirer of female loveliness—not of feature and of form, though I am not insensible to the witchery of beauty, but I have sought rather for those charms which are expressed by goodness of heart, gentleness of soul—that sincere sympathy with the beautiful and the good, which gives lustre to beauty and is to me the perfection of female excellence. I have often wished to find the *beau idéal* of my soul. You will not think it strange if the search has been one of difficulty and delicacy, and that I have too often found the semblance of all these attractions where I have hoped to find the reality, and the graces of manner have proved but the gilding of refined society, based upon no firm principles, or religious sentiment.

"I have never envied men their talents, or their distinctions, or their wealth. I have inherited and acquired all that *my* view of life has rendered desirable; but the love of a pure and pious woman has ever been the first wish of my heart. I have long since submitted my wishes to the will of God, and in an unexpected hour, by a combination of circumstances in which I see, with

hope, the leadings of a divine Providence, I have been led to cultivate your acquaintance.

"Our meeting, you will, perhaps, remember, at Mrs. Smith's party—as I have since learned, the first you had ever attended; to me it was an hour of sunshine and of hope, and it is now for you to say, dearest Grace, if those hopes, the wishes of my whole life, are to be realized, or forever relinquished."

Doctor Johnson said of Dr. Dodd, whose appeal to the king for a pardon is among the most splendid efforts ever made, "That when men's lives are at stake, they never fail to be eloquent." The paths in which these words were expressed made them far more effective than the words would seem, in themselves, capable of being. And certainly, the effect upon Grace was as unexpected to Mr. De Lisle, as, at the moment, they were inexplicable; but, as *Shakspeare* had said—"An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told," and as we purpose that our narrative shall be true to nature, we must go on, though we may shock the sensibilities of many of our fair readers, who may have had a quite contrary experience in these matters; but so it was—

Grace made an attempt to speak, and burst into tears. All unconscious of everything but her emotions, she permitted Mr. De Lisle to draw her towards him, and rested her head on his shoulder, and wept to her heart's content. Mr. De Lisle was delighted with the confidence reposed in him, and though hardly knowing why these tears should have arisen, he tried to soothe her agitation, and to tell "of the increasing pleasure with which he had sought her society; the certainty he felt of her principles; and of his having discovered in the depths of her soul all the treasures he longed to possess, and of his fears that he should never inspire the love beating in every throb of his heart."

Grace recovered herself and her position, and dried up her tears; and, after one or two failures, she was able to say—

"I am but too, too grateful for the high, the very high and unmerited expression of your respect—your confidence—esteem—your love—" she hesitated, and, by a great effort of self-control, went on: "I am—I know it—unfitted to share with you the relationships of life. Oh! no, no, you could not, and would not find in me the being you seek. I am no way able to realize your ideal—and for me to fail, would render me miserable for life."

De Lisle now found words full of fondness and affection, and though Grace made no reply, she listened. It is easy for a man to speak when the only obstacles are such as he deems mere mole-hills in the pathway of his highest aspirations; but, to his sorrow, he found Grace was now, with all her gentleness, firm and collected. She assured him that she had fully made up her

mind *never* to be united to one whose superiority would be an insurmountable barrier to sympathy of pursuits. She had seen too much of life, young as she was, not to be conscious of the wretchedness of a woman who ceased to be the companion of her husband; and to such a condition, no temptation of ambition could blind her. She well knew Mr. De Lisle was ignorant of her mental culture—she might have unconsciously concealed this from him, and been unwilling that he should know how little like the being he would love, and could love, she knew herself to be. But now she would, at every sacrifice of her own self-love, wear no disguise, if so it had been; he should see that he had been mistaken in his too kind, and false appreciation of her character. It would be justice to him to reveal herself as she knew herself to be. It might be an unpleasant effort on her part, but one which could not but satisfy him that with her views of the first requisites of married life, his wishes never could be met by her.”

Such, in brief, were Grace’s replies to Mr. De Lisle. That they were entirely unsatisfactory—that he was sure she formed far too high an estimate of himself, and depreciated herself, making a wide separation of thoughts, feelings, tastes, while he was sure there existed the closest sympathy of sentiment,—and all such course of remarks, will so naturally occur to our readers, that we need not repeat them, only so far as to say, they made no change in Grace.

Having afforded Mr. De Lisle all the opportunity he could desire, listening with the utmost kindness and respect to all he had to say, Grace rose, and Mr. De Lisle, following her example, said—

“Dear Grace, is this the last time I may be permitted to address you on this subject?”

“I beg it may be,” said Grace. “It cannot but be as hopeless for you as it would be distressing to me—and on this question my mind is made up.”

She offered to take his arm, which, till now, she had never accepted without some degree of embarrassment, and Mr. De Lisle and Grace walked in silence back to the Clifton House. As they entered the parlor, they found the party had returned, and were assembled in full tide of playful chat. Mrs. Smith discovered, from the looks both of Grace and Mr. De Lisle, that some disclosure had taken place, for they sat in silence, and Mr. De Lisle in a fit of deep abstraction.

When the party broke up and went to their rooms, Grace accompanied Mrs. Smith to her chamber, and, for the first time in her life, made a full disclosure of the state of her heart, and of the declaration of Mr. De Lisle. She concluded by saying—

"My mother has placed me under your kind care, and directed me to advise with you as I would have done with herself. I deem it due to Mr. De Lisle, and I need it for myself, to ask your counsel, and to tell me if I have deported myself towards him with all truthfulness and delicacy." She expressed, frankly, her admiration for the talents and principles of Mr. De Lisle, and her deep consciousness of her inability ever to sustain the preference he had expressed, and her convictions that such unions were, of all others, the most miserable a woman can form.

Mrs. Smith listened with all the sympathy of one whose heart had in itself deeply suffered from the alienation of a husband's sympathies. She knew the truthfulness of all Grace had said; but she felt her young friend had undervalued herself; that she had set her standard too high, and that it was neither desirable nor possible that a wife should keep pace with the intellectual culture of a husband, especially a professional gentleman, however desirable this might be.

She expressed these views to Grace, and endeavored to show the hopelessness of her expectancy of finding just such a husband as she had imagined to suit herself. That though they might commence life at the same point, the parallelism could never be sustained. She told her the story of her dear friend Helen, of the sacrifice she made of life itself, in the fruitless task of keeping up with the acquirements of her lover, and that she must, and ought to be content to submit to the conditions of life in which God and society placed her. That the spheres in which husbands and wives were destined to move, the duties they were required to perform, were essentially different; and the bond of union was love and sympathy, which both equally required of the other, and which were, in a good degree, independent of a greater or less amount of intellectual cultivation. That she must feel that in Mr. De Lisle there existed these bonds of love and sympathy. Few men were formed in a mould so admirably fitted for the relations of married life. He had stood the test of the seductive influences of society; his habits were all favorable for domestic life; his home would be the centre of his happiness, and his wife the sun of his sphere. "From whom," she asked Grace, "of all you have ever known, could you hope to find such sympathy and support? And then, too, my dearest Grace," continued Mrs. Smith, folding her in her arms, "you may hope for those ties of affection which have been denied me. God knows how different a being I might have been, had it been my happiness to have been encircled by a group of happy faces, claiming me as their mother!"

Here Mrs. Smith ceased to speak. Grace felt it was fitting

she should retire, and kissing Mrs. Smith, she assured her "she would fully reflect on all she had said to her."

This conversation had its weight upon Grace. She felt the force of these remarks as applicable to others; but when Mr. De Lisle was to be considered, and his *beau-idéal* came to be remembered, and contrasted with herself, she was assured they were inapplicable in her case. There were some tender emotions of sympathy for Mr. De Lisle, and her heart pleaded his cause against the convictions of her judgment, so severe upon herself, yet so just for him, and she quieted herself by saying, "Ah, he doesn't know me; but he shall know me: I will conceal nothing, and he will see my entire unworthiness and incapacity to fill up the measure of his requirements. This is due to him—it is due to myself, and he will respect me, though he will cease to love me;" and so this dear girl fell asleep with the sweet consciousness of perfect rectitude.

The next morning the guests assembled as usual on the verandah before breakfast, and Mr. De Lisle was standing apart by himself, in deep thought. The moment he heard Grace's voice, he looked at her with an expression of sadness, which was instantly dispelled by her approaching him with a smile, and offering her hand, an unusual act of courtesy. He was at once bright and buoyant. Grace conversed with him with an ease and freedom which he had not often witnessed, and as lovers usually look upon the bright side of things, it inspired him with hope, and he was happy. He little guessed the motives which were actuating Grace, though they were at once discovered by Mrs. Smith, who could not but smile at the strange method Grace was taking to cure Mr. De Lisle of the *love-mania*, with which he was so deeply afflicted. And fearing that her methods of cure might aggravate the symptoms, she found an opportunity of communicating the exact state of Grace's heart, and counseled him to leave to time to work, not a cure of his love, but to inspire Grace with that confidence in herself, which would result in the accomplishment of his hopes. Mr. De Lisle was grateful to be counseled. His love certainly was in no danger of subsiding under the regimen to which he was to be subjected, and he only feared he had not the self-control, to keep in strict abeyance every manifestation of his earnest and devoted affection; but as Mrs. Smith was imperative, he promised to do all he possibly could, expressing his own convictions that her counsel was the best advice he could receive.

There now joined them Mr. and Mrs. Gracie, and their lovely daughter Jane, the Fourierist, and her "Cousin Richard," from the other side of the Falls. This was a delightful addition to our party, and Mrs. Smith was in the highest spirits.

"Now," she said, "as soon as Colonel and Mrs. Worth arrive, we shall have our party complete, and then we will go and see how Adela Tripp is getting on with her dashing Irishman!" for Mrs. Smith had a warm feeling of admiration for Adela, in spite of the bad example she had set to the young ladies of Babylon.

On the arrival of her father and mother, Grace lost no time in communicating to her mother her interview with Mr. De Lisle; her own convictions of what was due to herself and due to Mr. De Lisle, and the course of conduct she had determined to adopt. Mrs. Worth listened with the tender sympathy of a mother; she approved of all she had done, and concluded by saying to her child—

"It may be, Grace, that a more perfect knowledge of yourself and of Mr. De Lisle may induce you to surmount these now *insurmountable* objections. This, time will show; in the meanwhile, no course could be pursued more worthy of yourself, or more respectful toward Mr. De Lisle, who will doubtless communicate with me, and to whom I shall express my approval of your conduct; and I am sure he will not think you the less worthy of his affectionate respect, though he may never succeed in making a union with you—an idea less acceptable than it seems to be to you at this moment."

As Mrs. Worth anticipated, Mr. De Lisle had a full and manly conversation with her. He declared that his attachment to Grace had increased every day that he had had the pleasure of enjoying in her society; and he spoke of the hopes he entertained that her fears of accepting him would eventually be obliterated.

Mrs. Worth saw deeper into the heart of her Grace than she could see. She knew these mountains, so heaven high, would grow less, and she was well content that time should produce its salutary and desirable results. She felt, too, these very objections urged by Grace, must hereafter act as a shield to her child's happiness, and that a man of Mr. De Lisle's high sense of honor, would guard against the tendencies to which all men are exposed, (and especially professional men of a city,) of leaving their wives to find their happiness in pursuits diverse from their own.

Mr. De Lisle adopted the course advised at first by Mrs. Smith, and approved by Mrs. Worth. He waived the direct avowal of his love; but this having been made, gave him privileges of which he availed himself with all the delicacy and refinement which his own nature prompted, and which the presence of Grace naturally inspired. They were frequently alone, and Grace had no longer the shrinking timidity which had been before self-imposed; and this daily intercourse had its desired effect. It rendered



Grace more certain of herself, more familiar with the thoughts and sentiments of Mr. De Lisle, which he lost no fitting opportunity frankly to disclose.

As for Jane Gracie and her "Cousin Richard," they were at sword-points as much as ever. Jane never failed at a *repartee* when she had no good argument. It was her sad mistake not to see the vast difference which exists between wit and repartee. The one is allied to humor, and renders more bright and beautiful what was pure gold before; but *repartee*, while it adds nothing to the thought which suggests it, interrupts the conversation, turns aside the attention to strange contrasts which a bright mind alone can discover, and keeps a circle in a state of wonder not unlike that of the sailor at the juggler's show, who, coming down in a soft place, after having been blown up by an accident, scratched his head and coolly exclaimed, "I wonder what this fellow will do next!" And with Jane (as in the experience of most of our young friends), when her repartees were not *bright*, all that was so lost, was more than made up by their *pungency*—and greatly at poor Cousin Richard's expense, who never made a pun in his life—did not always comprehend them when others saw the flash and felt the thrust, though he was most frequently the object of these "passages" of skill;—being somewhat in the condition of the giant, in the famous story, who, when cut in halves by the magical sword of the dwarf, had to shake himself, and so fall in pieces, before he knew the extent of the injury he had received. And yet Cousin Richard was a man of fine sense, varied acquirements, and possessed, too, of a fund of grave and most pleasant humor, which often sparkled into wit. But, strange as it may seem, Jane *at times* thought Richard a dull man.

At the Falls the mornings of Richard were spent in rambles over the hills with his hammer and bag, in search of specimens, leaving ample time for Jane to tell Mrs. Smith all her sad experiences with him, and her fears that they never would be happy together. Indeed, both sought to make her the repository of their separate griefs and fears; but in despite of all this, to Mrs. Smith it was evident that these two dissimilar beings were of all others in the world best fitted for each other; and her advice was to cease disputing upon topics of which time would show them the folly; but Jane was pugnacious, and Richard conscientious. So matters stood as before.

Jane, as is usual with young ladies, had more grief than one bosom could hold; and though Mrs. Smith was very patient in listening to her, yet she sometimes was very severe in her reproofs; and as Grace Worth was at hand, she selected her as the

reservoir, into whose bosom all her excess of sorrows could be poured without stint. There was one good effect resulting from these conversations with Grace, which bore upon herself. She plainly saw how strongly and supremely love could subsist with great diversities of opinion, and, too, upon subjects just as momentous in the mind of Grace, as they could appear to "Cousin Richard;" and she could not but observe the unity of thought and feeling subsisting between Mr. De Lisle and herself, and felt how unspeakably happy Jane would be if she, too, was but possessed of a like harmony of sentiments with her dear "Cousin Richard." The advice which Grace, with all the earnestness of a heart-felt sympathy, gave Jane, had its reflex influence upon herself. The very arguments she urged could have been turned upon herself, and often as she thought over the incidents of the day, the image of Mr. De Lisle, and her own arguments to Jane on behalf of Cousin Richard, would recur; but then she felt they were all untrue, when applied to herself.

"Oh! no, the case is very different;" and puzzling herself to define the precise line of difference, she would fall asleep, to dream of Mr. De Lisle; always dreams full of sweet visions of future happiness.

The party now proceeded to Quebec, and immediately on their arrival, were called on by Colonel Greenwood. The colonel kindly inquired into their plans, and proposed various objects worthy of their notice. Adela soon after arrived, accompanied by her husband, and was delighted to see them all: they were the first visitors from Babylon whom she was willing to recognize as her friends, and she determined to make them useful and effective.

Mrs. Smith at once entered into her views, and imparted her own wishes to her party, which they all warmly espoused. The next day, under the escort of Colonel Greenwood and Doyle, they visited Fort Diamond. In the evening, they all attended a *soirée* at the Governor General's, to which they were invited, and were duly presented by Colonel Greenwood to the Governor, his lady and suit, and the splendidly dressed array of officers present, as well as to their ladies. The week ensuing passed away in a constant succession of visits made and received; and Colonel Greenwood distinguished Grace by his courtesies. She became the admiration of the entire corps of Goldstream-gentlemen, and Adela did not lose the opportunity of playing the part of her very dear friend. The impression made upon the officers and their ladies, was every way fortunate for Adela, and at once determined her position; and no one was more delighted than Doyle, by the attentions paid to his wife by Colonel Worth and his friends.

Adela gave a splendid party, which the lady of the Governor General and all his suite attended, and in which she shone with distinguished beauty and entire success: so that the most prejudiced and critical could not but admire her fine manners and admirable tact. It was resplendent with gold lace and epaulettes, and Grace was reluctantly compelled to attempt the arduous task of dancing with Colonel Greenwood, who would not be refused.

Their stay was prolonged by the constant variety of engagements with which they found themselves invested through the friendship of Colonel Greenwood and the politeness of his numerous friends, and terminated by a dinner given them by Colonel Greenwood, at which Grace found herself the conspicuous object of attention and attraction. Indeed, during her visit, the cadets, following the safe-lead of their Colonel, were unbounded in their admiration, and some half-dozen felt themselves impelled to go down the Lakes with the party to be sure of their safe landing on the shores of their own country. All expressed their earnest hope to be permitted to renew their acquaintance on their way home, a consummation most devoutly wished, for they all affirmed the atmosphere of Hyde Park was far more congenial than the snows of Canada. On parting, they all were assured of a warm welcome on their arrival at Babylon.

Early in October, Colonel Worth and his friends found themselves snugly seated by their several firesides. By no one were they so warmly welcomed as by Mrs. Tripp, to whom they brought confidential letters from Adela, fully advising her of the admirable results of their timely visit upon her social position. All was now plain before her. She had been regarded with suspicion, but this had been dispersed by the kindness of these her best friends. Now all doubts were dispelled, all foes disarmed, and she was perfectly happy. And in a P. S., as is usual with ladies, she appended what Mrs. Tripp deemed the most important, the pleasing intelligence that Doyle had represented matters to her more gloomy than they really were, for he had forgotten to tell her that an aunt had given him thirty thousand pounds sterling, on his entrance into the Coldstream Guards; but what was so large a sum to her, had been accounted for by him in so small a word as his "pay," the interest being the sum he had been always accustomed to spend in the corps.

Mr. De Lisle's attentions to Grace, on their return to the city, gradually assumed the quiet aspect of acknowledged attentions: and unconsciously to herself, Grace found herself divested of all her insurmountable obstacles and fearful objections. They had been imperceptibly surmounted, or had in some way strangely disappeared. As mountains whose summits mingle with the

clouds, are ascended step by step, slowly and surely, till we find ourselves descending again into the valley, without toil or fatigue, so with the "Hills of Difficulty" in the way of Grace's pilgrimage. All these were as by magic surmounted, so that, when Mr. De Lisle again renewed his earnest declarations "of increasing love, and more assured confidence, and urged her to confer upon him the highest and best gift of life," with the sanction of her parents and the approval of her own heart, she sweetly consented.

Grace could not but impart the great secret of her life to Mrs. Smith, begging her to keep it a secret, as she wished to avoid all those sneers and jeers with which, in fashionable circles, as in other circles, though doubtless with more refinement of phrase, but with the same feelings of petty malice, every match is scrutinized and canvassed. "The marriage would take place in January, at her father's seat in the country, and Jane was to be her only bridesmaid, and Cousin Richard to be Mr. De Lisle's groomsmen, so that it would be all kept a secret by their own especial friends. To you, dear Mrs. Smith," said Grace, "I have imparted it first of all; for to you I am most deeply indebted for the happiness I hope and believe I shall possess."

Mrs. Smith was delighted beyond measure. She embraced Grace again and again: "Dear Grace, I knew it would end so—I ever felt it was one of the marriages which Fielding's Mrs. Honor was wont to say 'are made in heaven, and which all the Justices of the Peace on earth could not hinder.'"

Grace smiled, and was happy. The decision once made, her spirits resumed their graceful buoyancy, and the serenity and sweet aspect of her face manifested the fullness of her joy and the sunshine of her soul.

Mr. De Lisle called the same day to express his grateful acknowledgments to Mrs. Smith, and to tell her of his happiness; and though accustomed to great self-control, he now indulged himself in giving license to the expression of his joy, and the bright anticipations of his future life. "I have," he said, "lived a life of too great seclusion—I have been of but little value to the society by which I have been surrounded. I have had no motive to develop qualities of heart which I know I possess—and have worn an air of coldness when my heart has longed for sympathy—but now I have a motive for effort, and I know I am equal to all the duties which love and friendship demand at my hands."

Indeed, it was evident to Mrs. Smith, that Grace had the surest grounds of hope that, as a wife, she would be most eminently happy.

Mrs. Smith now became possessed of "one grand idea"—it was to give a splendid wedding party to Grace, and to introduce

Grace as a bride to the astonished Babylonians. This she would have imparted to her husband the moment the idea arose in her mind, with the fullest assurance of his acquiescence, but he was from home, and so for three days she had nothing to do but arrange all the details of the important subject, in readiness for his approval.

On his return, so soon as the welcome was over, Mrs. Smith, with a look bright with yet increasing joyfulness, cried out, clapping her hands, as she said it—

“My precious husband! I have such delightful news to tell you.”

“And what is it, love? You are always getting up agreeable surprises, but this seems to have surprised yourself. I must not be teased now—so you must tell me at once.”

“Oh! you will be so happy. Yes, I am happy! *It is* an agreeable surprise truly, and one for which we are indebted to our dearest Grace and Mr. De Lisle. They are to be married!”

“I am indeed delighted,” said Mr. Smith; “Mr. De Lisle, dear wife, is a very distinguished man; and is worthy even of Grace Worth, whom I certainly love next to yourself.”

“You need not say *next*—I won't be jealous if you tell me you love her better than you love me. I'm sure I don't see how it *can* be otherwise,” said Mrs. Smith.

“It is even so, that of all and above all living beings, I love my wife best. It is, indeed, a most remarkable fact, but, my dear, I never knew how much I loved you, till I was all but dead with dread, lest I should lose you ‘last winter.’”

There was a sort of chill came over Mrs. Smith at this allusion, but she soon recovered her look of animation.

“Now, my dear husband,” said Mrs. Smith, as they seated themselves on a small sofa before the grate, “this is a *great secret*, and you must not breathe it to any one.”

Mr. Smith smiled and bowed his acquiescence.

“And now,” continued the wife, “I have to let you into another secret, which is entirely my own, and which you must also keep a profound secret.”

The husband bowed his promises to fidelity.

“You must help me to get up an agreeable surprise for the occasion, something worthy of our love and their friendship.”

“Certainly, my love, with all my heart!” said Mr. Smith, thinking it was some splendid gift.

“I thank you! I knew you would comply with my wishes. Well, then, husband, I mean to give Grace a splendid wedding—”

“Dress!” said Mr. Smith, helping out his wife with a smile and a word.

"Dress!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "No, indeed, a splendid wedding party."

Mr. Smith threw his arm affectionately round his wife, and drawing her towards him—

"Never! never. Oh! you have survived one party, and I will never hazard another. Anything but a party! I will present Grace with a service of gold plate, costing fifty thousand dollars, if it will please you, but no more parties. I hate them here, I hate them everywhere. The recollection of your party never comes to me but with a shudder of terror. You know, my love, I *cannot consent*. I have said it—I cannot!"

"My precious husband!" said Mrs. Smith, now folding her arms around his neck, and looking very prettily into his eyes. "how can you be so cruel?"

"Cruel? I am not cruel. I cannot, I will not risk the life of one whom I so love."

"Dear husband, are you not very, very foolish, to suppose I shall be sick if I should give another party. You know, dear, it was my first attempt, and was attended with some mishaps which can be guarded against, and, too," kissing him as she said it, "you won't scold me if they should!"

It would seem hardly possible to have resisted such an appeal; but Mr. Smith, with all his love, was still Mr. John Smith, and seizing upon the allusion, he said,

"My dear Julia, I don't see any better methods of lighting your house now than then, and you know what I then said; *then*, my dear wife, in a tone of anger, which you have long since forgiven." Here his wife stopped his speech, by closing his mouth with her hand. "Well, love, let me finish my sentence;—but which I *can never forget*—I now remember with solicitude and tenderest love, I *swore* you should never give another party in any house of mine, until you had lamps which never burned dim."

"No, you didn't swear!" said the lady, "and if you did, I never married an old Mede or Persian, but Mr. John Smith, a native of the great republic of Babylonia, who change their Constitutional laws just as often as it suits them; and then construe it as they please to understand it. Now, I don't understand that I *have lived, do live, or will live* under any such outlandish, old-fashioned, and obsolete laws. I am a fashionable wife, and the only laws I obey, are the laws of '*good society*,' and they imperatively demand of me to give a splendid wedding party to Grace Worth, and, dearest, it *must* be given."

And, as when places besieged, they are usually, in the last resort, carried by assault, so Mrs. Smith rose, and seating her-

self on her husband's knee, put her arms round his neck and kissed him, till the stern look which had been gathering on his brow was entirely cleared away. "There, now," said Mrs. Smith, "let us hear no more of these Medes and Persians. I have put them all to flight."

"But, seriously, my love, be entreated of me not to give this party. If you will but find out some other way of expressing your affection and mine, I shall be so pleased."

Mrs. Smith was quite touched by this appeal. It was quite another matter than inflexible laws. Sitting for an instant in silence, she looked up, and said—

"No, my precious husband! parties I must give sometimes, and I will commence with one to Grace. I *must* give parties or go out of the world, and that I am not ready to do yet."

Mr. Smith then begged to have a respite until the next morning, and so the matter stood. And the next morning, at the breakfast table, Mrs. Smith recalled his attention to her request: she discovered, before she said a word, that there were no indications of a speedy compliance. Still the question must be settled, and the sooner the better.

"My dear wife," said the husband, as he rose from the table, having listened to all the representations of the imperative obligations resting upon her to give a grand party during the winter, and how delighted Grace would be, and how certain she should be of success, which would forever obliterate the recollections of the misfortunes of the first party—"My dear wife, I remember, with deep mortification, the incidents of that party, and its all but fatal termination. I said then, and I say now, when you can light up your parlors with lamps that never burn dim, I will consent, but never till then. *You may give a party if you will, but never with my consent.*"

And so saying, they arose from the table, both of them grieved, but yet without any feelings of estrangement, for Mrs. Smith was as affectionate in her leave-taking of her husband as ever. He left to attend to his business engagements, and his wife to think of the possibility of meeting his seemingly insurmountable requisitions.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Mrs. Smith's second "Grand Party"—Mrs. Smith can't find lamps which suit her husband—Goes to Mrs. Van Dam's party, given to the Dons of the springs—Sees the lamps of the Gentleman in Black—Her sad mistake—Peter's letter to Mrs. Smith—The feelings of a lady on hearing the first carriage roll up—The party opens—The cadets of the Coldstream Guards arrive—Entry of the Worths—The supper—Grace makes two converts—Character of the "Impracticables"—The last point of *high finish* in a fashionable lady—Colonel Worth and party leave—The guests begin to disperse—Dancing saloon towards morning—Katrine Van Tromp elopes with Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto—Mr. and Mrs. Smith, with Maria, go to their chamber—Side scenes as described by Maria—Mrs. Smith and Maria go down to the saloon, leaving Mr. Smith asleep—Supper of the servants—"Uncle Tim's" speech in reply to a toast complimentary to "his young mistress"—Tom Jones' toast—Uproar thereon—Uncle Tim toasts Mrs. Smith, who comes from behind a screen, and replies in person—On her way to her room, meets Peter in the saloon—Peter's story—His explanation—State of Mrs. Smith's "reputation robes"—Mrs. Smith begs him to stay in Babylon—As Peter is about saying his last words, he hears the step of the Gentleman in Black—Mrs. Smith rushes up to her chamber—Scene behind the curtains.

Mrs. SMITH now commenced a series of experiments which resulted in unvarying failures. The *Sinumbra*, the *Dome Argand*, *Girard's*, *Parker's*, *Thilorier's hydrostatic* lamps, and every variety she could find in the shops of Babylon, were all tried, but none stood the test enforced by her husband.

Poor Mrs. Smith was in despair! She proposed the introduction of gas, but her husband objected to defacing the walls, and especially the beautifully painted and gilded ceilings, from burning the gas, and the hazard of leaking; and Mrs. Smith, herself, had insurmountable objections to lighting up her friends by the ghastly glare of gas. She thought it made rooms look too much like apothecaries' shops, and so week after week passed away, and she often wished there was such a being as the Gentleman in Black, and that he could be induced to have supplied her with those beautiful lamps she had seen in the mirror. And though he became more and more a doubtful character with Mrs. Smith, she never doubted that such lamps as his really existed in some part of the world.



Who can describe the despair of a lady known to possess a fine suite of rooms and rich furniture, with an assortment of debts of society weighing upon her, and reduced to absolute insolvency by the invincible determination of her husband? She remonstrated in vain. She showed him that the course adopted by him was the very way to keep alive their dreadful failure in the memory of her guests, (and which she did not now fail to exaggerate,) all which, she assured Mr. Smith, would be forgiven and forgotten by the grand party she could give, and would give.

In her despair, she now really wished the Gentleman in Black would reappear—his lamps would be cheap at any price. And as to what he had asked in exchange, "what was it? a trifle, perhaps a lock of hair—something, certainly, which she did not care for." And so she mused till her *vision* assumed the shape of reality, and she regretted the puncture of a lancet had forever destroyed the only hope she had of giving another party—but so it was. And though she often mused in this way in the very seat she had before occupied, no obliging Gentleman in Black ever came, until, her mind recovering its healthful tone, she saw the folly of these imaginings, and was trying to discipline her mind to relinquish what was, at the time, an absorbing idea—one that had so much to recommend it, and which it was with the greatest pain she thought of relinquishing.

In such a state of mind, Mrs. Smith received an invitation to a grand party to be given by Mrs. Van Dam to the Mexican *millionaire* and his suite, who were daily expected in Babylon. This was the opening party of the season, and now all her griefs were renewed. She told her husband, "as she could give no parties, she would go to none," and had written her note of declination, when Grace came in, and told Mrs. Smith her mother would be unable to attend Mrs. Van Dam's party, as she was compelled to go with the colonel out of town, and that she had come to ask her to be her *chaperon* on that evening. Mrs. Smith told her she had just written a note declining the invitation. Grace begged her not to send it, for, unless she would consent to go, she must stay at home, and she could not subject herself to the annoyances she might be compelled to meet, if she went alone with Mr. De Lisle. As the result of her entreaties, joined to those of her husband, the note was destroyed, greatly to the comfort of both, and, it must be confessed, Mrs. Smith was glad of so good an apology to herself for her acceptance.

The night on which the party "came off" was intensely cold, and made a pleasant contrast to the summer warmth of the hall they entered. To the astonishment of Mrs. Smith, the splendid parlors of the Van Dams were dazzling with light, descending

from the very lamps shown by the Gentleman in Black. She gazed with wonder. The rooms were already thronged with company; and the "Ogre-eye" of the Mexican, with his tortoise-shell eyeglass, met her at every turn, looking her through and through, and she thought his smile never seemed more sinister and malicious. The Misses Van Dams were assiduously attended by their young Dons, and Katrine Van Tromp appeared, in all the magnificence of her fine form, with Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto at her elbow.

Everything was magnificent, and the party was a bright and joyous one. Mrs. Smith shielded Grace from the many sly allusions which embarrassed her fair friend, and as soon as supper was announced, Grace, pleading the indisposition of "Uncle Tim," a favorite servant of her father's, and an especial pet of her own, retired, under the escort of Mr. De Lisle, leaving Mrs. Smith to find her way home under the care of some friend, as Mr. Smith was away from home.

Mrs. Smith enjoyed the party, and was everywhere welcomed with kindness. General Montmorris was especially attentive to her, and the hours flew till the time of dispersing came. As the rooms began to thin off, she looked around for the Gentleman in Black, but no Gentleman in Black made his appearance; so she determined to wait till all were gone. She looked at her watch; it was three o'clock, and there the lamps were, burning and blazing in undiminished splendor, as brightly as if just lighted.

The Van Dams were evidently annoyed at her stay, and supposed she was waiting for her husband. The General yawned, and fell fast asleep. Mrs. Van Dam was evidently worn out; but Mrs. Smith put forth all her powers, and talked over every topic likely to interest her and the young ladies—of their party, the ladies there, the gentlemen, their dresses, and especially of the young Dons, whom Mrs. Smith, for the first time, now greatly admired. She succeeded to her satisfaction with the young ladies, but Mrs. Van Dam was all the while half-asleep, when the door opened, and the servant came in, and said, in a "stage aside":—

"John says, Mrs. Smith, that he's fearful the horses will die of cold. He's been here these two hours."

Mrs. Smith was compelled to leave, and Mrs. Van Dam accompanied her to the room where her shawls and cloaks were placed, almost dead with sleep. When Mrs. Smith was all shawled, and cloaked, and bonneted, and about to go, she felt herself impelled to say to Mrs. Van Dam:—

"Do tell me, when and where you last met the Gentleman in Black?"

Mrs. Van Dam said, with some surprise—"Gentleman in Black! who is he? what do you mean?" waking up to what seemed to her a sly insinuation pointing to Rev. Doctor Verdant Green.

"My dear Mrs. Van Dam, I refer to the Gentleman in Black who supplied you with your unspeakably splendid lamps. He offered to supply me, but I fear I have, in some way, mortally offended him."

Mrs. Van Dam now recalled all she had heard from Mrs. Tripp. "Gracious heavens!" she exclaimed, now wide awake, "and do you think I deal with the devil? or that I would sell my soul for the sake of having my rooms well lighted? No, madam, you may save your soul, and have your rooms lighted to your heart's content, by buying lamps where I bought mine—of *Mr. Augustus Diacon*, a gentleman *in black*, it may be, but not the *black gentleman* you speak of."

Poor Mrs. Smith was speechless! She hurried to her carriage. She now saw the dreadful delusion she had been under. She would gladly have relinquished the long sought-for lamps, and saw, at a glance, the ridicule to which she should be exposed. And she thought, with bitterness of spirit, of the breach of confidence on the part of Grace or of Mr. De Lisle, the only persons to whom she had ever related her vision of the Gentleman in Black—but now there was no escape.

The next day, Grace called at an early hour, and when Mrs. Smith looked into her fair face, she felt certain of her innocence, but she could not refrain from telling her how deeply she had been pained and mortified by what had been said to her by Mrs. Van Dam, and at Mr. De Lisle's breach of confidence. Grace flushed at the charge upon Mr. De Lisle, and replied:—

"I will stake my life upon Mr. De Lisle's trustfulness; and I am certain Mrs. Van Dam has obtained all this from some one else."

"How could she, dearest Grace? I never spoke of it but to you and Mr. De Lisle, and I need no assurances from you, to know *you* are innocent."

"I am, dear Mrs. Smith, and so is Mr. De Lisle. And have you never been told, that, on being restored from your swoon, you talked for days and days, incessantly, about the Gentleman in Black, and lamps that never burned dim, and poor Peter Schlemihl? And this was well known to all that called."

"Ah! was it so? Dear Grace, I beg Mr. De Lisle's pardon. It's all explained. Yes, I must endure the jests my dear friends will inflict. But these lamps? Where have they been, that I never heard of them?"

"I believe," said Grace, "the depôt has recently been established in this city, and they are French lamps."

"Nothing can save me, dear Grace," replied Mrs. Smith, with a sad smile; "the lamps *I must have*."

They were purchased, and the inflexible demand of Mr. Smith was fully met. His only hope of saving his wife from the excitement of a grand party (her "evenings at home" had been long since resumed), was at an end, and he submitted to the infliction with the best possible grace. Mrs. Smith was now amply repaid for her anxieties, by the delightful earnestness manifested by her husband, to fulfil her every wish. Still there were pangs of wretchedness when she thought of Mrs. Van Dam, and the Gentleman in Black.

She, however, busied herself in all the details of her party. Her visiting list had considerably increased. It was no longer a question with her whom she should invite, but whom she should drop, for, though her circle had been enlarged, her rooms had not. Few ladies but have made this discovery before, and who do not know the perplexities which are attendant upon selections to be made under like circumstances.

Mr. Smith attended to everything which could add to the beauty and splendor of her saloons; he engaged the best *Restaurateur* to provide and serve the supper. All things were ready, and the day of the party had arrived. It was a beautiful clear day, and there were so many acceptances, and so few declined, as to assure Mrs. Smith that there would be no failure from want of guests. The reputation of Mrs. Smith's evenings, which were carefully selected and restricted, had given her quite an enviable notoriety, and everybody had an interest in seeing this attractive lady.

Grace had been married to Mr. De Lisle two days before, as had been proposed, and no one knew of it, and the marriage was to be announced at the party. This accorded with Mrs. Smith's wishes, and was pleasing to Grace, who felt no better way could be devised to go through the ordeal of being shown up as a bride.

While Mr. and Mrs. Smith were breakfasting, Tom Jones, their footman, brought in as usual the morning mail, and Mr. Smith threw to Mrs. Smith some twenty notes or more, addressed to his wife. She opened one after another, carelessly, when she threw one to her husband.

"See there! the Van Dams, notwithstanding all my refusals, insist on bringing those odious Mexicans here."

"Well, dearest, let them come; they are not so large as Katrine Van Tromp, all put together."

Mrs. Smith opened another note. "Was there ever any one so

foolishly anxious about his wife's health, as Frank Stanly!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, holding up a note.

"Read it, love," said Mr. Smith, as he helped himself to another platter of buckwheat cakes, which the servant had brought piping hot, "done brown on both sides," to the table.

Mrs. Smith read the note, as follows:—

*"La Grange Square, Monday evening.*

"My very dear Mrs. SMITH:—I read your kind note to Frank, refusing my declination, and begged him to allow me the gratification of being present at your party. I know it will be a delightful one, and you tell me, there is to be an 'agreeable surprise,' which I must not miss. Without any such intimation, I do truly long to be with you; but my dear husband says I have not been well of late, 'that my health forbids it;' and so, dearest Mrs. Smith, you must forgive me if I decline—and I regret to say, I can't persuade Frank to go without me: but so it is, I must learn from some of our 'evening circle,' all the particulars. My best wishes attend you, and I should be most grateful to share in all the pleasures, not forgetting the 'agreeable surprise,' which you know so well how to prepare for your friends.

"Always most affectionately yours,

"JANET STRAHAN STANLY."

"When he's been married a dozen years," said Mrs. Smith, as she pettishly threw down the note, and opened another, "he will be more considerate of his wife's wishes, and the claims of those who love her as well as himself."

"I am sure, my love," said Mr. Smith, "I would, in *his case*, act as he does."

The remark was lost on Mrs. Smith, who made an exclamation, as she read the note just opened, with all eagerness and riveted attention; she looked up in amazement.

"What is the matter, love?" asked Mr. Smith, with an earnestness of concern.

"Read that note, husband!" handing him the note. He read it aloud, as follows:—

"My dear Mrs. SMITH:—Permit one of the humblest of your friends to warn you of a conspiracy to make your party to-night a signal failure. And I pray you, obtain the services of a new set of waiters for your supper. Those whom you have hired are all foreigners, and are enlisted to defeat your hopes, and to disgrace you, if possible, by their well-contrived schemes. Be sure of this, and believe me to be devotedly and truly *your friend*,

"PETER SCHLEMIHL."

"This, my dearest," said Mr. Smith, as he laid down the note, "is a poor joke, played off by some good-natured friend, who has been omitted in your list of invitations."

"Oh no! I fear there is some mischief planned, and I shall be miserable till this party is over."

"My dear love," replied Mr. Smith, "this note asks you to do what is very readily attained—and if it will give you any relief, I will obtain a dozen first rate waiters from the Babylonian hotel, upon whose ability and integrity I have all confidence, and indeed, as I know them, I shall prefer to do so."

"Thank you, dear husband! do so, and I shall be restored to my ease of mind."

"Give yourself no concern about this note. The request, if made by a friend, will be met; if it comes from some mischief maker, the object is so contemptible as to be of no manner of consequence." So saying, Mr. Smith took his wonted kiss, and left the house.

The hour came. Mrs. Smith was splendidly attired. There was, in spite of herself, a dread of some unforeseen mishap, which might ruin her second grand party. The new waiters made their appearance, and every thing which could be devised for the success of the party, had been attended to.

Mrs. Smith's heart beat rapidly, as she heard the wheels of the first carriage, and of the letting down of the steps, at her door. The throngs which now came in, in rapid succession, fully occupied her thoughts. She received her guests with all grace and serenity of manner. The Van Dams brought their Dons, and Mrs. Van Dam led up the senior Jago, whose bows were more than usually profound. The Van Tromps were attended by Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto, who devoted himself, as usual, to Katrine, and indeed, his ignorance of all languages but Spanish, seemed to render this necessary.

But if there were some guests, who were as unexpected as they were unwelcome, Mrs. Smith was repaid by the agreeable surprise of seeing Lieutenant De Roos, and eight other young officers of the Coldstream Guards, enter. She had playfully sent cards to these cadets of nobility, as soon as she had decided on the evening, and they told her, Colonel Greenwood sent them as his representatives, and to supply his place. This was certainly a very distinguished mark of their friendship, as well as of Colonel Greenwood's politeness; and Mrs. Smith took great pleasure in presenting them to the most beautiful and attractive of her young friends. They all inquired eagerly for Miss Grace Worth, and were told playfully, she would soon be among them, as delighted to see them as they could possibly be to see her. In the

meanwhile, they must be content with the lovely girls she should present them to.

Near ten o'clock, Colonel Worth and Mrs. Worth, Mr. and Mrs. De Lisle, Jane and cousin Richard, all entered the saloon together. Grace shone a divinity! and was presented as "Mrs. De Lisle." De Lisle was calm and happy, and received the congratulations offered him, with all frankness, and Grace returned the thousand kisses she received with grateful expressions of her thanks for the kind wishes all expressed for her. The surprise was complete, and shed its sunshine over the party, and Mrs. Smith forgot it was possible for lamps ever to burn dim.

When the cadets of the Coldstream Guards found Grace was a bride, there seemed a little hesitancy and disappointment, at first, but this was dispelled by the warmth of the reception each and all received from her and Mrs. Worth. They forgot their disappointment in the gayety around them, and consoled themselves by their undivided attentions to the sweet girls who had kindly assumed the task of making this evening bright and joyous, by their smiles and beauty. And, during the evening, they were objects of special admiration, when it was known that some were real "live lords," and the least distinguished had the prefix of an honorable to their names.

As for Mrs. Tripp, she was altogether beside herself, for the pleasure of meeting these associates of Adela. It was a triumph to her to be presented as the mother of Mrs. Doyle—to receive the kind compliments paid by them to Adela, who, they said, was the favorite of all in garrison. She did not forget to present Josephine, who, with an adroitness worthy of her parentage, managed to attach a slip of a lord to herself, for the entire evening, and made the most of him, to the great chagrin of many young ladies, then and there present. Nor could the amiable Mrs. Tripp, as she walked beside her daughter Josephine, who was parading her lord, deny herself the pleasure of a look of triumph at the Van Dams and Katrine Van Tromp, whose pigmy Dons never looked so small in their eyes as they did at that moment.

At midnight, the doors of the supper room were thrown open. The effect was as splendid as light, cut glass and plate could make it. Never was there so gay a party. Never were wines drank with greater *gout*. The young ladies, smiling in beauty, (the realizations of poetic dreams of light and air!) were yet found equal to the task of demolishing most of the miracles of pastry and confectionery, within the reach of their devoted admirers—and some of them showed they could stand the musketry of the champagne corks, with a steadiness worthy of veterans.

But they soon fled the field, leaving to the men of forty, and such like sensible persons, to make a more perfect analysis of the various admirable creations of art and science, submitted for their dissection and deglutition, a work of much care and research. Montmorris, "Old Knick," and other *beaux d'esprit* of Babylon, actually outshone the lustres, by the constant coruscations of their wit. Old Godolphin and Alderman Peterson swore they were nuisances that should be abated, for they forgot to taste what they were eating, for laughing at the drollery and exquisite jests. The toasts drank were as bright and sparkling as the wine in the beakers, and so rapid in succession, as to admit of no very accurate calculation as to the number given.

While such were the sensible and satisfactory enjoyments in the dining-hall, the *juveniles* were happy in the ecstasy of waltzing, in the dancing saloon, to the music of the best band in Babylon.

Mrs. Smith was conscious, at times, of the "evil eye" of that hateful Mexican, as he frequently crossed her path, and whose cold sinister smile for an instant gave her a feeling of disquiet, which, however, the necessity of making replies to the kind remarks of some friend, instantly dispelled. Mrs. Smith was everywhere without effort; going from group to group, and from room to room, she moved with grace, and a happy serenity of manner, which indicated the most perfect self-possession, and enabled her to see that all her guests were happily occupied.

The eyes of no one rested on Mrs. Smith with a more fond and approving smile than those of her husband. He was assiduous in promoting the pleasure of their friends, if not so obviously as his wife, at least always effectively. As they were for an instant standing together in the saloon, after supper, Grace came toward them, leading Jane and cousin Richard. "Dear Mrs. Smith, I have made a convert!" said Grace in a gay tone. "Jane says she is ready to adventure upon the ocean of life under the conduct of cousin Richard, if he will promise to take Mr. De Lisle for his guiding star."

"And I," said cousin Richard, "have agreed to take command, if Jane will promise to follow the example of our dear Mrs. De Lisle."

Mr. and Mrs. Smith both presented them their congratulations, and asked how long it had been since the happy thought occurred to them to adopt the rule of "safe precedents."

"Within these ten minutes!" said Jane. "And so soon as it occurred to me, I told the thought to Richard, and we both at once agreed—for the first time," said the girl, laughing.

"And now it seems surprising to me," said cousin Richard,



"that it never occurred to either of us before. We have agreed never to dispute; and Jane says she will never perpetrate another repaitee at my expense. And if we should ever get at swords' points, we are at once to ask, how would Grace act? and what would Mr. De Lisle say?—and so settle the matter. Don't you think we shall succeed?"

"My dear love," said Mr. Smith, smiling fondly as he addressed his wife, "that would not be a bad plan for us to adopt."

"Now, husband! Grace, my dear, you don't believe *we* ever quarrel and dispute, and say sharp things to each other, as these two children have been wont to do?"

And while this little group of happy souls were so occupied, our good friend Mr. Winterbottom, and Mr. De Lisle, came up.

"What makes you all so merry here?" asked Mr. Winterbottom. And Mrs. Smith, in a lively and graphic way, told of all the trials and sorrows of their young friends, and how they had just discovered the mariner's compass, which was to ensure them a safe voyage on the sea of life, and how Mr. Smith had presumed to say, that she needed just such a leading star for her guidance as that which shone out of the blue heaven of her friend Grace De Lisle's eyes.

Grace insisted on being spared this excess of adulation. "From the crowd around me," said Grace, "on *this* evening, it is to be expected; but from my own friends, I seek and expect the truth."

Mrs. Smith took Mr. Winterbottom's arm, and the group dispersed.

"Ah! my dear madam," said Winterbottom, with a tone of sadness, "what a happy fellow De Lisle is! What a wife he has to make his days days of blessedness. What a fool I have been to let the golden hour of opportunity slip!"

Mrs. Smith, supposing he alluded to the incidents of the last summer, said, "My dear Winterbottom—there are twenty girls in this room who are every way superior to Adela Tripp, and who would readily change their names with you."

"Adela Tripp!" exclaimed Mr. Winterbottom. "You don't suppose I had any wish to unite myself to Adela Tripp?"

"Are you not unjust?" said Mrs. Smith, seriously. "Adela Tripp is the child of a heartless woman—trained to the arts of deception: but I honestly believe Adela Tripp is not without heart, and under proper influences, this would have been developed. And had you married her, as I suppose you could have done last summer, she would have satisfied your eye, if not your heart. Your home would have been bright and beautiful,

and, I think, she would have been, as far as she could be, a good wife."

"But, my dear Mrs. Smith, it is not my eye, but my heart I need filled. Is there a Mrs. Smith—is there a Grace Worth here? If you will but show me one who, in any good degree, resembles either yourself or your dear friend, I pledge you I will marry her 'on sight.'"

Mrs. Smith laughed, and was about to leave him—but he was earnest, and asked her to stay one moment longer.

"You think I made a mistake in not marrying Adela? I really would have done so, but the thought of her artful and managing mother frightened me—was I right?"

"Perhaps you were," said Mrs. Smith. "But, my dear sir, you ought not, and must not expect to inspire love in a Grace Worth, even if I could point her out. Possessed as you are of a large fortune, endowed by nature with warm and generous sentiments, a charity open as the day, there are many most lovable girls who could be inspired with an honest zeal, while you confer on them wealth which they do not possess, to bestow upon you the treasures of love, refinement and talent, with which they are enriched. One of these evenings we will talk this all over, but not now; you see there are some ladies who seem unoccupied; let me task you to do the agreeable to them."

"With pleasure," said Mr. Winterbottom. "Aided by you and De Lisle, and his dear wife, with God's blessing I mean to be a married man before this time next year."

And so he was led to the ladies, introduced, and having a heart more than usually buoyant, really appeared well, looked well, and conversed well.

Mrs. Tripp now met Mrs. Smith. "My dear friend, there never was such a party given as this in Babylon! Adela will be so happy. Oh! if she was only here, how delighted she would be! There never was anything so perfect—never anything so sweetly sustained."

Mrs. Tripp would have prolonged the conversation, but Mrs. Smith bowed her acknowledgments, and passed on towards the dancing saloon. In the entry she saw the elder Don in earnest talk with Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto, and though, as usual, he made no gesture, he eyed the lamps with a savage look, and then glanced fiercely at Don Hernandez, who seemed soothing him. The moment she was seen, the Mexican bowed profoundly, as she passed into the saloon, and walked away with his usual stolidity of manner.

At the entrance of the saloon, Katrine Van Tromp was standing alone, with a serious and anxious look; she started as she saw

Mrs. Smith, and was about to look the other way, as if to avoid her, but Mrs. Smith, being inclined to address Katrine, whom she now saw for the first time alone, asked her how she had spent her evening? whether she had been dancing?

"No, madam, not this evening."

"And how do your Mexican friends get on. I hope they find the hours passing happily."

"I believe," said Katrine, "you will find them waltzing."

It was evident that Katrine was in no very conversable mood, which was quite a new phase for her to wear: but their interview was terminated by the senior Don coming to the door, and beckoning to her. Katrine, without a bow or a gesture to Mrs. Smith, left her and followed him.

Mrs. Smith found Lucille and Eugenie Van Dam waltzing with their Dons, who seemed unusually ardent and open in their devotedness, and the floor was thronged with spectators, as well as those dancing: Mrs. Smith sought to secure for those so unengaged, the services of the gentlemen whom she deemed likely to supply them with agreeable and suitable partners, if they were inclined to dance.

But Mrs. Smith found that at her party, as other ladies have found at theirs, there were *some*, indeed, *many* ladies who were intolerable and unmixable. They wanted to dance, but none of the beaux she could commend would suit, so they assumed the air of the languid and the indifferent; and amused themselves by their sneers at those of their set who were less fastidious than themselves, or, what added pungency to their sarcasms, if those who were successful, belonged to *set number two*, or chanced to live in any dubious section of the city. To be sure, there were some young ladies who were by common consent beyond the reach of this sharp-shooting, whose birth and position in society were fully established. Such were commended usually with faint praise, but, mostly, the acids prevailed, and the commendations they expressed served to calm their consciences that they were not, all this while, guilty of the sin of backbiting. It is wonderful how small an amount of commendation serves to neutralize a vast quantity of severest sarcasm, in the minds of some very *alarmingly proper* and singularly virtuous persons. With such, Mrs. Smith did the best she could. If she found them among the *impracticables*, she let them alone, and they did not fail to reward her for her pains by those furtive looks to each other, and brief laughs and glances directed to her lamps, which told, too plainly to be mistaken, how exceedingly amused they were that she should have supposed the *devil* was the only one who could help her to light up her house.

These methods of showing up a hostess before her face, by sly innuendoes and various other ways, are peculiar to those who deem themselves, and are deemed by others, *par excellence*, thoroughbred. Indeed, no one who has not been trained in the highest circles dare to adventure, where a slip is every way dangerous and disgraceful, and the *mean* is hard to hit, and requires perfect poise of manner and expression. Vulgar people make the most wretched failures, and all their imitations are odious from their want of tact; and this, therefore, may be regarded, with all propriety, *the last point of finish, only attained in the highest circles of fashionable life.*

Mrs. Smith would, doubtless, have been annoyed by all these acts of petty malice, but she had no time to dwell upon unpleasant thoughts or actions, and so was saved from the painstaking of all such people to annoy and embarrass her. She had succeeded in getting up a very respectable musical party, and once set agoing, they kept up the tide of song in her music room. In the library, under the approving smiles of the venerable Fathers of the Church, whose busts surmounted the book-cases, some thirty veteran whist-players were occupied at the card-tables, and the occasional jar of the ceiling showed that her young friends were as happy as youth and beauty, and well-dressed beaux could make them.

Mr. Smith now joined her, and told her the Worths were wishing to leave. She returned to the saloon, and, for the first time, sat down at ease between Grace and her mother. After a few moments' conversation on topics suggested by the brilliant success which had attended her party, Mrs. Worth, taking her hand in both of hers, addressed Mrs. Smith with much affection of tone and manner. "Before we take leave of you, dear Mrs. Smith, let me express our thanks to you for the pleasures of this party, and for all those acts of friendship which have conspired in making this evening one of the brightest and happiest of my life."

"Dear Mrs. Worth, you overwhelm me with thanks which I most gratefully receive, but of which I am entirely unworthy. I can say, and do say, I have never ventured to influence, much less to make a suggestion to, either Grace or Mr. De Lisle, as to their love for each other."

"I am perfectly aware, dear Mrs. Smith," replied Mrs. Worth, "of all the kindness and sympathy you have always felt, nor have I been unobservant of your unceasing friendship for Grace. You are now rewarded in seeing her in the possession of a man whom she loves, and whom I delight to call my son. I beg you to believe we all shall be most happy to be ranked in your affections amongst the first and firmest of your friends."

Grace now attempted to speak, but failing from excess of feeling, not thinking it the fittest place in the world to cry, she changed her tears to kisses, which did a great deal better, and so thought Mr. De Lisle, who came up with her father at that moment, both having gone in search of Mrs. Smith in order to the leave-taking. Mr. De Lisle smiled at the excess of feeling which the face of his Grace exhibited, whose cheeks were still wet with tears, when he reached the sofa where they were all sitting.

"Dear Mrs. Smith, if I did not feel myself under the deepest and most lasting obligations to you, I might be jealous of Grace for loving you too well." Col. Worth expressed his happiness and congratulated Mrs. Smith; and Mr. De Lisle, taking her hand in his, as they rose to go, addressed Mrs. Smith.

"I challenge, for Grace and myself, the continuance of all the affection and friendship you have entertained for us separately."

"I accept the challenge," said Mrs. Smith, stifling her emotions in a gay tone, and accompanying them with Mr. Smith into the hall, they kissed and took leave. The heart of Mrs. Smith was oppressed with a fullness of joy, which almost amounted to pain, as she said to Mr. Smith, on their way back to the saloon,

"Dear husband! I am too, too happy!"

The example of the Worths was followed by people who have an odd way of going to bed about midnight, though there be ever so many clever things to beguile away the time. The calls for carriages became frequent, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith were fully occupied in receiving the compliments and adieus of those who were retiring. The whist party was reduced to a few desperate old men, who were playing for very considerable sums, so as to keep up a reasonable degree of excitement; and as one source of enjoyment died down to kindle up another. In the music-room, there was a knot of ladies and gentlemen who really loved the music they made, and at this moment were executing the most difficult music in the very best style; the task no longer being who shall begin first, but, in fact, who shall play or sing next. The cotillions, as we have said, gave place long since to waltzing—this was superseded by mazourkas, and then the waltzing was renewed; and, as Mrs. Smith found time to run up into the dancing room, the party there had commenced a Spanish dance, in which the Dons and Coldstream Guardsmen, who all seemed more elastic and gay as the night advanced, with their beautiful partners, shone conspicuous. She found the saloon for dancing still thronged; the departures had, as yet, made no sensible impression on the numbers there.

As Mrs. Smith was standing near the door, hearing all the kind

and agreeable things which the "Old Knick" of Babylon was saying to her, Mrs. Van Tromp touched her arm. She led Mrs. Smith into the entry, and asked in an earnest tone—

"Has Katrine taken leave of you?—and when?—and with whom?"

Mrs. Smith replied, "That she had not. I think she must be sitting behind some of those who are standing as spectators. I will ask some one to go round and see," and so saying, they returned. Mrs. Van Tromp's air and manner betokened anxiety; she enlisted a Mr. Simpson, a slim young lawyer, to go round the room, and ask Miss Katrine to come to her, and tell her, her father, and mother, and sister, were all waiting for her. Having dispatched Mr. Simpson, Mrs. Van Tromp attempted some pleasant compliments, but was so absorbed and anxious, as never to finish any sentence she commenced. She asked, "Where is Don St. Jago?"

"He was here some little while since; I saw him in company with Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto, and now, I remember, the senior Don beckoned to Katrine as I was standing beside her, and led her away."

"Have they taken leave of you?"

"Neither of them," replied Mrs. Smith, in some surprise.

"'Tis very strange," said Mrs. Van Tromp. "They all have disappeared an hour since."

"Why no! there are the sons dancing with Lucille and Eugenie Van Dam."

"Yes, I see them," was all the reply Mrs. Van Tromp saw fit to make.

Mr. Simpson now appeared in sight, and coming up, repeated "Miss Katrine, *non est*."

"Where, in Heaven's name, can she be?" exclaimed her mother.

"Dear Mrs. Smith, good night! see you soon—delightful party—very much entertained, very—don't trouble yourself to follow me down." And so Mrs. Van Tromp left her.

Taking Mr. Old Knick's arm, Mrs. Smith made her way through the saloon, and exchanged some hundreds of bright speeches with the young ladies and gentlemen, aided with the "light artillery, charged with grape," which her attendant had always ready to bring to play upon the masses, and so, having finished the circuit, she relinquished his arm, and making her suitable acknowledgments to "Old Knick," for all the kind aid he had so felicitously and effectively rendered her during the evening, she returned alone to the saloon, and rejoined her husband, who was on duty, during her absence, making his best bows to the retiring guests, and the best apologies for his absent wife.

"*There is a time for everything,*" said Solomon, and he might have added, without losing his reputation for wisdom—"There's an end to everything." And so the young ladies discovered, that, between the hours of three and four in the morning, after having been standing, or walking, or dancing, till about that time, they were at the end of their capacity to hold up any longer; and still under the high excitement of the evening, they wrap up, and drive home, and about half-past four, hardly able to undress themselves, fall heavily upon their pillows, weary and worn out,—the very last degree of physical strength and excitability exhausted. They sleep long, but wake unrefreshed; looking pale, jaded and worthless, and they really are so for the day; and begin to brighten up just about dark the next evening, when they confidently expect some glance of an eye—some soft pressure of the hand—some half-finished sentence will be explained; and to all it is so delightful to meet those who have been their especial attendants, and to talk over the scenes of the delightful party of the preceding evening. Such is the life of very lovely, fascinating, pleasure-loving girls, all the world over.

The last guest was gone! Mr. Smith folded his wife in his arms, and kissed her. "My love, let us be thankful this party is over, and well over. And now, I mean to make sure of you. There shall be no dreaming down stairs this night. So let us go to bed."

"With all my heart, love; but wait one moment, till I can speak with James. I want him to take especial care of the old plate I borrowed of Colonel Worth."

"My dear, James will count every spoon, and compare every piece with his schedule. I fear nothing of loss, and now all is over, and well over, I am but too happy. Come, love, let us go up stairs."

"Just one minute, husband! James! James!" cried Mrs. Smith, for as Mr. Smith still held her hand, she could not go to the dining-room.

Maria, Mrs. Smith's maid, now came, and asked "If she would now be undressed?"

"Yes! Maria," said Mr. Smith, speaking for his wife, "we are just waiting for you, to go to our chamber." And so they three went up together into Mr. and Mrs. Smith's sleeping room, the only room which had remained undisturbed, and which had served as the ladies' toilette-room.

Mr. Smith went into his dressing-room, and was soon enshrouded in his bed-gown and silk embroidered night-cap, with its tassel, the handiwork of his dear wife, and coming into the chamber, listened at the door of Mrs. Smith's dressing-room, and there was Maria, talking on to his wife, who was laughing away

in the greatest glee, at Maria's amusing description of her party, as seen upon the stairs, and in the entries, and, above all, in her own chamber. These are, indeed, among the most interesting incidents to be witnessed. Here, the varnish of society is taken off, and characters are shown in all the severe aspects of unaffected simplicity and truth. The reproaches of neglect in sitting carelessly on dresses—the muddying of kid shoes, and all such little griefs are then expressed, with such sour faces and very sharp voices, as never could have been conceived of by those who saw the sweet, gentle, downcast looks of these same young ladies two minutes after, when led up to Mrs. Smith in the presence of her assembled guests.

Mr. Smith rapped on the door. "Maria! don't keep your mistress up till daylight."

"No, sir! she will soon be undressed," and the girl went on, and Mr. Smith listened awhile with a pleased smile, to the joyous laugh of his wife, as Maria continued her amusing sketches of fashionable life behind the scenes. Happy with himself, gratified with his friends, and above all proud of his beautiful and loving wife, now safe in her own chamber, in high spirits and buoyancy of heart, Mr. Smith laid himself down in his bed, and was soon asleep.

Now, too, there was an end even of Maria's story. And Mrs. Smith came out of her dressing room looking very sweetly; her hair was carefully parted on her forehead, and hid under a cap, the most perfectly graceful and bewitching thing that a woman ever put upon her head. And then the ruffles on her *robe-de-nuit*, were all nicely plaited, and there was an air of freshness and beauty in her looks, which took away every trace of fatigue.

Maria and Mrs. Smith came out together; Maria still talking on to her smiling mistress, who, holding up the lamp, discovered her husband was fast asleep.

"I declare, Maria, I *must* know from James, (who was major domo of the house,) if the plate of Col. Worth is all safe, before I can sleep a wink to-night; hand me my slippers and cloak, and I will go down with you, and you shall call him into the saloon. Leave the lamp on the stand. Now leave the door open, so I shall not awake my husband when I return," and so arraying herself, she went down stairs, with her maid.

Mrs. Smith found her rooms, so recently thronged, now empty, the lights still blazing; the servants were all assembled in the dining-hall, making merry over the remnants of the supper, and had sat in to "make a night of it." As she approached the door, Mrs. Smith discovered James seated in state at the head of the table; about twenty men-servants, and half as many females, (all



young, and in their best dresses,) were seated around the table, which had been carefully arranged for the second supper.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried out Mr. James, "fill up bumpers for the first of the regular toasts in course, to be given by Mr. Dick Harris, (Dick was Mr. De Lisle's man,) and to be drunk standing." "Bumpers! Bumpers!" cried out the company, and while they were thus occupied, Mrs. Smith and Maria slipped in, and from behind a screen which had been used during the evening to hide the wine required for the supper, they were able to hear, and Maria, at the request of her mistress, made two holes, which enabled them to see all that was going on.

Mr. Dick Harris rose, and made ready to deliver himself of his toast. "Ladies and gentlemen:—I have been selected to give the first regular sentiment in course. I know of no one more likely to be well received, none so proper for *me* to offer, as the one I now give:

*"My new and young mistress, GRACE DE LISLE, not less an angel of goodness, though deprived of her WORTH."*

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm by the entire company, and then Mr. James set the example of calling out "Legs!" "Legs!" "Uncle Tim!" and was followed by a general cry of "Tim," "Legs!" "Legs!" "Uncle Tim."

"Uncle Tim," a tall, and bright mulatto man, whose hair was now white with age, rose with the air and manner of a well-bred gentleman. He had been born in the family of Colonel Worth's father, had traveled over Europe with his son, and ever since his marriage, had been the head of his household. Accustomed to hearing the best conversation, he had the good sense to be an accurate copyist, and it was really wonderful, but so it was, his very voice resembled Colonel Worth's; whose manner and bearing were strikingly exhibited in all he did, so that Mrs. Worth used to say that "'Uncle Tim' was the greatest flatterer her husband had in the world, for while he copied his virtues, he did not forget his faults." We have said before, he was the pet of the family; he was eminently so of Grace, as we shall see. Bowing to the company, "Uncle Tim," with the utmost simplicity and directness of manner, commenced:\*

"My kind friends, I thank you for the warm welcome the compliment given by Mr. Harris has received at your hands. I thank him especially for the words in which his high admiration of *his* mistress, alas! *mine* no more,—has been expressed. This evening, I heard Mrs. Grace De Lisle toasted by the gentlemen in

\* "Uncle Tim" may be a *rara avis* in the Northern and Middle states—but I know many such in our Southern states.—PETER SCLEMMEL.

this room as a goddess, whose name I have forgotten. Goddesses I know but little of. I doubt not the gentleman designed to say what was complimentary to my dear young mistress, but it did not strike me pleasantly. From all I have ever read of these goddesses in the school books of my dear young lady, I never found one who at all resembled her. The toast just drunk calls her 'an angel of goodness.' Ah! she is so—she has been so from her very birth. It has been the joy of my life to see her in all the steps of her progress. She was a sweet infant,—as a little girl, she was tenderness itself, and very pitiful. No pain, though it were felt by a dog or a cat, but opened her heart in tears. The highest joy of her childhood was to be with Tim. 'Uncle Tim,' then, was all the world to Grace, and Grace was all the world to me! To ride on a cushion, as we did every fine day for hours,—to go with me on my errands, especially when I was sent to see some poor person, and she was allowed to carry her little basket of cakes, as her own gift, was the heaven of her being. It was, indeed, the bliss of mine. And when childhood gave place to girlhood, still 'Uncle Tim' was her chief reliance—her lessons were studied in my lap, and recited to me first of all; and when she began first to write 'compositions,' it was 'Uncle Tim' who must tell her what to write about, and oftentimes she would come back, with her sheet of paper, a few lines written, and there was a break down, and 'Uncle Tim' must tell her what next to say. Ah! those were happy years. Her trials at school, and all her little griefs, were poured into my breast. 'Dear "Uncle Tim,"' she would say, 'all this is too foolish to tell mother, but I *must* tell you, and have my cry out, and then I shall not feel so bad; *you* never get weary of my being a child.' No! God knows I could have wished it were possible she never should be anything else. Such was my life with my dear young mistress. No duty but what was light—no request but what was easy, if Grace was to be made happy. And when at last that sad time to me came, when the dear child must be sent away to her boarding-school, no letter was written home but had a message for 'Uncle Tim.' And on that day of days, the day of her return home, always one of joy to us all, I was sure to be the one sought, next to her parents, and in despite of my skin, to receive her kiss. Such has been the childhood and girlhood of my dear young mistress. An angel, indeed, of gentleness, goodness, and truth! And on yesterday morning, when all was ready for her return to this city, to her new found home, and the last day and the last hour had come when she was to be no more one of us, with a heart full of sorrow I had gone into my room, there to sit down and cry where she should not see my tears, my

dear Grace missed me. She could not go till she had seen me, and her heart told her why I was not there. So she ran into the house—searched for me and found me. She once more sat as she had done so often in years past upon my knee, she put her arms around my neck, and tried to speak—but tears came full and fast, and we wept together—and when the burst of grief was over, she said to me—‘Dear Tim, oh do not think of me as no longer *your* Grace—do not think I will ever give you up. My home, dear Uncle Tim, is yours, now and ever, as much as it is my own.’ Tell me, my friends, does not such a child of love and goodness well deserve to be called an angel? If angels could appear, they must, in soul, if not in form, be like my own dear Grace.” The voice of “Uncle Tim” now grew tremulous from emotion, and thanking them for their kindness in bearing with him in saying so much, he sat down, and hid his face in his hands.

“What are you doing there, Tom Jones?” exclaimed Mr. James. Tom was in the act of drinking another bumper—nor was he deterred from doing so; and when he set down his glass, he said to Mr. James, “I was, may it please your honor, pouring spirits down to keep myself from crying. Bless my soul! it is a wonder I had not joined ‘Uncle Tim’ company before he was half way through.”

“I’ll knock you down next, you villain,” said Mr. James.

“The d—l you will! and for what?” said Tom.

“For the second regular toast in course.—Ladies and gentlemen, the grand regular toast in course should be given by me, in honor of our excellent host and hostess, now abed and asleep, but that I shall give myself, so soon as Miss Maria comes down. (I wonder what keeps her?” said Mr. James by parenthesis.) “I bar and forbid any one drinking between the toasts, as out of order. Don’t you see,” said Mr. James, addressing Tom Jones, “if we drink between the toasts, we shan’t hold out.”

“Won’t hold out!” said Tom. “Why there’s wine enough left to drown us all.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, let’s have order”—(the young ladies were quite gay at the lower end of the table)—“order! order! Now one word more. Here are twenty-two gentlemen and twelve young ladies. We will have thirteen regular toasts in course, and then the young ladies may be as irregular in their toasts as they please. Thirteen bumpers to the regular toasts; every toast to have an appropriate speech. Now if we don’t observe order, in this matter, some people who are sitting at the table will find their way under it”—looking at Tom—“and then they will know what it is to hold out and hold on. Now ladies and gentle-

men, we are to have the second, no! the second is my toast, the *third* regular toast in course. Now, Tom Jones, go a-head!"

Tom rose and stood awhile with the gravity of a graven image; then bowing profoundly to all the company, who were all prepared,—ready with their bumpers, ("Uncle Tim" excepted, whose face was still hid in his hands)—Tom turning to Mr. James, who was drawn up in all the dignity of his high office,—ready and waiting for the toast. Tom bowed once more to Mr. James; the bow was returned. He then took up his glass carefully, so as not to spill a drop, and in a fine full voice, gave forth his "regular toast in course:"—" *The young gentlemen of the Coldstream Guards*"—(here he looked very knowingly to a lady opposite him, winking at her at the same time)—" *May they never find themselves rowed up Salt river!*"

The toast was reiterated, and drank away in spite of Mr. James's loud cries of "order! order!" When they had finished their drinking, then came the fit of laughing, and Mr. James was perfectly beside himself for an instant. He was gesticulating and scolding away amid all the noises, and the first words which Mrs. Smith could distinguish, were those addressed to Tom Jones—"You stupid jackass! who, do you suppose, will respond to such a toast as that?"

What might have happened, is hard to say, for Mrs. Smith now pushed Maria out from behind the scene, and her appearance changed the aspect of matters materially. The entire company now called for the "second regular toast in course," and Tom's toast was ruled out of order, and should go for nothing. Order being once more restored, Mr. James ordered bumpers to be filled, which was done with alacrity, and the attention of all became fixed upon Mr. James, who rose, and making his bow, commenced—

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—I take great pleasure in offering the second regular toast in course—expressive of my own, as I am sure it will be of the universal sentiment of all present—" *Our excellent host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Smith: A pair that never can be matched.*"

"Stop! stop!" shouted Maria, and the company for this time were ruled at once to obedience. The gentlemen were ready enough to drink the sentiment, but the young ladies laughed, and put their handkerchiefs instead of their glasses to their mouths, with a pretty, affected air, that showed them admirable copyists of their superiors, and so the company were brought to a dead stand.

"Why, what's the matter with my toast?" asked Mr. James with great astonishment of look and voice.

"Do you think I will allow my mistress to be toasted in any

such equivocal phrase as that?" said Maria, in a tone of command. "No! it sha'n't be. "Uncle Tim," you shall offer the second toast—I won't have that of Mr. James; and let it be to my mistress, for I mean to toast my master myself."

Poor Mr. James was in a mist. For the life of him he could not see why his sentiment was not just about right. But Maria was resolute, and was, as all ladies' maids should be, the unquestioned representative of her mistress, and James had to submit.

"Uncle Tim" was now called up by the company for the toast, and with a smile and bow, said—"I did not expect to be called upon again this night; but I will try to perform the duty assigned me. We have seen our kind mistress moving amid a circle of our well-known friends—the beautiful and the good of our city—and winning the admiration and praise of her many guests, not so much by the beauty of her face, and the grace of her manners, as by her kindness and goodness. It is a pleasure to serve those whose money is the least of the reward they give us for our services. Such a lady is our kind hostess, under whose roof we are assembled, and at whose table we now sit. I then would offer you, as the best, though poor expression of my wishes for her happiness, the following toast:

"*MRS. JOHN SMITH:—May God give her to enjoy the happiness she so well loves to confer.*"

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and Tom Jones insisted on repeating it, three times three, and was proceeding to put his proposal into instant execution, when Mrs. Smith appeared in the dining-hall.

Smiling with an expression of her high satisfaction, and full of fun and frolic in her manner, she addressed Mr. James and the company, who all rose—"My presence, James, is entirely accidental. I am happy to find you so well occupied—and I have been delighted with the speech of 'Uncle Tim,'" (to whom she bowed,) "and for the kind wish he has expressed, to which you have all so heartily responded. Let me thank you for the assiduity which each and all have exhibited in the duties you have so well and happily discharged. Maria, you will please make the inquiry of James which brought me down, and advise me in the saloon—I bid you all, my friends, good night!"

Mrs. Smith awaited Maria's return, and received satisfactory replies, so, bidding Maria to return and be sure to tell her of the toasts given, and all their proceedings in the morning, she bade her good night, and sat out for her chamber. And as she paused for an instant to witness the undying brilliancy of her lamps, she heard Mr. James announcing "the third regular toast in course by Mistress Maria Norris." Without waiting to hear what it

might be, Mrs. Smith was hastening toward the door leading up to her chamber, when she heard herself addressed—

“My dear Mrs. Smith, please stay one moment.”

Mrs. Smith, turning round with the utmost surprise, saw herself alone in the saloon.

“Dear madam,” said the voice quite near her, “I am the unfortunate Peter Schlemihl. And I have waited till now hoping to see you alone—if but for one moment.”

“Dear Mr. Schlemihl, is it you? How happy I am to meet you! I am under the greatest of obligations to you; and now pray tell me, what was the conspiracy of which you warned me this morning.”

“I thank you, madam, for your confidence, and feel myself repaid for all the risk I have run to shield you from the attempts to mar your peace, by one who would gladly ruin you.”

“Heavens!” exclaimed Mrs. Smith, “who have I wronged that I should have aroused such enmity—that I should be so hated?”

“No one, dear madam, but the Gentleman in Black.”

“The Gentleman in Black! and is there such a being? And was it not all a dream?”

“It was no *dream*,” replied Peter; “and having been myself the victim of his devices, I have a deep sympathy with those who come under the influence of his unseen and fearful arts. It so happened last year, as I was passing your house on the night of your party, I saw the Gentleman in Black going in as by stealth. I knew he had some new plot, and I felt desirous of seeing who was to be the next victim. I followed him, and I met him coming down in the disguise of your husband, and heard him call for Patrick, and order him to heat up the rooms as much as possible, to put in pine and every sort of combustible into the furnace, for the rooms were not half heated. Then he became again invisible, but not to me: for I have, in the strange transformations which have passed over me, been endowed with the power to see the Gentleman in Black, when unperceived by others. So while you were at supper, I went and hid myself in the corner where a vacancy exists behind that statue, (referring to a marble statue then standing, as it did on the evening of the first party, on a marble pedestal,) and I heard him whisper, (as he only can whisper,) to Katrine Van Tromp to have the upper sashes of your windows let down. The result seemed mightily to amuse him, and I wondered at such an expenditure of art for so trifling an end. As he remained, I too remained. I saw you fall asleep, and the Gentleman in Black come in, having assumed the form and figure in which he appeared to you. What was the course of ideas he presented to your imagination, I of course could not

tell. I knew he had the power of assuming the garb and expression of an angel of light, and to convey the impression best calculated to affect your mind.

"From broken words and sentences I heard you utter, I gathered his designs. The scenes in the mirror were such as were apparent to me as to you. This magical mirror is an old trick of his, and when he laid the spectacles upon the sofa, I determined, if possible, to obtain them, and did so, as you doubtless recollect."

"And have you them, Peter? Do let me see them."

Mrs. Smith felt them placed in her hand, and as soon as she took them, they became visible. There they were, the very spectacles of the Gentleman in Black.

"Oh! how sorry I am," said Mrs. Smith, "that I have put off my dress. How glad I should be to see the present state of my reputation robes. Do you know how to adjust these glasses?"

"I have not discovered all their powers, but I am able in many cases to see through them the state of the reputation of those persons who come under my scrutiny. And I will let you see my ability in your own case if you wish it. Your being in an undress makes no difference whatever, and to me you are never half so beautiful as you are at this moment."

"Oh, Peter! and can *you* use the language of compliment?"

Mrs. Smith hesitated. They went up to the mirror, the same in which she had before seen herself, and then curiosity overcame all her scruples; so, casting aside her cloak, and handing the spectacles to Peter to adjust, she surveyed herself in the mirror. It must be confessed Peter had good reason for a little delay which occurred in adjusting the glasses, and that his entire soul should be absorbed in his admiration of the beautiful lady who stood before the glass. Having returned her the spectacles, Mrs. Smith put them on, and to her surprise, her dress, as seen in the mirror, was yet more beautiful than before.

"Why, Peter! there's not a single spot or rent that I can discover. How can this be? I, who have been a whole year in society!"

"It is because, madam, at this moment, you are regarded, as you are, the purest, and kindest and truest of all true-hearted women, whose every feeling has been to promote the happiness of all around you; and this, therefore, is but the reflection of the universal respect and confidence with which you are regarded by all who know you."

If Mrs. Smith had been disposed to doubt her ears, she could not refuse to credit her eyes.

Mrs. Smith resumed her cloak, and returned the spectacles to Peter.

"Now, dear Peter," said Mrs. Smith, in an affectionate tone of voice, "tell me where you have been, and what you have been doing since the time we first met."

"I have, madam, assumed the pleasing task of waiting on your steps, and doing what I could to shield you from the arts of the Gentleman in Black."

"Is it possible? how little I have guessed you were so near me!"

"Finding you designed to go to the springs, I went up in the same boat with Mr. Winterbottom, and Mrs. Tripp and Adela. The day you rode out, and related your vision to Mr. De Lisle, I acted as footman behind your carriage, and thus became acquainted with your history. From thence we went to Niagara and Quebec, and back to Babylon. At the springs, I saw with dread, the Gentleman in Black make his appearance in the guise of that dark-looking Mexican."

"And is *he* the Gentleman in Black?"

"Yes, madam, and he doubtless came to throw his shadow over your path, and for other purposes, which have this evening been perfected."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, "and are those men as shadowy as himself?"

"Yes, indeed, madam, unless it be that Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto be a real man—he may be one of his agents, of whom he has a great many in this world."

"And what next, Peter?"

"Well, madam, I felt assured the Gentleman in Black would bear watching, and so soon as he reappeared, as he did with his boys on the day of Mrs. Van Dam's party, I followed his footsteps, and seeing them about a week since going into old Van Tromps, I took the liberty of following them. I found Katrine and these Dons in the parlor, with their heads close together, in whispering confab, arranging the elopement of Katrine and Don Hernandez, which was to come off this night."

"Katrine eloped! indeed, I am sorry she has been pleased to connect herself so conspicuously with my party. It's the only incident I have to remember with regret."

"I'm sure, madam, she's a good match for the devil any day, and for my part, I am glad she's gone."

"What, to the devil! How can you say so?"

"Dear madam," replied Peter, "I don't know that she is gone off with Satan bodily, though I shouldn't be surprised if the ship in which she sailed should prove one of his demon-ships, and that those outside the Hook should see the ship sailing up into the air and so disappear."



Mrs. Smith, amused at the idea, laughed as she said: "Dear Peter, they won't want for ballast if they have Katrine on board."

Peter laughed with a heartiness which delighted Mrs. Smith to hear—

"Poor fellow!" thought Mrs. Smith, "he too can laugh."

Peter resumed his narrative—"It was agreed that Katrine should leave with the Dons, and be married by a Spanish priest, and to go aboard a Spanish ship lying in the river ready to sail as soon as they reached her, for Vera Cruz, on their way to the magnificent '*Château d'Espagne*,' built by Don Hernandez Mendez Pinto, at *Sombrero*, in the province of Zacatecas, leaving the Gentleman in Black and his sons to go their way to their mines once more. Their plans were all arranged to be perfected at your party. The Senior Jago then told Katrine with great glee, that your party would prove more disastrous than the first; that he had secured the services of the foreign servants who were hired by the *Restaurateur*, for your party, and that they were all drilled to order."

"And did you hear, Peter, what were his plans? I asked you of these before."

"He said to Katrine, everything was to go wrong—the most annoying mistakes were to be made, and the lamps were to be filled with oil so as to burn till the supper, and then the oil which was poured in being exhausted, the water resting upon the oil would extinguish all the light; and in the confusion of the scene, the Dons and Katrine were to leave; and Katrine was delighted beyond measure at the scheme."

"I am under ten thousand, thousand obligations to you, dear Mr. Schlemihl, and I will live to remember and repay you for all your kindness." Mrs. Smith stretched out her hand to Peter, who took it in both of his, and pressing it affectionately, carried it to his lips.

"Dear Mrs. Smith, it would, indeed, be a new and unexpected source of happiness to me to be possessed of your friendship, and to receive its kind manifestations, but I have come to take what I have reason to believe will be a final leave."

"Oh no!" said Mrs. Smith, holding Peter's hand in both of hers. "You must not leave me. I have need of you, and shall be so happy to make you known to those who have already taken a deep interest in your misfortunes—especially will Grace and Mr. De Lisle be delighted to know you. You must stay in Babylon, and make it your home."

"Home!" exclaimed Peter, "*I have no home—no shadow, no visibility—no seven-league boots—and worst of all, no—purse: only these spectacles remain with me—a doubtful gift to be pos-*

sessed of, for I now too often see what I would be glad not to know, and am no longer cheated into bliss by taking as the reality, the semblance of men and things. No, dear Mrs. Smith, *my home and place of rest is the grave—there only shall I be safe.*”

“And you never expect to regain what you have lost?”

“Never, madam! never, in this life. In heaven, if I may hope for such unspeakable mercy, I shall be restored to my treasures of love and affection.”

“But, dear Peter, stay a few days! The Gentleman in Black is gone to his mines, and I hope they may cave in upon him, and confine him for a thousand years to come: and so you *must* stay and see Grace Worth and her husband.”

“I thank you, madam. Grace is, indeed, to me a beautiful being, in whose present and future happiness, I shall ever take the deepest interest. I fear I have seen her for the last time.”

“Oh! don’t be so very sad,” cried Mrs. Smith, in a gay tone. “I won’t be made sad to-night! and you shall stay, and we will be so happy, and you shall once more be light-hearted! Besides, I have a particular request to make of you. I want you to see how the Van Tromps bear their bereavement—and to tell me the scenes enacted there, and how Lucille and Eugenie Van Dam bear their surprise and loss of their dons, and how all this affects Mrs. Tripp. Won’t she be delighted?”

“Indeed, madam, I should like of all things to witness the tears shed by Mrs. Tripp in the presence of the Van Tromps, and listen to her condolences—to be present at her call on the Van Dams. I am sure she has ‘nursed her wrath and kept it warm,’ and her tears will come down like hot-shot, and, probably, be as explosive as so many *paizhan* balls.”

“Dear Peter, won’t you stay and witness all these amusing scenes, and come and tell me?”

“Indeed, my dear madam, I can make no promises.”

“Ah well, you shall write me, if you can’t come and see me.”

“Alas! letter writing to me is, as you well know, most hazardous, and with every wish of my heart to gratify you, I dare make no promises for the *future—to me*, more than to most persons, unknown. I have, dear Mrs. Smith, taken great pleasure in being so often in your society. I leave you with regret. Many hours of sadness have been made bright by my visits here—but now they must terminate.

“And now, dear Mrs. Smith,” continued Peter, “I have to address to you my last words, and I beg that, being the last, they may be the best remembered. Happy as you now are, and I rejoice in every source of joy you possess, yet the time is coming—

must come, when you will need higher, and surer, and holier and purer joys than any you now possess, or which the world can give."

"I know it, Peter," said Mrs. Smith, with true feeling—"I feel it to be so, and I pray to be grateful to God for his mercies, and I will live to love him."

Peter kissed her hand once more.

"Dear Peter," said Mrs. Smith, striving to withdraw the hand which Peter gently retained, "I *must* leave you. I'm afraid my husband will miss me, and think I am down here dreaming once more of the Gentleman in Black—so good night! God bless you!"

"Dear madam," still holding the hand of Mrs. Smith between his, "I have only a word more to say." As he uttered these words, he ceased—Mrs. Smith felt her hands convulsively grasped in Peter's. "Hush!" he whispered, "I hear the step of the Gentleman in Black on the stairs. God bless you!" and Peter fled across the saloon.

For an instant, Mrs. Smith stood amazed, and then took her flight up the stairs, and rushing into her chamber, she slammed to the door, and turned the key. Mr. Smith, waked by the concussion of the door, had just time to raise himself from the pillow and see his wife casting off her cloak and slippers, when, at a single bound, she was by his side.

As was perfectly natural for any husband waked up at such an hour, so suddenly, out of a sound sleep, the first question of Mr. Smith was, "*What is the matter?*"

"Nothing! nothing, husband," said Mrs. Smith; "*are you awake?*"

"Certainly I am! Why, how your heart beats! What has frightened you? Where have you been?" were the exclamations and questions which Mr. Smith asked all in a breath.

"Oh! I have been down stairs with Maria, to listen to the dinner speeches of the servants; and how I did wish you were with me behind a screen which concealed me and Maria! It was really worth hearing and seeing."

"I certainly will scold Maria for inveigling you down stairs; at such an hour, too, after so much fatigue. But why does your heart beat so?"

"I came running up stairs rapidly," said Mrs. Smith, who now raised herself up, and looked round the room as if searching for some undistinguishable object. Her husband remarked the scrutiny with anxiety.

"Are you really awake, husband?" said Mrs. Smith.

"Awake!" cried Mr. Smith, now really alarmed lest another

dreadful attack was impending. "Yes, my love, why do you ask me?"

"Only I was wishing to be sure that I have not been all this while dreaming I was by your side, and was not. But I know I am here, dearest, and I am safe. Good night, dear husband," and with her accustomed "good-night kiss," she soon fell asleep, the happiest wife in the great City of Babylon the Less.

Mr. Smith, in anxious suspense at the strangeness of the speech of his dear wife, and the beating of her heart, remained waking, gazing with anxiety of mind into her face, which, like Eve's, "whether waking or sleeping, shot forth peculiar graces." The heaving of her breast showed the child-like serenity of her repose—her pulse, now no longer unfelt, was slow and soft, and dismissing his anxieties, he sunk again to sleep in the sweet consciousness of possessing the richest of all the treasures of earth; a beautiful and loving wife.

## APPENDIX.

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It will be seen, by the following article, that the solution of the enigma by Mrs. Berkley, is one of great value to the learned world.

### APPENDIX A. TO CHAPTER IX.

*The following jeu-d'esprit is from the New York Gazette and Times, of Friday Evening, November 27, 1846.*

#### IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

At a meeting of the vestry of Trinity Church, some time since, certain inquiries were made by curious members as to the precise nature of the Bronze Lectern which has excited so much comment. The rector considered it as a cumulative proof of the fact that they were "*improving*" in Catholic principles, and entered somewhat at large upon the consideration of the additional zest afforded to the devotions of certain orthodox parishioners by the presence of the Bronze Eagle—the fish in the window, and the other symbols so profusely scattered around.

As, however, his explanations were not satisfactory to some of the vestry, a committee was appointed to confer on the subject with such persons as might appear, by their pursuits in life, to be best fitted to explain the nature and object of the Lectern in question, to the satisfaction of the Vestry and the public at large. The committee, moreover, were authorized to ask the opinions of such gentlemen as by their position might be most likely to *lead public opinion*.

At a recent meeting, the following report was made:—

To the Rector, Churchwardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, in the city of New York, the undersigned, appointed a committee to inquire into the nature and object of the Bronze Lectern, respectfully report—

That they have, in pursuance of the duty imposed on them, made such inquiry of the gentlemen, whose answers—given below—speak for themselves:

[From the Bishop of Illinois.]

Dear Gentlemen—I have received your letter, asking me about the Bronze Eagle in Old Trinity. I know nothing about *Bronze Eagles*—they won't pass here—but should Old Trinity send me some of her *Golden Eagles*—what a Jubilee would we have. Oh don't forget that sweet smelling Western rose in the desert.—Jubilee College.

Yours, very truly,

P. S.—Don't forget Jubilee.

[From the Bishop of Michigan.]

Gentlemen—I left my "opinions" on the subject you refer to, behind me when I left New York.

Yours, &c. &c.

[From the Bishop of New Jersey.]

Dear Brethren—I have just received such a delightful package of pamphlets from my attentive friends in England that I can hardly tear myself away to answer your letter. A Bronze Eagle has always been used in the worship of the Catholic Church—and I am very glad that the church in America has the sanction of Trinity for its introduction.

Yours, &c.

[From the Bishop of Vermont.]

Dear Brethren—If you introduce the Lectern as a mere matter of taste, I have no objection to it, but in any other point of view, I must add it to the "Novelties which disturb our peace."

Yours,

[From the Rev. J. H. H——.]

Gentlemen—As I can see no connection between the Bronze Eagle and my father's principles—"Evangelical truth—Apostolic order"—I regret that I cannot solve your difficulties.

Your obedient servant,

[From the Rev. M—— P——.]

Dear Friends—The Bronze Eagle is a Bronze Eagle, and its object is to hold the Epistle and Gospel. I believe public opinion is against me, therefore I know I am right, but if public opinion agrees with me, then I am afraid it is not an Eagle but a Raven.

Yours faithfully,

[From Wm. H. S——, Esq.]

Gentlemen—I know the glorious bird; it is the emblem of the glorious principles of our common country.

Yours respectfully,

[From the Rev. Dr. McV——.]

"A proper taste we all derive from Heaven;" but, gentlemen, my taste and my church principles are at such variance on this matter, that I cannot answer you with the precision I would wish. I see, however, no constitutional question involved in the matter.

[From Prof. A——.]

Gentlemen—The Roman legions used an Eagle as a standard—as the merest schoolboy could have told you—so did the Roman Church—the latter piece of information you might have got from your own clergyman. As a matter of curious information to you, allow me to state that in the Lutheran Branch we have none of these things.

Very truly yours,

[From the Rev. Dr. P——.]

Gentlemen—"Where the carcase is, there the Eagles will be gathered together."

Yours,

[From Prof. R——.]

Gentlemen—When we expose the ores of iron to an intense heat—fusion takes place; into the fluid mass, we throw different chemical substances—and Bronze is the result. This bronze may be run into mould. Such I consider to have been the case with reference to your Bronze Eagle. I cannot say much for its accuracy as a copy of nature. Indeed, nature is seldom copied with so much success, as we see her in the Bowling Green Fountain.

I am

[From Professor A——.]

Gentlemen—It is a Lammergeir; I have shot them on the Alps, when engaged on my Glacial investigations.

[From Mr. A——.]

Gentlemen—Do you call that thing an Eagle?

[From Hon. Secretary of the Treasury.]

Gentlemen—I understand that there are others of the genus in Mexico. Will Trinity do some Treasury notes?

Your committee, in addition to the foregoing letters, have received a number throwing a very little light on the subject—an example of this may be found in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Shimeall—the precise meaning of which this committee confess themselves unable to discover—he, making allusions to “beasts with ten heads and as many horns”—and entering into divers arithmetical calculations based on the “seventy weeks,” which are altogether too abstruse for your committee. From Dr. A. they have not received any answer as yet—as no very friendly one can be expected from that quarter they deem it unnecessary to delay any longer to report.

In conclusion, your committee would state that of all the answers received, that of the Rev. Mr. P. is the most satisfactory—and although it may be considered somewhat beyond their province, they herewith ask leave to nominate him to the vacant Asst. Ministership, under the full conviction, that when his “candlestick,” to use the words of the inspired Psalmist, “is set on a hill,” the Diocese cannot fail eventually to become illuminated by its beams—and Trinity Church, the fountain of Bishops, shall behold another of her faithful clergy rewarded according to his deserts. All which is respectfully submitted.

## APPENDIX B. TO CHAPTER IX.

### ARTICLE I.

*For the Daily Advertiser and Patriot, Oct. 15th, 1838.*

Having in a former communication remarked upon the discourse delivered by the Rev. Mr. Emerson before the Divinity School at Cambridge, my attention has been directed to an editorial article concerning it in the Christian Register for the 29th of September.—This article is in answer to a correspondent, who says:

“I think, together with, I believe, the great majority of the community, that the sentiments advanced at various times by Mr. Emerson, and especially

the opinions and notions expressed in his address at the Divinity School, are at war with the distinctive features of Christianity, derogatory to the character and offices of the Saviour and Mediator, and tinctured with infidelity, if not with pantheism or atheism."

We coincide generally with the views here taken of Mr. Emerson's discourse. We should speak of it, however, not as tinctured with infidelity, but as a *direct expression of infidelity*, perhaps as intelligible as the peculiar style of the writer admitted. No one, after reading it with a perception of its meaning, can suppose its author to believe that Christianity is a miraculous dispensation from God. A strong impression will likewise be left upon the mind of such a reader, that the author was a disbeliever in the personality of any Supreme Power, or, in other words, an atheist. The words, infidel and atheist, are plain words, with plain, established and very important meanings. We use them merely to express those meanings;—as the most direct and effective mode of stating simple, and what we conceive to be undeniable facts. As for any discreditable associations connected with the terms, or any demerit in preaching infidelity and irreligion before the Divinity School at Cambridge, we should be glad, if it were possible, to put Mr. Emerson, personally, out of view. To our feelings he is nothing more than any anonymous individual.

With the opinion that has been quoted of Mr. Emerson's discourse, the correspondent of the *Christian Register*, who says that that paper "is rightly regarded as the organ of the Unitarian body," expresses an earnest desire to be informed by its editor, whether Mr. Emerson is "esteemed by him as a fair representative of Unitarians in New England." To this inquiry the editor replies at length, that he is not to be so considered. At first view, this seems well. But the denial is of little importance. It may be made equally of any individual. *There is at present in New England no Unitarian body held together by any community of belief or purpose. The name has been so extended as to comprehend individuals whose opinions respecting what is essential in religion are directly opposite to the opinions of those by whom it was formerly held; and has, therefore, lost all meaning, except its primitive, and now very unimportant meaning, according to which it denoted a disbeliever of the doctrine of the Trinity. Whether for good or evil, the Unitarian party is, we conceive, broken up; and the name Unitarian, in any other than its original sense, has become a name of suspicion; and, if the present state of things continue, will become justly a name of reproach.*

But in denying that Mr. Emerson is a representative of the Unitarian body, the editor of the *Christian Register* is "not yet prepared to join with those who condemn him, or to believe that he is either an infidel, a pantheist, or an atheist." We shall enter into no controversy about the applicability of the last two names; for we mean to appeal only to indisputable facts; but we perceive, that in an able, though objectionable article in the *Boston Review*, another Unitarian publication, as we suppose it may be called, the writer, who, in controverting his doctrines, discovers no unfriendly feelings towards Mr. Emerson, argues upon the assumption that he "admits no God but the laws of the will's perfection," and worships only the human soul.

We shall confine our remarks to his want of Christian faith. A Christian believes, that Jesus Christ, his divine mission being attested by miraculous displays of God's power, taught us, in the name and upon the authority of God's truths which infinitely concern us. Mr. Emerson, on the contrary, says, "I cannot receive instructions from another soul. What he announces I must find true in me, or wholly reject; and on his word, or as his second, be he who he may, I can except nothing." "The very word miracle, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression; it is a monster. It is not one



with the blowing clover and the falling rain." That is, a miracle is something different from the growth of clover and the falling of rain, and the supposition of its possibility is, therefore, monstrous. Mr. Emerson talks much of Historical Christianity. One may often be unable to speak with confidence as to his meaning; but it is evident, we think, that he can intend nothing by this term, but Christianity, considered as founded upon historical facts. Of this he says, "It is not the doctrine of the soul, but an exaggeration of the positive, the personal, the ritual." "By this eastern monarchy of a Christianity, which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man (Jesus) is made the injurer of man." It compels "you to subordinate your nature to Christ's nature." Christianity establishes the truth of the existence and perfections of God, as a being infinitely above us, and ennobles our nature by making known to us our relations to him. But the writer of the discourse says: "That which shows God in me fortifies me. That which shows God out of me makes me a wart and a wen."

There is much more to the same purpose. But there can be no doubt about the opinions which Mr. Emerson has expressed. In denying that he is an infidel, and consequently maintaining that he is a Christian, it seems to us that the editor of the Register is only using words in a new, arbitrary, false sense. Such abuse of language is growing common; but, as far as opinions are concerned, we know of no infidel who is not entitled to the name of Christian, if it be due to Mr. Emerson.

But the editor of the Register also characterizes that gentleman "as a serious and earnest teacher of severe and lofty morality, as an eloquent and ingenious writer of sermons, as a conspicuous exemplar and preacher of simple and unaffected piety"—and as "a highly gifted, accomplished and holy man at heart, and in life a Christian." He states as one branch of an alternative, of which he clearly does not admit the other, that "truth and purity of heart may consent to him in his thinking and his uttering concerning Christ and his religion;" and of the disapprobation which has been expressed of his conduct and opinions, he speaks as of "the clamor of the world," and "the popular roar."

Such being his estimate of Mr. Emerson's excellencies as a religious teacher, it would seem that in the view of the editor, if he be not a representative of the Unitarian body, he is something better. He must wish all whom he considers as Unitarian preachers to be like him, equally distinguished as preachers of simple and unaffected piety, equally holy, and equally Christian in heart and life. Certainly, with these views of his character, no one could deem it a matter of regret, if all professedly Christian ministers resembled him in his essential characteristics as a religious teacher. This would be a state of things altogether new and extraordinary. But ominous and disheartening as are the signs of the times, there seems, at present, no reason to apprehend its occurrence.

It is not to be supposed that the laity can be so deluded that, under the notion of supporting a Christian ministry, they will provide for the maintenance of preachers of infidelity. *Men of honorable feelings will regard it as a gross deception, or as a strange hallucination, for any one to pretend to be a minister of Christ, while he disbelieves that Christianity is a miraculous dispensation, or that Christ was in any special sense a messenger of God, and contends that there can be no revelation of religious truth, except what proceeds from our own spiritual nature.* Great excuses may be made for the errors and self-delusion of individuals; but in itself considered, there can be no combination of ideas more incongruous and offensive, than the conception of an infidel preacher of Christ, tampering with atheism, and indulging in mystical, irreligious speculations. —When the subject is well understood, it can hardly be doubted that there

will be an expression of public sentiment respecting individuals of such a character, which it will require some boldness to call the clamor of the world and a popular roar.

It is an undoubted fact, that various causes have tended to diminish the beneficial influence which the clergy might exert upon the community. Some of these causes have been within, and others without their control. The connection of a clergyman with his people, the bonds of affection and respect and of common sympathy in the holiest feelings, which formerly held them together, have been gradually weakening. In this state of things, nothing can tend more to destroy the remaining hold of the clergy upon the interests of the community, than the belief that they generally entertain those opinions which have been expressed by, or are attributed to, some of their number. For ourselves we have no doubt that the belief would be unjust as regards a very large majority of the Unitarian clergy, so called; whom we thus specify, because they are particularly exposed to the suspicion. But whatever may be our individual conviction, there is evidently much danger that the suspicion will spread through the community.

In considering the present appearances in the religious world, there is one point of view to which our attention should be particularly directed. There is one aspect under which alone these appearances assume any particular importance; one fact only that may well excite a strong feeling in the community. It is the teaching of Infidelity by clergymen. No one acquainted with society can be ignorant that there are men of correct feelings and principles, who receive the morality and would fain receive the hopes of the Gospel, without believing that Jesus Christ was authorized by God to reveal his will. No one doubts that there is much unbelief of a grosser kind. But in the present state of religious knowledge, these things must be, and excite no special wonder. We have had infidelity and atheism publicly taught among us; and, though not without occasional equivocation, yet, on the whole, in their coarsest and plainest forms. But there was little reason to call public attention to the subject. Those who received the poison knew what they were doing. It was not disguised as a cordial, and held to unthinking lips as the draught of life. It was administered, hot from the still, under its proper name. But the case is altered; and a state of things exists in which almost every individual, interested in the preservation of anything but the name of Christianity, may feel it his duty to think and speak and act.

ANDREW NORTON.

#### ARTICLE II.

*For the Daily Advertiser and Patriot, Oct. 18, 1838.*

I find that, by reason of an article in relation to R. W. Emerson, in the Christian Register, of September 29th, I have incurred the censure and rebuke of a correspondent of the Advertiser, who, under the signature of A. N., has occasionally called the attention of the public to theological matters.

This is a distinction which I did not anticipate; perhaps I ought to say a predicament from which I could have prayed to be delivered. But, since it has been forced upon me, I must endeavor to meet it as well as I may be able, and be allowed to relieve myself as far as may be done by a few plain words.

My offence, as it is set forth in the objurgations of A. N., is that I allowed Mr. Emerson more merit than he is willing to allow him; and that I was not prepared to denominate him, bluntly, an infidel, (not to say a Pantheist or an Atheist.)

For this crime, A. N. has held me up to the community as an apologist of infidelity, and of "mystical irreligious speculations." Nay, I am not sure that an unprejudiced reader would not understand him as classing me amongst the number of those preachers whom "it is not to be supposed that the laity, under the notion of supporting a Christian ministry, can be so deluded as to maintain." At any rate, whether he does or does not aim at me such a cruel insinuation, the imputation that he has directly cast upon me, is quite sufficient, if sustained, to do me serious wrong. Situated as I am, it wounds me in the most tender part. For, however it may appear to the retired theologian, it cannot be esteemed otherwise than as a vital injury to a young man, connected like myself with a large and affectionate congregation—whose only hope of usefulness and happiness depends upon the security of his hold upon the respect and confidence of his parishioners—whose good repute for piety and soundness in the faith of the Gospel, is his life, his all—to whom a whisper against his fidelity is worse than a stab in the heart—to have his name coupled, intimately, in a daily newspaper with infidels and atheists of a grosser or more delicate stamp; and to have the suspicions of the community directed against him by a learned doctor, as if he were an unsafe teacher, even a disciple and eulogist of men who abuse and reject the Son of God. The imputation, therefore, which is contained in the article in the Advertiser of October 15, I feel compelled, for the sake of my friends and parish, as well as of myself, to use all honorable means to remove.

And, to this end, I must avow my conviction that A. N. has dealt unfairly and unjustly with the article in the Register, for which he has censured me. He has selected only the expressions which were used in favor of Mr. Emerson, and has not so much as deigned once to hint, in charity or justice to the writer, that there were *any qualifying* and balancing terms. In speaking of Mr. E., it was my object to do him ample justice; to commend his virtues and not cover his defects. Perhaps, if I were a more experienced critic, I should have set forth his errors, and named him accordingly, and left my readers to wonder whether he had any merits worth the mention. I felt that my task was a delicate, though a necessary one, and I endeavored to perform it as I would have had another do it if I were the subject of review. I *did* call Mr. Emerson a good, accomplished, and holy man, and acknowledged him to be a Christian in *spirit and in life*; but, at the same time avowed my conviction that his *opinions* were false, and his speculations wrong. I applied to him the epithets Innovator and Theorizer. I stated that many of his speculations, theories, and doctrines, had always been offensive to those who admired him as a man. I said that he was not a fit person to counsel those who were about going forth to build up, or confirm the churches, and support all the ordinances of the Gospel. I also used the following words:—"We cannot agree with some of his sentiments; we cannot approve of some of his speculations; we cannot always discern the exact sense of his language; we cannot always be certain that he has himself analyzed and systematized his opinions: we cannot commend his Cambridge Address." If it were of consequence to A. N. to notice my sentiments at all, it certainly cannot be a matter of indifference to me, whether he have noticed them partially or fairly. If it were of importance to him and to the public, that I should be censured for commending Mr. Emerson, it surely cannot be supposed to be a thing of naught to myself that I was not commended for censuring him.

But A. N. has not only given a one-sided view of the article in question, he has ventured also to prejudge and warp its sense. He asserts that I state an alternative, of which I "*clearly do not admit but one of the branches.*" He does me injustice. I proposed the alternative for Mr. Emerson, with the most

solemn emotion. As I fear God's judgments more than man's, so was I sincere and in earnest in reminding my readers of "*Him whose voice breaketh the Cedars.*" I thought, and have often said, that the situation of a man, who, like Mr. Emerson, boldly interferes with the religious sentiments of the community, is one of extreme peril, of awful responsibility; and, knowing how little he regarded what he would term "the popular roar," I deemed it my duty, with gentleness, to remind him once more to examine himself, and to be assured that "truth and purity of heart did consent to him in his thinking and uttering concerning Christ and his religion."

But, however A. N. may have construed and regarded my remarks, it is a matter of unqualified gratification to me that they received the cordial approbation of many of the oldest and wisest of my professional brethren, and of not a few of the least "deluded" of the laity from whom I derive my support.

It is cause of deep regret that I have been subjected to the necessity of thus appearing before the public to defend myself against the partial censure of a man whom I have been wont to respect. He has ranked me with a class of men to which I do not belong. I have never carried any "new philosophy," as it is technically termed, nor any loose speculations into the pulpit. I am no follower nor apologist of Mr. Emerson. I will not yield to any man in abhorrence of his language in regard to the mediatorial office of Jesus.—I repeat, however, that I do not believe him to be *anti-Christian at heart*, as he certainly is pure, beyond aspersion, in life: though that he is laboring under a lamentable delusion, and is, speculatively, grievously in error, I have always felt convinced and openly declared.

With the remarks of A. N. that do not implicate myself, I have nothing to do. Whether they are well-timed, and wise or not, it does not matter what an individual like myself, may think or say. An enlightened and discriminating community will doubtless estimate them aright. And to such a community I do most cheerfully appeal for that fair, charitable, and just appreciation of my sentiments in regard to Mr. Emerson, which it has not pleased A. N. to allow to me.

CHANDLER ROBBINS.

#### O. A. BROWNSON ON TRANSCENDENTALISM.

Brownson was once a Transcendentalist of the cloudiest cast. He is now a Romanist, and thus takes off his old associates and friends.

"But after all, what is the real sun and substance of Transcendentalism, this latest and noblest birth of Time, as its friends regard it, and from which we are promised the universal *Palingenesis* of man and nature,—what is it, when reduced to its simple, positive teachings? We have been led through tomes of metaphysical lore; we have been allured by brilliant promises of a recovered Eden; we have been flattered by glowing descriptions of our god-like powers, affinities, and tendencies; we have been transported by the assurance that we may dispense with priests, prophets, intercessors, and mediators, and of ourselves approach the Infinite One, face to face, and drink our supply at the primal Fountain of Truth itself; but now, having lingered till the ascending sun has exhaled the dewdrops and exhausted the gems of precious stones which sparkled in rich profusion at our feet, what is the real and positive value of what has so long detained and charmed us? Things are what they are; man is what he is, and by a right use of his faculties, may be, do, and know all he can be, do, and know. So far as we are wise, good, and loving, so far as we have and know wisdom, goodness, love; we have and know God, in so far as he is wisdom, goodness, love. He who knows

more of these knows more than he who knows less. If the possession of wisdom, goodness, love, be inspiration, then he who has the most wisdom, goodness, love, is the most inspired,—and to be more inspired, he must get more wisdom, goodness, love. To be more inspired, he must be more inspired. If white be white, then white is white; if black be black, then what is black is black; if two be two, then two are two. Or, in two grand formulas from Mr. Parker, 'Goodness is goodness,' and 'Be good and do good,' and—you will be good and do good! If this is not the whole of Transcendentalism, when divested of its denials, its blasphemy, and its impiety, and reduced to its simple dogmatical teaching, then we have given days, weeks, months, and years, to its study to no purpose. Stated in plain and simple terms, it is the veriest commonplace imaginable. It is merely 'much ado about nothing,' or 'a tempest in a teapot.' Dressed up in the glittering robes of a tawdry rhetoric, or wrapped in the mystic folds of an unusual and unintelligible dialect, it may impose on the simple and credulous; but to attempt to satisfy one's spiritual wants with it is as vain as to attempt to fill one's self with the east wind, or to warm one's freezing hands on a cold winter's night by holding them up to the moon. Yet its teachers are the great lights of this age of light, before whom all the great lights of past times pale as the stars before the sun. Men and women, though some mistake not in a lunatic hospital, run after them with eagerness, hang with delight on their words, and smack their lips as if feeding on honey. Protestant populations on whom the sun of the Reformation shines in its effulgence, are moved, run towards their teachers, are about to hail it as the Tenth Avatar, come to redeem the world. Wonderful teachers! Wonderful populations! Wonderful age!

"In conclusion; while surveying the mass of absurdities and impiety heaped together under the name of Transcendentalism, and which attract so many, and even some of our own friends whose kindness of heart, whose simple manners, and whose soundness of judgment on all other subjects command our love and esteem, we have been forcibly struck with the utter impotence of human reason to devise a scheme which reason herself shall not laugh to scorn. As often as a man has attempted of himself alone to build a tower which should reach to heaven, or to connect by his own skill and labor the earthly with the celestial, and make a free and easy passage from one to the other, the Lord has derided his impotent efforts, confounded his language, and made confusion more confused. Uniform failure should teach us the folly of the attempt, and lead us to ask, if that be not the highest reason to bow to the divine reason, and the most perfect freedom to have no will but the will of God. 'O Israel! thou destroyest thyself; in me is thy help.'"

## APPENDIX C. TO CHAPTER IX.

### NO. I.

*Editorial Article of the New York Observer for Saturday, Nov. 10, 1838.*

#### PERSONAL EXISTENCE OF GOD.

The prevalence of Transcendental philosophy in and around Boston, is producing strange effects on Unitarianism. With such a basis, it can no longer be what it formerly was. The new forms which it is taking are various. Some of the Transcendentalists show a considerable amount of religious feeling, and appear to be almost orthodox; while others embrace various new modifications of error. Of late, quite a sensation has been produced among

them by a discourse of Mr. Emerson, in which he is understood to deny the personal existence of God.

Mr. Emerson was formerly pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston, where he became conspicuous by advocating the disuse of the Lord's Supper, which he considered an antiquated ordinance, needed only in the first ages of Christianity. For several years past, he has been engaged in various literary pursuits. Notwithstanding something of mysticism in his style of thought, he is an exceedingly elegant writer. He was selected by the last graduating class of the Theological Department of Harvard College, to deliver an address before them. That address, which has been published, is said to contain the startling doctrine to which we have alluded. We have not seen the address, but we gather from the notices of it that we have seen, and from our own knowledge of his train of thought for some years past, that he considers God to be merely those principles, or eternal, immutable truths, which govern the universe; the laws, for example, of gravitation, electricity, and the like, in the world of matter, and the laws which connect happiness with virtue and pain with crime, in the moral world. The idea of a *LIVING* God, a being conscious of his own existence, who enforces these laws and produces the effects that take place according to them, he would consider as a fiction of the human mind for its own convenience, useful in its day as a means of enabling men to conceive clearly of existence of those laws, and to depend on the certainty of their execution; but which may be laid aside by the cultivated intellect in this age of light. The Bible and Christianity, we presume, he does not profess to reject; but considers them as containing the true system of the universe, exhibited in the best form of which the human mind, in those dark ages, was capable.

The appearance of this doctrine among them has caused not a little alarm and anxiety in the Unitarian ranks. Is Unitarianism coming to this? Does it lead to this? Shall it have the reputation of leading men to this? Are all our Transcendental brethren, whose numbers and talents, especially among the younger, are far from contemptible,—are they coming to this? And if so, what will become of Unitarianism itself? If Atheism,—for such they consider it—is to be advocated by our pastors, what will become of the flocks? These are very serious questions; and the apprehensions which they imply have caused some discussion. A sermon has been published in reply to Mr. Emerson's address, and several articles have appeared in the papers.

In one respect, this is the most plausible, and therefore the most dangerous form of infidelity, that we have yet seen. At first view, it *appears* to leave the whole code of morals unimpaired. The laws of morality, inward and outward, instead of being nullified or changed by it, are deified. And their sanctions have quite an imposing appearance. God,—that is, the unchangeable laws of the universe,—is omnipotent and omnipresent, and will certainly make the virtuous happy and the vicious miserable. But for this good appearance, we are sure that a gentleman of Mr. Emerson's taste, feelings and moral habits could not have adopted it. We have thought it might be useful, therefore, to examine its claims in respect to this very point; especially as we believe that the opposite doctrine, the personal existence of the *LIVING* God, is not realized as it needs to be, by vast multitudes, and even by many really pious persons.

Are then the moral laws which govern us, unaffected by Mr. Emerson's doctrine? Far from it. Our whole duty to God is changed, if not annihilated. If he is not the *LIVING* God; if he does not *know* what he is doing and *intend* our welfare when he does us good, he certainly has no claim upon our *gratitude*. No man feels thankful to the principles of arithmetic, for the answers

which he procures by means of them. They do not intend his benefit, and therefore have no claim upon his gratitude. Nor can we feel thankful to the laws of planetary motion, for the regular succession of "seed time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night." Why should we? The laws of planetary motion do not foresee our wants, feel compassion or kindness for us, and turn the world about as our necessities require, with the intention of doing us good.

It is no answer to say, that the God to whom we should be thankful is not one particular law, but the sum-total of the laws of the universe. There is nothing to build gratitude upon in that total, which is not equally found in all its parts. The laws of the universe are as destitute of consciousness, of knowledge, of kind intention, as the particular laws of planetary motion.

We *cannot* be thankful to the principles of the universe for our existence even; for those principles, when they brought us into existence, were not even aware of their own existence, and could not intend to make us, or know that they were doing it. Gratitude implies the recognition of kind intentions in our benefactor; and therefore it cannot be felt, where we know that no kindness was intended. On Mr. Emerson's principles, it would be absurd to thank God for anything.

This doctrine, too, annihilates all that *confidence in God*, which is founded on a belief that he is kindly disposed towards us. We cannot trust in him as a God of mercy. We cannot believe that, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." His mercy can be nothing but a blind, unconscious rule, by which the connection between crime and pain is sometimes severed. He has no *feeling* of mercy towards us, for he has no feeling at all, of any kind. The principles of the universe are at work, carrying all things on, straight forward; and our destiny must be just what this vast machinery necessarily grinds out for us. We may rely, as much as our knowledge will enable us to do, on the stability of the laws by which all events are governed; but we may not feel that a superior intelligence watches over events, with a kind regard for our welfare.

*Prayer*, according to this doctrine, is absurd. What traveler, apprehending danger from the explosion of a boiler, prays to the laws which regulate the expansive force of steam? Who, when he eats, prays to the principles of physiology, that the food may be digested and made to strengthen him? What manufacturer humbly entreats the principle of gravitation to act on the water and turn the wheels of his machinery? Especially, prayer for pardon can have no place. He who detects himself in an arithmetical error, *cannot*, seriously and honestly, confess his sin to the principles of arithmetic, and implore their forgiveness. Such confessions and petitions, from their very nature, can be made in earnest only to some *person*, supposed to be capable of hearing, understanding, and pardoning.

Nor can the believer in this doctrine possibly feel any *reverence* for God. He cannot feel that God is voluntarily wise and good, and therefore worthy of veneration. Indeed, he cannot feel that God is, in strictness of speech, either wise or good at all; as wisdom and goodness are, strictly, attributes of some intelligent being. The believer in this doctrine cannot *look up* to a being of a higher and holier nature than his own. His God, to be sure, operates incessantly, accurately, and irresistibly; but blindly, without intention, and without knowing what he does. The believer is conscious of his own existence, and perceives and understands the things around him; and therein is superior to his imagined God. He must, therefore, be destitute of that humility, which a contrasting of himself with the *LIVING* God would inspire.

A believer in this doctrine cannot regard himself as *morally accountable* to

God. He may perceive the *advantage* of doing as God prescribes. He may see the necessity of avoiding crime, if he would escape pain. He may see the mighty wheels of the universe rolling on, according to fixed and unalterable laws; and may be aware that he must conform his movements to theirs, or be crushed. But his feeling must be the same in kind with that of a man standing upon a rail-road, when he sees the engine approaching,—a mere sense of the necessity of moving out of the way, to avoid being crushed. He cannot feel that God has any *claims* upon him, which it would be not only dangerous, but wrong, to disregard. He cannot feel that God *cares* how he conducts, is *pleased* when he obeys, or *displeased* when he sins. He may believe that his own soul is a sort of self-registering thermometer, on which all its own acts are recorded, so that their legitimate effects on his future pleasures and pains are inevitable; but he cannot feel that God literally *observes* his actions, or *intends* to call him to account for them.

Whether this doctrine makes equal havoc of the laws which should govern our conduct towards men, we have not time now to inquire; but we are sure that it seriously affects the probability of their observance. For this, there are two obvious reasons. Man needs the ideas and feelings which, as we have shown, this belief excludes, to tame his proud and wayward spirit, to give him humble and submissive emotions, and to subject his heart to the dominion of law. Without a God to love, revere, and trust, the heart of man cannot be made the home of virtuous emotions. And man needs to feel, also, that his fellow men are dear to God; that if he injures them, God sees it and is displeased; that if good is done to them, God rejoices in their happiness. He needs to feel that, in caring for their happiness, he sympathizes with God; and that in promoting it, he is working together with God. He who feels nothing of this, will not feel towards his fellow men as he ought. And as to the laws of the universe,—he may think that Moses and the prophets did not calculate their operation correctly, and that, though these laws will certainly be executed, he may do many things which the Bible forbids, and yet receive no injury from them.

Mr. Emerson's doctrine, therefore, does not meet the wants of our moral nature; it does not enable us to fulfil the demands of conscience; it deprives us of many ideas, without which we cannot be what we know we ought to be; and, therefore, according to an important principle of the Transcendental philosophy, it must be false.

*Editorial Article for New York Observer, Saturday, November 17, 1838.*

#### NO. II.

#### TRANSCENDENTALISM.

"What is Transcendentalism?" We have seen and heard this question several times of late; and perhaps our mention of the subject last week lays us under some obligation to attempt an answer; though it will impose upon us the necessity of going into some historical details, which many of our readers will find uninteresting.

We must even go back to the conversation, which, Locke tells us, was the occasion of his writing his treatise on the human understanding. He had been listening to a discussion in which, it appeared to him, the subject was beyond the reach of the human mind. This prompted him to write a treatise which should preserve men from such mistakes, by showing us what



subjects men might really have ideas. He began his treatise, by arguing that men have no innate ideas. He next laid down the doctrine, that all our ideas are acquired either by sensation or reflection. He then went on to show how, by the use of these faculties, many of our most important ideas are acquired.

There has been some dispute as to the meaning which he attached to the term *reflection*. We think, however, that the general scope and object of his work show clearly what he meant by it. His object was, to teach men on what subjects they might have ideas. This he attempted to accomplish, by considering the origin of our ideas. His doctrine was, that we may have ideas on all subjects concerning which our senses can give us information; and that on those subjects we may have two classes of ideas; first, those which we receive through the senses, and secondly, ideas formed by reflection, from materials furnished by the senses. He could not mean that reflection is an original and independent source of knowledge, which might furnish us with ideas not ultimately derived from sensation; for this would have defeated the great object of his book,—which was, to ascertain, by considering the origin of our ideas, what ideas we could possibly have. Indeed, we believe that Locke himself sufficiently fixed the meaning of the word, in some of the controversial writings to which his work gave rise.

The French followers of Locke made the system even more openly sensual than he had done. They are very clear in limiting our ideas to the information conveyed to us by the senses, and the same information modified by reflection. Some of them call our ideas, except those of direct perception, transformed sensations. Volney, in his "Ruins," argues expressly, that on subjects not cognizable by the senses, there can be no uniformity of opinion, because there can be no knowledge. Such was the current doctrine of the atheistic philosophers of the last century. More recently, the same philosophy, in a coarser form, has been thrust before our eyes in this city, on the pages of the "Free Enquirer." Robert Dale Owen and his coadjutors disavowed all belief in the realities of the unseen world, because it is unseen. They maintained that if there is a God, we have no facilities by which we can come to the knowledge of his existence.

Another inference from Locke's philosophy has been, that men are not responsible for their belief. It is said, that our ideas must inevitably be just what the external objects around us impress upon the mind through the senses; and as it does not depend on us whether the sun shall shine, or whether we shall see it when it shines, or believe it when we see it, we are not responsible for our belief; and as for subjects on which the external world does not govern our belief through the senses,—we can know nothing about them.

It was predicted by Locke's antagonists, while he was yet alive, that his work would lead to Unitarianism; and the prediction has been fulfilled. In the abridged form of Crousaz's Logic, it was the means of introducing Unitarianism into Geneva. Sember, and the other early German Rationalists, were substantially of his school. The New-England Unitarians of the "Old School," as they call themselves, are decided advocates of Locke. Indeed, Locke himself is claimed as a Unitarian, and we know not that the claim can be successfully resisted.

But David Hume surpassed all the other followers of Locke, both in metaphysical ability, and in the importance of the results of his writings. He habitually argues, concerning one thing and another,—“we can have no idea on this or that subject, because there is no impression, from which we could derive it.” Assuming the truth of the premises which Locke had furnished,

he argued that we cannot know whether the world around us actually exists, or whether it only seems to us to exist. He attacked the argument of theologians, that there must be a first cause of all things, by asserting that we neither have nor can have any idea of causation; as all we know is, that one impression on our own mind *comes after*, or seems to have come after, another impression. One of his essays was written purposely to explode the current idea of "necessary connection." He carried to its full extent, and without disguise, the doctrine of Locke, Paley, and others, that *virtuous* and *profitable* are only different terms for the same idea.

Hume's conclusions startled the philosophers of Scotland. At first, they knew not how to reply. It is expressly admitted by Reid, and also by Dugald Stewart, that Hume's reasonings are strictly logical; that no full believer in Locke had answered them, or ever could answer them. Yet his conclusions were evidently false. They inferred, therefore, that Locke's philosophy, though containing much valuable truth, must be essentially defective. After much patient and careful investigation, they discovered, as they supposed, the defect. They maintained that, besides the ideas with which the senses furnish us, there are certain "maxims or principles of common sense;" certain "fundamental laws of belief;" or "elementary principles of human reason," which are of supreme authority in the domain of mind. Stewart thinks they may be called "Transcendental truths." What these truths are, was a matter of some discussion, and several rules were laid down, for distinguishing them. One of them is, that the testimony of our senses, when fairly taken and understood, is to be believed. In general, they must be such as every man must inevitably believe, and as even he who denies them must still assume as true, in his reasonings against them. For example, he who argues that neither himself nor any body else exists, must still take for granted that he, the reasoner, and those whom he addresses, do yet exist.

Here, we see, the universality of Locke's rule concerning the origin of our ideas is denied. Stewart maintains that, though sensation is indispensable to rouse the mind to activity, yet, when once made to act, the mind has a power of elaborating *certain* ideas of itself; of seeing truths which do not rest, either directly or remotely, on the testimony of sense.

Kant, the German metaphysician, took a bolder course. Reflecting on Hume's doctrine, that we can have no idea of causation, he said to himself—for substance:—"True, the senses can neither furnish me with the idea of causation, nor with materials out of which I can make it. I can neither see, with my eyes, the necessary connection between two events which we regard as cause and effect, nor any materials of which that connection is composed. Yet I have the idea. It belongs to me as a rational being. It is an idea of *reason*, and not of sense." He concluded that "the reason" is capable of furnishing us with ideas of a class different from those of sensation, and proceeds to inquire what these ideas are. A host of writers in Germany, France and England have followed up the inquiry. They agree in referring to the reason, and not to sense, the knowledge of all intuitive truths; of all demonstrative truths, strictly so called; of all necessary truths, which of course are eternal and immutable; and of all moral truths. Even when these truths lie beyond the reach of our reason to discover, and are testified to us through the senses, it is by the reason, they say, that we are able to apprehend them. This philosophy, as distinguished from that of Locke and his followers, is what is commonly meant by **TRANSCENDENTALISM**.

This system is evidently embarrassed with one very serious difficulty. How shall the philosopher distinguish between the ideas of the *reason*, which are the same in all, and necessarily true, and the decisions of his own indi-

vidual *understanding*, which rest ultimately on sense, and may be erroneous! For want of an evidently correct and universally received answer to this question, Transcendentalists have speculated very differently from each other, and some of them very strangely, and even blasphemously. "In our next lecture, gentlemen," said a German professor, "we will create God."\* He meant, he would show how reason evolves from its own stores, the idea of God; leaving it in doubt whether God has any objective existence; whether he is anything more than a necessary form of thought for the human mind, or as Mr. Emerson would say, the laws of the universe.

On the other hand, Transcendentalism has been closely connected with the revival of piety in Europe. It is the philosophy of Neander, of Tholuck, of all the orthodox in Germany. In France, Cousin must be ranked in the same class. His "Psychology," translated by Professor Henry, is doubtless far the best introduction to that philosophy, accessible to the English reader. The student of this work, we must remark by the way, should read the work *first*, and *then* the translator's introduction.

Among the New-England Unitarians, Transcendentalism, as we said last week, is making strange work. By rescuing moral truths from the doubtfulness and outwardness which attend the testimony of the senses, and resting their authority on demonstration and inward experience of their truth, it gives them the opportunity, if they will, to make their religion more spiritual. Such, we believe, is the use made of it by Dr. Walker, lately appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. Others go off into wild extremes, like Mr. Emerson: while the greater part look on with amazement, and know not what to think of it.

We must stop; though justice to several English and American writers, whom we have not mentioned, may compel us to resume the subject at another time.

## NO. III.

*Editorial Article of the New York Observer, Saturday, Nov. 24, 1838.*

## TRANSCENDENTALISM.

Plato, as quaintly translated by Cudworth, describes two classes of philosophers, which, he says, have always been in the world. Of the first, he says:—

"These pull all things down from heaven and the invisible region with their hands to the earth, laying hold of rocks and oaks; and when they grasp all these hard and gross things, they confidently affirm that that only is substance which they can feel, and will resist the touch; and they conclude that body and substance are one and the same thing; and if any one chance to speak to them of that which is not body, they will altogether despise him, and not hear a word more from him.

"The adversaries of these Corporealists do cautiously and piously assault them from the invisible region, fetching all things from above by way of descent, and by the strength of reason convincing that certain intelligible and incorporeal forms are the true or first substance, and not sensible things.

"But between these two there hath always been a great war and contention."

Here we see, plainly enough, the lineaments of the two great schools of philosophy, which, under various modifications, have prevailed, either alter-

\* Fichte.

nately or as cotemporary rivals, to the present time; the one building everything ultimately on sensation, the other on reason.

The first is, by its opponents, called, "the sensuous philosophy." The word *sensuous*, however, in this connection, is to be carefully distinguished from *sensual*. It is intended only to point out the philosophy which rests ultimately on *sense* and *sensation*. Whether its reliance on sense has a tendency to make its votaries sensual; is a fair question for investigation. This philosophy, before the Christian era, was closely associated with atheism, with the denial of the existence of any spiritual substance, and of course, with the denial of our immortality. It knew nothing of any good, except agreeable sensations and emotions, and the means of procuring them; for sense cannot inform us of any other good. Even down to the time of Paley's Moral Philosophy, with all the aid it has borrowed from the gospel, it can make nothing of moral obligation, but "a violent motive, resulting from the command of another;" it can discover nothing in virtue, but "doing good to man, in obedience to the will of God, for the sake of everlasting happiness." It is essentially selfish; recognizing no possibility that a man should act, unless he act for pay. Under its teaching, all morality is reduced to a system of well contrived rules, to be observed by every man for the promotion of his own interest.

Of the other philosophy, which is sometimes called Platonic, sometimes "spiritual," and in its modern German form, "transcendental," we noticed a serious defect last week; the want of an infallible criterion, by which to distinguish the decisions of reason from our own fancies and mistakes. Anciently, this defect embarrassed it in all its departments, except the fine arts, where the effect produced by a statue, painting or poem supplied the desired criterion. In its application to the physical sciences, Bacon supplied the defect; but not without borrowing so largely from the sensuous school, that they have usually claimed him as one of themselves. In fact, he is of neither school, but uses what is true of both. His laws of nature, his curves, his regularly increasing or decreasing forces, and the like, are matters of which the senses never could inform us. Our ideas of them are purely the creation of mind—of the reason. This, in relation to geometry, Dugald Stewart has proved at length, in the second volume of his Philosophy. But for matters of fact, Bacon sends us to the senses. He bids us learn of them, whether a certain curve, which the reason has investigated, is actually the orbit of the moon. If Davy suspects, from analogy, that the alkalis are metallic oxydes, Bacon tells him that that is a question of fact, of which the senses, and not reason, are the proper witnesses; and bids him decompose an alkali, and show the metal in a visible mass and the oxygen in a receiver, before setting down his guess among the doctrines of philosophy. Successful investigations under the guidance of Bacon are the result of observations and experiments, made, not at hap-hazard, but for the deliberate purpose of ascertaining whether some idea with which reason *seems* to have furnished us, is, indeed, one of the laws of nature.

Whether such a service can be performed for theological science, is disputable; that it has not, is certain. The German Transcendentalist, besides certain liabilities to error that grow out of the nature of the subject and the corruption of the heart, is exposed to lose his labor by mistaking speculation for proof, just as were the natural philosophers before the time of Bacon. Building everything on reason, they are in danger of going astray from facts. Reasons sees principles, truths, but not facts. How can you prove, by reason, that the earth exists, or that matter exists at all? You might as well attempt to see mathematical truth with your eyes, as to see matters of fact with the

reason. You are conscious of your own existence. That implies the existence of Him in whom you have your being. How can reason, unaided, evince the existence of any other being? Hence, this school has always verged towards Pantheism.

The Eclectic philosopher would avoid the evils and danger of both these schools. But what is *Eclecticism*? Not, as some suppose, a patch-work, made up by selecting from every philosophy, such parts as look well when considered by themselves. The Eclectic assumes that, from the constitution of the human mind, every system which prevails among men must be recommended by at least some admixture of truth, though, perhaps, imperfectly understood, or grossly distorted; and therefore, instead of rejecting any system in the mass, he would gather out, and render intelligible, and scientifically arrange, the truth that it contains. Cousin, we believe, and those who think with him in France, consider themselves as Eclectics.

As might be expected, truly pious theologians have ever been driven to something like Eclecticism. The great Edwards is a remarkable example. He, it is well known, was a devoted student of Locke; and yet, in his *Treatise on the Affections*, he is obliged to admit and maintain that the regenerate do have ideas, such as they could not possibly have, if Locke's philosophy were the whole truth. He says, Part iii. sec. 1, that, "through the saving influences of the Spirit of God, there is a new inward perception or sensation in their minds, entirely different in its nature and kind from anything that their minds were ever the subjects of before they were sanctified;" "something that is new, not only in degree and circumstances, but in its whole nature; and that which could be produced by no exalting, varying or compounding of what was there before, or by adding anything of the like kind; which no improvement, composition or management of what it was before could produce." He calls it "a new simple idea," and "a new principle." In section 4, he tells us what that "new simple idea" is; that it is "the supreme beauty and excellence of the nature of divine things, as they are in themselves." In subsequent parts of his treatise, he shows how correct ideas of God, of holiness and sin, of redemption, and of all divine truth, grow out of this new spiritual perception. Euclid himself is not more scientific, in following out his idea of mathematical equality. He maintains that the regenerate have an "intuitive" knowledge of the truth and divine excellency of the gospel; so that they are not merely strong in the opinion that the gospel is true, but they have *seen* the truth of it, and are qualified, not merely to argue, but to testify in its favor.

All this spiritual knowledge, according to Edwards, does not rest ultimately on the testimony of the senses, but has its origin in that "new simple idea," which characterizes the regenerate; which is apprehended, as he expressly says, not by any new faculty, but by a new use of faculties which the man had before; as the Transcendental poet, Wordsworth, tells the proud man, who "can feel contempt for anything that lives," that he "hath faculties, which he hath never used." Regeneration, spiritual understanding, "the life of God in the soul," imply mental phenomena, which, according to Locke, are impossible.

The first outbreak of the Transcendental controversy among the Massachusetts Unitarians was caused by an article in the *Christian Examiner*, from the pen of Rev. Mr. Ripley, of Boston, in which he maintained that faith in the essential doctrines of Christianity need not rest on historical testimony concerning the miracles by which it was attested. For this, he was denounced as virtually a Deist. It is remarkable that in this discussion, Mr. Ripley quoted largely from these very reasonings of Edwards; as well as

from other writers of undoubted orthodoxy, who maintain that the unlearned Christian may know the truth, by his personal experience of it, and acquaintance with it, though ignorant of historical proof of the authenticity of the Scriptures. Here it became evident that these Transcendentalists would change the character of Unitarianism; that they would infuse heart and soul and life into it; but where they would go—whether upward to Evangelical piety, or off into poetry, sentimentalism, and, perhaps, fanaticism, was doubtful, and remains doubtful still. Probably some will go in all those directions; but we fear, the best road will contain the smallest company.

#### APPENDIX D. TO CHAPTER IX.

Religious Literature of Germany is the title of an article of the Foreign Quarterly Review. The following are the opening paragraphs:—

"By the favor of more than twenty years' peace, and with the assistance of an understanding which, by its general soundness and vigor, more than compensates for what it may want in profundity and comprehensiveness, we English have now arrived at a pretty satisfactory solution of the common problems of German literature. Many things are known now—and form, indeed, part of the common atmosphere in which cultivated minds breathe—that, twenty years ago, were either altogether unknown, or known only to those few 'extravagant and loving spirits' that will at all times make a conscience of going for weal or wo into every region where no other person ever went before them. We know now almost universally that Immanuel Kant is not a mystic, and that Goethe is not a whimpering sentimentalist, as little as he is a god. But there remains behind those vulgar prolegomena a wide unbounded region of German thought, descending deep into the abyss of metaphysical questioning, and rising high into those loftiest regions of religion, where we are invited to drink of the waters of the river of life, that flow from beneath the throne of the Everlasting. This region is as yet untrodden by the most of us; and, so far as we can judge from the echoes of strange Babylonian voices, and the dark shadows of gigantic distortions that have thence wandered over to our coasts, there seems to be no sufficient reason why we should disturb the peace of our souls by launching forth into this new voyage of perilous discovery. So far as we, from our point of view, can perceive, German theology, or German metaphysics, (for they are at bottom the same,) is a waste-howling wilderness of hopeless skepticism—an *abatus eremia* more wild and wintry than that in which Prometheus was rock-bound by the anger of Jove—a province of Cimmerian darkness, where there is only light enough to see long dismal rows of cold intellectual faces prying curiously into the dissected body of the dead Beautiful. Nor do we allow ourselves to be deceived by the number of wandering lights that ever and anon perform strange evolutions through that atmosphere of darkness. We see that these luminaries have no healthy permanency like the sun; and we know that the fields do not grow green beneath them. And if, at any time, some calm dignified shape (à Novalis, perhaps), with the carriage of an angel, sails solemnly through the inextricable tumult of vain opinions, we are more confounded than consoled by such apparition; we have not been accustomed to deal with religious phantasmagoria; at all events, a little floating poetry in the air will not compensate for the cold barren reality of the earth; the Englishman as yet sees nothing that can invite him to the serious study of German theology.

“There can be no doubt that the Englishman, in thus concluding, is acting in perfect conformity with that sound sense for which, above all the races of men, he is so remarkable. A genuine Englishman (we speak not of the few who delight in playing mountebank tricks) will not embark on a journey merely for the pleasures of sailing in a balloon; he must know where he is going, and he must also know that the vehicle in which he travels will convey him thither in the most direct and expeditious manner. Now, what does German theology offer to us by way of useful helps and aids in the perplexed journey that we all travel to the grave and to the undiscovered country beyond it? Has Immanuel Kant, with his searching analysis and his comprehensive grasp; has Herder, with his restless spirit of investigation, and his fiery heart, that literally raged with humanity; has Schleiermacher, with all his pure Platonism of sentiment; has Gesenius, with all his Hebrew; or Wegscheiden, with all his reason, been able more clearly than we do to see through that rent in the coffin of mortality, beyond which the star of the Christian's hope shines benignly? Not they. On the contrary, the tendency of all their doings seems to have been to undermine the foundations of Christianity, and to leave us (with the exception of some smooth pious phraseology) exactly where we were when Tacitus denounced the *'extriabilis superstitio'* and the *'odium humani generis'* that distinguished the vulgar sect of the Nazarenes. The fact is undeniable. The Germans are not an irreligious nation—far from it; but they certainly have succeeded most effectually, so far as their own national belief is concerned, in evaporating all that is solid and substantial in Christianity, in taking away from beneath our feet all that is real and historical in the faith of centuries. If to the English theologian the life of Christ is sometimes little better than a mechanical series of miracles, here at least we have a frame-work into which a soul may be breathed; but to the German theologian there is no life of Christ at all; the whole is mythus, allegory, epos; the miracles, if they are not old wives' tales, are mere magnified and glorified pictures of Nature's most common-places; and to be a Christian is merely to live in the God-begotten idea of moral perfectionation, of which the name of the Messiah doubtless is the enduring type, but the name of Plato as much so. The Titanic architecture of the Old Testament evaporates by a like process into smoke. As Wolf taught a new catechism to the scholars of his country, so that we now hear no longer of Homer's Iliad and Homer's Odyssey, but only of the Homeric ballads, so he also seems to have lent a watchword to the theologians, and we hear no more of the books of Moses, but merely of the Mosaic legend, the Mosaic mythus, the Mosaic epos; and that which was late a mystical volume, out of whose pages flowed fountains of living water, has now become an ancient scroll for the curious to read, a Hebrew parchment for the learned to comment on. The finger of God moves no longer visibly, writing bright hopes upon the walls of our prison-house; like Homer's ghosts (*eidola amaura*) we wander melancholy, dark amid darkness; and we hear nothing but confounding voices of foolish opinions and infantine babblings, of which, whether coming from ourselves or others, we had long since been sick even unto the death. The anchor of certainty has again been torn from the intellect of man; our brightest hopes, which Christianity made to shine like the stars in the firmament, are now a second time sent to float as loose bubbles on the ocean of bottomless speculation; we cannot even look devoutly for the second advent of Christ to convince us that there ever was a first; for Immanuel Kant has made every man his own legislator, and the Categorical Imperative will not submit to be taught even by the Epiphany of a God.

“Why, therefore, it will be asked, do we tempt God, by opening up his shoreless sea of doubt, and throwing the helmless barks of human souls

abroad upon its waves? Are we curious of the fate of Pliny, and desirous to throw away the precious gift of existence, for the idle curiosity of contemplating with nearer gaze this smoke and fire of a burning mountain? If this analogy were perfectly appropriate in all points, the course of every wise man would be clear—to keep out of harm's way. But if God has thrown the dark valley of the shadow of death in the direct road between us and heaven, it is not for us to turn aside from that perilous passage, because the light on the road which we have hitherto traveled has been uniformly pleasant and comfortable to the eye; and most certain is it that doubt and perplexity are the portals of faith, as sorrow and anguish of soul and honest self-reproach are the beginnings of sanctification. True it is that human nature, in its present frail estate, can scarcely afford to lose the glorious hope of immortality for any thing that Kant, or Hegel, or Goethe, has to offer in its stead; but still less can human nature afford to lose truth, and the love of truth, and the search of truth, and the constraining power of reality. What avails it to me that I hold the sceptre of the world in my hand, if all the while I am haunted with the suspicion that it is the mere bauble of a child? And thus, in religious matters especially, it is of the utmost importance that what a man believes he believes with his whole soul; for certainly not so much upon the quantity as upon the quality of his faith does his salvation depend. If a man, therefore, has any doubts upon religious subjects, and German theology comes in his way, it is in vain for him to say to his difficulties, get ye gone for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will call for you. If the faith in which the religious man seeks to live is to be anything better than a floating cloud, he must examine and question; and no one ever examined and questioned to any purpose who had not first learned to doubt. If our religion is to be any thing better than a mere garment, a mere piece of heraldic blazonry, it is of essential importance that we should know exactly where we are. If there be any suspicions about the matter, let us make minute inquiry whether it be mid-day or mid-night, or merely the 'morning redness' of a day that shall be. And if the devil be abroad 'any where, let us, by all means, see him: for the prince of the power of the air' works ever most dangerously in the dark."

#### APPENDIX F. TO CHAPTER IX.

LETTER OF THE LATE REV. PROFESSOR WARE.

*For the Watchman.*

NEW SCHOOL IN LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

Mr. EDITOR—The following remarks, from the Daily Advertiser and Patriot, are so just and seasonable, that they are deemed worthy of an insertion in your paper. Coming, as they do, from a distinguished Professor in Harvard University, Professor Ware, they may prove as interesting to the generality of your readers as they have to

A SUBSCRIBER.

*"To Editor of Boston Daily Advertiser."*

There is a strange state of things existing about us in the literary and religious world, of which none of our larger periodicals have yet taken notice. It is the result of that restless craving for notoriety and excitement, which, in one way or another, is keeping our community in a perpetual stir. It has shown itself, we think, particularly since that foolish woman, Miss Martineau, was



among us and stimulated the vanity of her flatterers by loading them in return with the copper coin of her praise, which they easily believed was as good as gold. She was accustomed to talk about her mission, as if she were a special dispensation of Providence, and they too thought that they must all have their missions, and began to "vaticinate," as one of their number has expressed it. But though her genial warmth may have caused the new school to bud and bloom, it was not planted by her. It owes its origin in part to ill understood notions, obtained by blundering through the crabbed and disgusting obscurity of some of the worst German speculatists, which notions, however, have been received by most of its disciples at second hand, through an interpreter. The atheist Shelley has been quoted and commended in a professedly religious work, called the *Western Messenger*; but he is not, we conceive, to be reckoned among the patriarchs of this sect. But this honor is due to that hasher up of German metaphysics, the Frenchman, Cousin; and, of late, that hyper-Germanized Englishman, Carlyle, has been the great object of admiration and model of style. Cousin and Carlyle indeed seem to have been transformed into idols to be publicly worshipped, the former for his philosophy, and the latter both for his philosophy and fine writing; while the veiled image of the German pantheist, Schleiermacher, is kept in the sanctuary.

The characteristics of this school are the most extraordinary assumption united with great ignorance and incapacity for reasoning. There is, indeed, a general tendency among its disciples to disavow learning and reasoning as sources of their higher knowledge. The mind must be its own unassisted teacher. It discerns transcendental truths by immediate vision, and these truths can no more be communicated to another by addressing his understanding, than the power of clairvoyance can be given to one not magnetized. They announce themselves as the prophets and priests of a new future, in which all is to be changed, all old opinions done away, and all present forms of society abolished. But by what process this joyful revolution is to be effected we are not told; nor how human happiness and virtue are to be saved from the universal wreck, and regenerated in their Medea's caldron. There are great truths with which they are laboring, but they are unutterable in words to be understood by common minds. To such minds they seem nonsense, oracles as obscure as those of Delphi.

The rejection of reasoning is accompanied with an equal contempt for good taste. All modesty is laid aside. The writer of an article for an obscure periodical, or a religious newspaper, assumes a tone as if he were one of the chosen enlighteners of a dark age. He continually obtrudes himself upon his reader, and announces his own convictions, as if from their having that character they were necessarily indisputable. He floats about magnificently on bladders, which he would have it believed are swelling with ideas. Common thoughts, sometimes true, oftener false, and "Neutral nonsense, neither false nor true," are exaggerated, and twisted out of shape and forced into strange connections, to make them look like some grand and new conception. To produce a more striking effect our common language is abused; antic tricks are played with it; inversions, exclamations, anomalous combinations of words, unmeaning, but coarse and violent, metaphors abound, and withal a strong infusion of German barbarisms. Such is the style of Carlyle, a writer of some talent; for his great deficiency is not in this respect, it is in good sense, good taste, and soundness of principle; but a writer, who, through his talents such as they are, through that sort of buffoonery and affectation of manner which throws the reader off his guard, through the indisputable novelty of his way of writing, and through a somewhat too prevalent taste among us for an over excited, and convulsive style, which we mistake for

eloquence, has obtained a degree of fame in this country, very disproportioned to what he enjoys at home, out of the Westminster Review. Carlyle, however, as an original, might be tolerated, if one could forget his admirers and imitators.

The state of things described might seem a matter of no great concern, a mere insurrection of folly, a sort of Jack Cade rebellion, which in the nature of things must soon be put down, if those engaged in it were not gathering confidence from neglect, and had not proceeded to attack principles which are the foundation of human society and human happiness. *Silly women, it has been said, and silly young men, it is to be feared, have been drawn away from their Christian faith if not divorced from all that can properly be called religion.* The evil is becoming for the time disastrous and alarming; and of this fact there could hardly be more extraordinary and ill-boding evidence than is afforded by a publication, which has appeared, entitled an "Address, delivered before the Senior class in Divinity College, Cambridge," upon the occasion of that class taking leave of the institution. "By Ralph Waldo Emerson."

It is not necessary to remark particularly on this composition. It will be sufficient to state generally, that the author professes to reject all belief in Christianity as a revelation, that he makes a general attack upon the clergy, on the ground that they preach what he calls "Historical Christianity," and that if he believe in God in the proper sense of the term, which one passage might have led his hearers to suppose, his language elsewhere is very ill judged and indecorous. But what his opinions may be is a matter of minor concern; the main question is how it has happened, that religion has been insulted by the delivery of these opinions in the Chapel of the Divinity College at Cambridge, as the last instruction which those were to receive, who were going forth from it, bearing the name of Christian preachers. This is a question in which the community is deeply interested. No one can doubt for a moment of the disgust and strong disapprobation with which it must have been heard by the highly respectable officers of that institution. They must have felt it not only as an insult to religion, but as personal insult to themselves. But this renders the fact of its having been so delivered only the more remarkable. We can proceed but a step in accounting for it. The preacher was invited to occupy the place he did, not by the officers of the Divinity College, but by the members of the graduating class. These gentlemen, therefore, have become accessories, perhaps innocent accessories, to the commission of a great offence; and the public must be desirous of learning what exculpation or excuse they can offer.

It is difficult to believe that they thought this incoherent rhapsody a specimen of fine writing, that they listened with admiration, for instance, when they were told that the religious sentiment "is myrrh, and storax, and chlorine and rosemary;" or that they wondered at the profound views of their present teacher, when he announced to them that "the new teacher," for whom he is looking, would "see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart;" or that they had not some suspicion of inconsistency, when a new teacher was talked of after it had been declared to them, that religious truth "is an intuition," and "cannot be received at second hand."

But the subject is to be viewed under a far more serious aspect. The words God, Religion, Christianity, have a definite meaning, well understood. They express conceptions and truths of unutterable moment to the present and future happiness of man. We well know how shamefully they have been abused in modern times by infidels and pantheists; but their meaning remains the same; the truths which they express are unchanged and unchangeable. The community know what they require when they ask for a

Christian teacher; and should any one approving the doctrines of this discourse assume that character, he would deceive his hearers; he would be guilty of a practical falsehood for the most paltry of temptations; he would consent to live, a lie, for the sake of being maintained by those whom he had cheated. It is not, however, to be supposed that his vanity would suffer him long to keep his philosophy wholly to himself. This would break out in obscure intimations, ambiguous words, and false and mischievous speculations. But should such preachers abound, and grow confident in their folly, we can hardly over-estimate the disastrous effects upon the religious and moral state of the community.

## APPENDIX F. TO CHAPTER IX.

## THE SENTIMENTS OF DR. CHANNING AT THE CLOSE OF HIS LIFE.

The whole passage from which these quotations have been made is so important that the reader will doubtless be gratified to read it entire.

It is found in an article in the "Present," edited by W. H. Channing, for November, 1843, on pages 90 and 91, and reads as follows:

"In paying this tribute to the moral worth, and a certain religious fidelity to duty, which have illustrated the lives of many Unitarians, I must in sincerity add, that these manifestations have generally been made in those happy temperaments which involve no great temptations to the evils of which they were innocent, and where the depth and energy of human passions have not been called forth. In looking over the biographies of Unitarian saints, do we not find them the gentle beings, the flowers of humanity, rather than those master spirits whose lives are to themselves a mystery, not to be solved by analogies of nature and art, and whose destiny it is to mould the ages in which they live, and commence new eras in the life of humanity, either by great crimes or great reforms. A certain feeble and sometimes a *dilettante* air pervades the purest of these imitators of Jesus of Nazareth, who, in a majority of cases, *die young*. Why do I feel that a MAN would rather be of the worst type of humanity, provided only he could be energetic and original, than the most angel-like form of these beautiful children of Christian circumstance, who bloom to die?"

"Yet, I would not seem ungracious to these fair forms, in which I take delight, as the most beautiful of the beauties of nature. I have in my thoughts one, perhaps the greatest, who has ever worn the name of Unitarian. Endowed by nature with wonderful sensibility to beauty of every kind and degree, and separated to his profession, in early life, by all the restraining circumstances of a strict New England education, never removed from the surveillance of a public, uncompromising in its requisitions of moral severity upon all devoted to its religious interests, this good seed, well planted, under good rains of a certain sort of adversity, as well as a fair proportion of sunshine, was the fairest, richest product of the natural religion of his age. By means of this religion, which, not without an humble reverence he called Christian, he protested well and nobly against the corruptions of the prevailing Church and strategy, and the dry technicality of the theological teaching. More especially was he mighty against the social evils which he saw were out of harmony with the theory of government that he all but worshipped; and which is the growth of a far higher theology, and a far deeper insight into human nature's wants, than, with all his fidelity to the law written on his heart, and all his beautiful talents, he appreciated. But have not you, as well as I, felt the note of melancholy that bases even the triumphant organ-

flow of his style, as from his voice it ever resounded to the ear? The more strictly spiritual were the subjects of his eloquence, the more was this evident. But I do not fail to discern it on his happiest occasions, even when Emancipation, or the freedom of the press, the interests of education, or the elevation of the poor, were his themes. Unitarianism was not to him a fountain of life. The best he ever said of it was, that he hoped it was a road to the fountain. He never pretended that he had learnt precisely what that power is, which should change the selfishness of the heart into love, although he asserted so eloquently, that as sure as God lives, such a power Jesus personally possessed; and, under certain conditions, which, however, he did not clearly define, all men might gain it from him. Though he seems, to those who stand in my position, to be shading from men, by his method, the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; yet it is affecting to see how careful he is of the lantern which should contain this light, and how intensely conscious of the darkness that needs its beams. He has done with great fidelity an important work in his day, and did not pass away without giving many signs of being intrinsically superior to the system which he supported, one of which was, that he always declared it, if the best he knew, yet a very meagre and lifeless statement of the Christian religion, quite inadequate to have stirred into existence the stormy chaos that Christendom has hitherto been, or manifestly inadequate to make that chaos an ordered world."

The appearance of the article in "the Present," a work edited by the nephew of Dr. Channing, and who is to be his biographer, created quite a sensation; and the allusion to the Rev. Dr. Channing was avowed by the writer of it, whose daily intercourse with Dr. C. afforded her the best of all means of knowing the opinions of this gentleman. Mrs. E. L. Follen wrote a review of this article in "the Present," for April, 1844, pages 398 and 399. The reader will find the views presented in the extract above made, justified by the letter written to J. Blanco White, so far as it states the Rev. Dr. Channing's estimate of Unitarianism; and from inquiries made of those well acquainted with Dr. C., I have every reason to believe the writer has been strictly correct in all she has said.

PETER SCHLEMIHL.

*From the New York Observer, by the Editor, Saturday, July 4, 1846.*

#### FOURIERISM: WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

There is something superlatively ridiculous in the idea of a Fourierite discoursing of love, and prating upon the tendency of civilization to destroy that passion, and the importance of introducing "the Association" system that woman may be independent and therefore able to love as she ought. Matthew Henry, in his notes on the creation, speaking with great beauty of God's taking a rib of Adam to make a wife for him, remarks that He did not take her from his head to overtop him, nor from his feet to be trampled upon, but from under his arm to show that she was to be protected, and from near his heart to show that she was to be loved. There is poetry and truth of the highest order in this. And it has been generally supposed that the relation in which woman by the arrangement of society is placed, is wisely adapted to bind her to him that she may rejoice in finding her pleasure in that which is her duty. Such is the case in all virtuous families. Such is the practical opera-

tion of the marriage institution. See how it works in a manufacturing town. There large numbers of youth of both sexes are engaged in factory labor: a young woman stands ten or twelve hours a day at a loom to earn a living: a young man offers himself to her in marriage and she chooses freely whether or not to accept him: they are married: he takes her to a home he has provided: he toils the harder to support his wife: she ministers to his wants, solaces his hours of leisure with her affection, and both are a hundred fold happier in their new relations than they were before. The wife is *dependent*: true; and who toils for her the live-long day, and spends his hard earnings cheerfully for her support? Who finds his highest happiness in making his wife happy, and has his reward in the love he receives in return? And yet these philosophers of the Fourier school tell us that this "dependency of woman upon man for her support is very unfavorable to a full development of love." "This beautiful passion can only exist where there is liberty, liberty of the *soul* and the *body*."

This doctrine of the Fourierites is open to two objections. *First*, it is a lie, and *Secondly*, it is licentious. It is a lie that the woman's present position is unfavorable to love. It is *the very system* best calculated to develop and strengthen her attachment, to identify her with her husband, so that she feels her happiness and his to be bound indissolubly together. Mrs. Ellis felt the truth on this point when she defined a wife, a being "to come home to." That tells the whole story and touches the heart. And we do not care to number on our list of friends the man who does not respond to that definition from his inner soul. Washington Irving had the truth also in him when he drew the beautiful illustration of the vine which winds itself around the rough oak, finding its way into all its rugged recesses, and is lifted by it into the sunshine. But the Reformer Brisbane said:

"Pecuniary dependency *poisons all social relations*, and causes to a greater or less extent the renouncement of liberty, of that liberty which is the most cherished, the liberty of the heart with its sympathies and affections." Page 299.

Now what must be the tendency of such sentiments in the minds of young men and women? It is to licentiousness by system. The object of this teaching is to assure young men that the domestic relation is unfriendly to love; that a woman must have "liberty of *soul* and liberty of *body*," or the passion of love cannot exist. Observe that the Fourierites deny that this liberty is enjoyed in the married state, and then they deny that love can exist without this liberty. And this doctrine is industriously circulated in this community, and in almost every village in the United States, and many respectable men are so blind, or are so prejudiced in favor of those who are teaching these corrupting sentiments, that they wish we would let the subject alone. But it is high time that the true object of Fourierism were exposed.

We have said that Fourierism, while it assails the institution of marriage, makes provision for the care of *children*. Here we come to a curious chapter, and we promise rare entertainment to the reader who has patience to follow us a little farther. It would gratify us to be able to transfer to our columns whole chapters of Mr. Brisbane on the care of children, but as our limits forbid us this amusement, we must give an outline of the plan; it will be remembered that the Fourier system is to provide an immense mansion in the country capable of lodging a thousand people or more, who are to eat at a common table, and the various members of the community are to take turns in doing the work, according to their tastes! Among other arrangements, there are to be large apartments, where the children are to be tended in a

heap, being distributed in successive series of rooms, according to their ages and habits! Saith that profound philosopher Brisbane as follows:—

“Early infancy, which extends to the age of two years, comprises two classes of children, which we will call *Sucklings* and *Weaned*.

“These two classes are subdivided, without distinction of sex, into three divisions, forming a series of characters, as follows:—

“The Quiet or Good-natured.

“The Restless or Noisy.

“The Turbulent or Intractable.

“Two nurseries, one for the *Sucklings*, and another for the *Weaned*, will be necessary; each nursery will contain three rooms, for the three kinds of characters; besides, side-rooms for the Nurses and Doctors; the latter will visit the children daily, without distinction of fortune. The rooms occupied by these three classes of children, must be sufficiently separated to prevent the *Turbulent* from annoying, with their screams, the *Quiet*, or even the *Restless*, who are rather more manageable.”—Page 396.

But it naturally suggests itself to one who ever knew anything of children, that such an arrangement as this might tend to confusion and disorder; a hundred babies, specially selected for their “turbulent,” “noisy,” “restless,” and “intractable” dispositions, all in one room, might make a slight degree of music not so congenial to the rest of the household, and how does the simple reader suppose Mr. Nurse Brisbane proposes to remedy this inconvenience? Why, it’s the easiest thing in the world. Hear the great philosopher once more:

“The noise of infants, which is such an annoyance at present, will be very much diminished in the nurseries of a Phalanx. Those of the third class—*The Intractable*—will be less turbulent, less noisy, than are at present the other two classes, *the Quiet and the Restless*. What means will be employed to pacify them? Will the passions of these little creatures be changed? Most certainly not: they will be fully developed, but diversions and amusements will be procured for them by placing them in the company of children of sympathetic characters. The most noisy will cease their cries, when they are placed with a dozen other little creatures, as perverse as themselves. They will silence each other by their screams, something like those bragadocios, who become perfectly mild and abandon their overbearing conduct, when they are in the company of their equals.” Page 400.

Hail! great Brisbane, and thy brother of the Tribune, hail! We give thee joy for thy discovery. The noisy children “will silence each other by their screams!!” “The most noisy will cease their cries when they are placed with a dozen other little creatures as perverse as themselves.” Strange that this fact was never thought of before: that it was left for the two geniuses of our day to make the profound discovery that the excess of sound is silence, and the more crying children you put together the stiller it is! But this inefable nonsense is dignified with the name of philosophy, and the men who teach it are looked up to as lights of the age. And once more writes our male nurse:

“Nature demands the education of children in masses, as well for their own good as for the comfort of parents. In spite of all that is preached of the sacred duties of Nature, there is not a married couple who are not more or less tired of the cares which infants require, of the *filthy* and *repugnant* services which their weakness demands.”

But we must now pass on to children of riper years to see what Fourierism will do for them. Doubtless those who have thought of this scheme of Association have asked themselves who is to do the dirty work of the concern, if

every one is to do as he or she *likes*? If no one chooses to clean the stable, who will do it? But this difficulty is obviated easily: the children are to be trained to love filth, so that they will delight to work in it! Is it not a beautiful scheme? "Attraction" is the law of this new system, and since no one is to be "forced" to perform any service, a class must be trained who will find pleasure in putridity and be cleansed and perfumed when they come out of it, so that they shall not offend the olfactories of those whose tastes revolt at menial services. Now we confess that it is too much to ask any one to believe this on our simple assertion of it: and the Tribune will doubtless charge us with "shameful dishonesty" and "forgery" even if we prove these things by full length quotations. But we ask pardon for defiling the Observer with three consecutive pages of Brisbane's Book on Association, in which he develops the Fourier plan of doing dirty work, confessedly the hardest problem in a system where everybody is to do only what he likes. Read

#### "CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

##### "CORPORATION OF THE LITTLE HORDES.

"Repugnant, disgusting, and degrading occupations are, in civilization, overcome by pay; but in an order of things in which free and attractive co-operation will be an essential character of the social mechanism, they must be surmounted by attraction.

"The whole system of Attractive Industry would fall prostrate, if means were not found of connecting powerful incentives with the execution of all disgusting branches of work, the performance of which can at present, as we remarked, only be procured by money.

"If we succeed in connecting powerful stimulants with the performance of filthy functions, which are now degrading, and secure their execution by attraction, success will be the more certain with all those occupations, which, without being agreeable, are supportable.

"To attain this end, it will be necessary to organize a Corporation or Band of children, who, for the maintenance of SOCIAL UNITY, will take upon themselves the performance of all filthy branches of work, and communicate by their devotion a respect to unclean and repugnant occupations, which in turn will give a lustre to all works of minor attraction, such as ploughing.

"If repugnance or disgust should discredit any branch of industry, the series devoted to it, would, as a consequence, become abased, and its members considered as a vulgar class. Such a result would disturb the whole mechanism of Association. Friendship must be general among all classes, in order that the rich may feel no repugnance in taking part in the occupations of all the series. Attraction, consequently, must be extended to every branch of Industry, and care be taken that no branch be despised, or considered even disreputable.

"The *Little Hordes* are divided into three classes. The First is devoted to unclean or filthy functions, such as cleaning of sinks, sewers, privies, management of manures, etc. The second to the destruction of reptiles and insects, and to the employments requiring dexterity. The third participates in the functions of both.

"No passion is more marked in children from ten to twelve years of age than that of filth and dirt. If we do not wish to *change the passions*, we must find means of making use of this taste, which Nature, it is evident, gives to one half of children. The Combined order will, in the corporation of the *Little*

*Hordes*, make a most precious use in social equilibrium of this pretended depravity of taste.

"Association will employ the passions as God created them, without changing their nature. This is the whole mystery and secret of the calculation of Pasionnal Attraction. The question is not discussed whether the Creator was right or wrong in giving to mankind such and such passions: they will be made use of as God gave them.

"The taste for the dirty occupations is harmless and without pretension in young children; it takes a higher flight in those from nine to twelve; they carry it from the *simple* to the *compound*, and plot vast plans of filthy roguery. For example, they go of an evening and besmear the knockers and bell-handles of doors with dirt; their delight is to play these pranks upon everybody. Their plots are well planned and dexterously executed, except that now and then they receive a few lashes, which do not, however, diminish their noble ardor.

"Whence comes this inclination for filth in boys from ten to twelve? Is it a defect of education, or want of precepts? It is neither, for the more you preach to them against it, the more they will persevere in it. *Is it depravity?* Nature then must be deprived, for it is she who gives them this passion! If the system of Attraction be true in all its details, this attraction must be given for a useful purpose, in as much as it is so strong with a majority of children of this age.

"This enigma cannot be solved in civilization; Association explains it; *the taste for dirt is a necessary impulse* to enlist children in the corporation of the *Little Hordes*, to induce them to undergo daily the disgust connected with dirty work, and to open for themselves in filthy functions, a *vast career of industrial glory and unitary philanthropy*.

"The inclination for dirt, which we find predominant in children, is *but a rude germ*; it must be refined by the application of two incentives: *Unitary religious spirit and Corporative honor*. Sustained by these incentives, repugnant occupations will become for children the sports of a *compound indirect Attraction*.

"In taking upon themselves the performance of mephitical functions, in which the health of the laboring mass at present is frequently undermined, children in the Combined order will never expose theirs, being always well cleaned and perfumed before and after a short period of labor." pp. 443-6.

This is Fourierism. This was written by Fourier himself, translated by Brisbane, and this is the system of which the Tribune claims to be the only organ.

In copying these three pages, we have done "dirty work" enough for one week, and here we will pause. We need a little cleansing and perfuming after such a labor. But we ask, in the name of our common humanity, if such a chapter of infamous nonsense was ever perpetrated before? Did mortal man ever conceive the like of it? And will parents, will Christians, will good citizens encourage the dissemination of such trash as this? We talk against light literature and a licentious press and all that, but here are a set of men, employing their utmost energies to circulate these doctrines that aim at the abrogation of marriage, and the institution of one great brothel and founding hospital, where the decrees of the heart shall be the true guide to the intercourse of the sexes, and the children shall be kept and trained to perform the "filthy functions" of this rotten Sodom; and professing Christians actually encourage and defend these men in their open and profligate war upon society, civilization and virtue. Incredible as it may seem, it is no less true that, since our last paper was published, the editor of the N. Y. Tribune,



in his paper of June 30, declares, that "he has expended for the specific purpose of carrying out his theories of Fourierism some thousands of dollars, and intends to make the same disposition of more as soon as he has it to expend." This we mention that the Christian public may understand the nature and something of the extent of the efforts that are made to undermine society, and where the money comes from that is spent in this pestilent work. But we will follow up this subject hereafter.

## APPENDIX G. TO CHAPTER XII.

*From the New York Observer, for August 1846, by the Editor.*

## FOURIERISM: FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

Fourier's plan suggests corporations or classes in society: we have been in the habit of supposing that all were to be on terms of social equality, and this is evidently the favorite scheme of the American school. They advocate the reduction of the present isolated household system to one great family, where the passions shall regulate the intercourse of the sexes, and common provision be made for the children. But Fourier prescribes distinct orders, and here he shows his superiority over the Brisbanes, Godwins and Greeleys of the day. He divides the Phalanx into corporations.

The first embraces those who wish to be "constant in love."

But he says that "others are formed for change," and these are

"So peculiarly formed that they will join themselves to other corporations more or less severe, as may be agreeable to their inclinations and temperaments. The statutes of the different corporations of this series will be sufficiently varied to allow each person to find congenial natures."

Recollect that this is not our language. It is the exposition of Fourierism by the ablest defender of it in America: by a man who was once a member of the Princeton Theological Seminary, a candidate for the ministry in the Presbyterian church; an educated man, now a Fourierite!! While we make this painful statement to show that the view is from a hand friendly to Fourierism, we also show that *Fourierism* is not so perfect a piece of folly that Christians have no need to fear its progress. The advocates of the system are careful to put forth in their newspaper only its more popular and attractive features, and when a victim has been beguiled by these, he is on the highway to the true and real objects of the association which we have exhibited from their books.

Thus far the only attempt to meet these developments has been made by a flat denial of the fairness of our quotations. We invite the severest scrutiny into these extracts. Any one can step into a bookstore and ask for Brisbane's or Godwin's works, and test this question for himself. The Fourierites *know* that we have not imputed a single shadow of licentious sentiment to them which is not over and over again taught and avowed with perfect clearness in their writings. And now we desire to say that no man, having a knowledge of the subject, will deny the truth of our representations, unless he has made falsehood his profession, and by a long course of daily practice has acquired as thorough a contempt for truth as Fourier had of female virtue. Such a man will charge us with unfairness; no other man will.

When we published the appalling passage in which the infamous father of this system revealed his plan for the regulation of marriage; the Tribune editor attempted to parry the force of it by saying:

"Fourier propounded no such 'plan' nor even 'theory' as is here attributed to

him as a part of his system of Association." "No such passage as the Observer quotes is contained in any of his translated works, so we necessarily depend on the testimony of others to sustain us in saying the passage *out of which it has been made*, is given by the author as conjectural and hypothetical only, just as there are in his multifarious writings theories of Cosmogony, of Life in the Sun and various Planets, the production of beings on one by the influence of other Planets, &c. &c. All these, like the kindred reveries of Swedenborg, may be very extravagant and absurd, or may not, for aught we care."

But when the evidence was produced by the editor of the Buffalo Commercial that the passage *was literally translated, word for word* from one of Fourier's books, in which he is treating of the blessed and beautiful state of things which will prevail when his system is established, then the Tribune Editor says that he "*has never seen the book!*" Nothing but the profligacy of Fourierism could furnish a parallel to this. First he denies that Fourier ever propounded any such theory, and when it is produced, admits that he has never seen the book which he defends!

But where shall we go to find testimony to the principles of Fourier which this man will not impeach? When we quote from the ablest expositors of the system, he denies that Association is responsible for the opinions of individuals. When we copy from Fourier, he says that the passages are "conjectural and hypothetical only." Who will tell us what Fourier did believe on the subject of female purity? Let us ask the Tribune Editor himself. In his paper of Saturday last, he says:

"Fourier, living in an age and city where Libertinism was the rule and Purity the exception, a lonely, joyous, keenly observing man, deeply impressed with the conviction that whatever God has created or appointed must be good, and a witness of the miseries which the hypocrisy, jealousy and radical falsehood now induced in society by restraints on sexual desire so ostentatiously proclaimed and (in Paris especially) so commonly disregarded, fell into the great mistake of supposing that Inconstancy is not the result of false or deficient training, and that Chastity is not the dictate of unperverted Nature in every human and especially in every woman's soul. 'Here are persons who seem inherently inclined to Inconstancy,' is his idea; 'if God has so made them, Man cannot change them. Let us recognize the fact, and separate them into a class, which shall be governed by laws adapted to their actual condition. To treat them as utterly depraved outcasts will only aggravate the evils we would eradicate.'"

There is nothing in Brisbane, or Godwin, or Fourier which more clearly develops the doctrine of Fourierism than this. We have charged just this and no more as the "teachings of Fourier." Here we are told that Fourier, a "lonely, joyous man," a witness of the miseries of society "induced by restraints on sexual desire," provided a system to meet the case. But the Editor, now that the fact can no longer be denied, admits that his master taught these vile doctrines, but he declares that he himself does not receive them. He says,—

"All that need be said then of Fourier's speculations respecting a far future condition in which Incontinence should be recognized and legislated for, is just this—they were wholly erroneous. We have never seen them alluded to by a friend of Association but to dissent from them."

To this we oppose his own declaration over his own name attached to the Prospectus of the Sylvania Association. Here it is:

"*The Sylvaniaans reject nothing of Fourier's teachings.*"

HORACE GREENLEY, Treasurer.

And if this is not enough, he adds in the same paragraph,

"After thus delivering themselves from the evils and depressing influences which surround and overwhelm the great mass of their brethren, and thus pointing out to all the means of emancipation, they will be able to proceed with the study of *the more metaphysical and speculative parts of Fourier's doctrine, and to the application of these*, as well as the teachings of all other philosophers, sages, and preachers of righteousness, *to their own upbuilding in the ways of Truth, Wisdom, and Love.*"

It is certainly no pleasure to us to annihilate in this manner every "refuge of lies" behind which these men take shelter, but it must be done, and the work is only just begun!

It will be perceived that this apologist often speaks of the reign of Fourierism as "a far future" in "generations yet to come," &c. &c., as if this should quiet all apprehension. But is it any apology for the vileness of a bad system that it will take years to establish it? Have we no duty to perform for those who come after us, and shall we be lulled to silence, by the pretence that three or four, or even "seven" periods must elapse before perfect liberty will be perfect law? Instead of this, it is the part of wisdom and common prudence to strangle the monster in the cradle, and save posterity from the fangs of a serpent now in training to poison and destroy them. Christians believe that in a day "far future" the knowledge of God will fill the earth, and every man will love his neighbor as himself; and Christians are responsible for the doctrines they believe and teach to hasten that blessed day. Fourierites believe that in a day far future, the decrees of the heart will be the rule for the intercourse of the sexes, and perfect liberty will be perfect law, and Fourierites are responsible for the doctrines they believe and teach to hasten that day.

But to proceed. In his paper of July 18, in replying to the passage already alluded to from Fourier, where he speaks of the number of women each man may have in Association, the Fourier advocate says that,

"The passage out of which it has been made, is given by the author as conjectural and hypothetical only, just as there are in his multifarious writings theories of Cosmogony, of Life in the Sun and various Planets, the production of beings on one by the influence of other Planets, &c. &c. All these, like the kindred reveries of Swedenborg, may be very extravagant and absurd, or may not, for aught we care."

Read this again, and observe that we have now driven the Fourierites to admit that these were the real sentiments of Fourier, and if we can now show that these theories and kindred reveries are actually regarded as part of the subjects of study in Association, we have then completed the chain of evidence by which we fasten upon the New York Associationists, the charge of seeking to propagate the most infamous system that was ever advocated in a civilized land. We will now prove it.

The Fourierites are constantly maintaining that they are simply aiming at a new industrial organization, which will secure an adequate reward to labor, and banish want from the world. When we reach the subject of labor in this discussion, we shall show the folly of that part of the system, but now we wish to expose the hypocrisy of the men who deny that Fourier's theories of the passions, his cosmogony, &c., are any part of the objects which Associationists set before them. We will show that in the early period of the introduction of the system into this country, the "industrial" order was presented as the object, but "*the time has now come to make known the higher parts of the system, the theory of the passions, of cosmogony,*" &c.

In 1844, Albert Brisbane was sent to France by the American Associationists. The object and result of his mission will be learned from the following

report which he made on his return. We might content ourselves by extracting a single passage of it, which we mark in italics, but we should be charged with unfairness in quotation, and so we give the whole report. It is, as a whole, an important item of the history of this Fourier movement.

"TO THE ASSOCIATIONISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

"After an absence of eight months from the United States, I arrived here from Europe on the 19th of December, having accomplished, with complete satisfaction, the object for which I visited France, the birth-place of FOURIER.

"You are aware that I was delegated by the General Convention of the Associationists, held in New York last spring, to proceed to France to confer with the friends of the cause in that country, and to study the manuscripts left by FOURIER, and obtain all the knowledge possible upon the higher scientific parts of our doctrine. I cannot express too strongly my obligations to our friends in Europe, for their cordial reception and the facilities afforded me for accomplishing the object of my mission.

"Mr. Doherty, the scientific propagator of the cause in England, passed the summer in Paris, and gave a deeply interesting course of lectures upon the results of his studies of the science of Universal Unity, founded by Fourier.

"The primary object of my visit was to study and obtain copies of Fourier's MSS.: and in this I succeeded fully. Our noble friend, Victor Considerant, the leader of the movement in France, and with whom the MSS. are deposited, permitted me to take copies for the use of the American school, of everything that was new and important. I passed six months in Paris, employed incessantly in the work of examining and copying these precious documents, and employed a person constantly for three months in writing. The MSS. left by Fourier are very voluminous: they consist of about one hundred bound, and three large portfolios, containing unbound ones, and isolated sheets. The bound ones contain from 100 to 150 pages each, and are the most important.

"These MSS. were written during the entire course of Fourier's studies and researches upon the great problems of human destiny and social reorganization. Those in the portfolios were written, as far as I could judge, between the years 1803 and 1812; the bound ones subsequent to the year 1816. From the latter were extracted Fourier's great works of *Universal Unity* and *The New Industrial World*, published in 1822 and 1830.

"The MSS. are of the greatest value and of indispensable necessity to those who wish to obtain a higher and more complete knowledge of those great scientific problems of Man's Destiny on earth, social unity, &c., which interest so deeply the Associative School. They contain important developments of Fourier's method of investigation, and of the principles which he applied in solving problems of all orders, from the highest to the lowest, from the immortality of the soul to the simplest questions in natural science. With the aid of these principles, and by the application of talent and perseverance, the Associative School can continue in the great career of investigation in the domain of undiscovered truths, and penetrate into the mysteries of Nature, so few of which have been unfolded to the knowledge of man.

"A class will be formed of persons who have time and capacity to prosecute the study of the MSS., and higher parts of Social Science, the result of whose labors it will be a desire as well as duty, to make known to our friends. Another thing which it is desirable to have done as early as possible, is the translation and publication of Fourier's works; this translation is in part made, and if arrangements now in progress respecting a publication office for all the writings of the school are completed, they will probably be published

during the course of the present year. *We have heretofore propagated principally the practical and industrial parts of our doctrine; the time has now come when it is necessary to make known the higher parts—those parts relating to the theory of the passions and faculties of the soul; the theory of Cosmogony; of the Immortality of the Soul; of the causes of Evil; the material unity of the Globe, and other great questions which are embraced in the science of Universal Unity. It is only complete knowledge that can fire the souls of men with an enthusiasm deep and abiding enough to carry out the mighty movement in which we are embarked, and enable them to build up that true and divine Social Order, which, unlike false civilization, shall shelter and protect all the children of men under its Providence.*

"During my stay in Paris, I also obtained copies of the plans of the Edifices of an Association, which had been made with great labor and at great expense by the best architects in France, under the supervision of the school at Paris, and in part of Fourier himself. They will be invaluable guides to those Associations which are able to construct an edifice of a Unitary character upon a large scale.

"Before concluding, I have a few words to say upon practical trials of Associations. From the past year's study and observation, I am convinced that the organization of an Association is a thing of great difficulty, and that it requires, 1st, a very thorough and minute knowledge of the system—far more than is possessed by the great body of the Associationists; 2d—a sufficient amount of capital, to give to industry a good organization, without which the mechanism of the Groups and Series of Groups cannot be applied; and 3d—men and women who, in spite of all the selfish influences of society upon them, have preserved warm social sympathies and generous impulses toward their fellow-beings. 'The love of the neighbor' exists at present only as an exception in the hearts of a few, although it is destined, under a true Social Order, to exist in the hearts of all. But as it does not and cannot exist to any great extent in incoherent civilization, those in whom it may be found must be united to carry through the painful process of organizing Associations, which process forms a transitional period, full of difficulties.

"I would advise our friends throughout the country, who design establishing associations, to consult well beforehand with the old friends of the cause in New York and Boston, who have had time and opportunity to study the science. By this means, they may save themselves a great deal of trouble, or a failure, and the cause from reproach.

A. BRISBANE.

*"New York, Feb. 1846."*

In this document, it appears that the translation and publication of Fourier's manuscripts are to be secured, and the victims of association are to be inducted into the higher parts of his theory, when the Sylvanians will of course be able "to proceed with the study of the more metaphysical and speculative parts of Fourier's doctrine, and to the application of those to their own up-building in the ways of truth, wisdom and love."

Revolution in the present "Industrial" system is therefore only the first step, but the grand object of the Fourierites of this city is to establish "communities" where there shall be no restraint on the passions, where woman shall feel no dependence on man for support, but shall have perfect liberty of body, and in the words of a cotemporary, whose "lust shall be reduced to a science, and its enjoyment supreme." We have demonstrated these facts by the most irrefragable proof, and in leaving this part of the subject, we submit the testimony to be canvassed by the Christian world.

The following article is worthy of being transferred in full into our columns. It is one of many that are now appearing in various parts of the country, showing that the public mind is aroused on the subject.

*From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, (Whig.)*

**FOURIERISM.**—The *New York Observer*, long and widely known as one of the ablest religious papers of the country, has undertaken to show up Fourierism in its moral aspects. The writer proceeds to his task with a cool, steady hand, like one who is intimately conversant with the subject, and promises to make thorough work with it. In the *Observer* for Saturday last, he thus speaks of the licentiousness of Fourierism:

"We have now to present a paragraph from the writings of Fourier, in which he is describing the manner of life in the new social order which he proposes. He is speaking of the state of things as if his plans were already in operation, and he says:

"A wife may have at the same time a husband of whom she has two children; 2. A genitor, by whom she has but one child; 3. A favorite, who has lived with her, and preserved the title; and further simple possessors, who are nothing before the law. This gradation of title establishes a great courteousness and great fidelity to the engagement. Men do the same to their divers wives. This method prevents completely the hypocrisy of which marriage is the source. Misses would by no means be degraded for having had 'gallants,' because they had waited before they took them to the age of eighteen. They would be married *without scruple*, as a widow with children is married. \*\*\*\* Our ideas of the honor and virtue of women are but prejudices, which vary with our legislation."

To the article in the *Observer*, from which we have made this extract, the *Tribune* replies at great length, and in relation to the above quotation from Fourier, which it does not give, but only refers to, the *Tribune* says:

"Now the knavery of this pretended citation of 'his theory,' 'his plan,' &c. &c., has already been fully exposed to the public. Fourier propounded no such 'plan' nor even 'theory' as is here attributed to him as a part of his system of association. He expressly declared, as have his followers after him, that all questions regarding marriage and the relations of the sexes should be settled by the ministers of religion and the women of a nobler and purer era, and that meantime existing institutions should be sustained. This is his 'theory' and his 'plan.' No such passage as the *Observer* quotes is contained in any of his translated works, so we necessarily depend on the testimony of others to sustain us in saying that the passage out of which it has been made is given by the author as conjectural and hypothetical only, just as there are in his multifarious writings theories of cosmogony, of life in the sun and various planets, the production of beings on one by the influence of other planets, &c. &c."

We have no desire to aid in hurrying the *Tribune's* cattle, but we like to see fair play, and while reading the above quasi denial of the *Tribune* that Fourier had propounded any such plan as the *Observer* imputed to him, we had a dim recollection of reading, some years ago, precisely this plan in Fourier's works: and turning to his "*Théorie des Quatre Mouvements et des Destinées Générales*," which is a sort of summing up of what he anticipates as the result of a recognition of his doctrines, we found the following. The first extract will be found on page 169, under the head of "*Méthode d'union des sexes en septième période*:"

"On établit divers grades dans les unions amoureuses; les trois principaux sont :

Les favoris et favorites en titre.  
Les geniteurs et genitrices.  
Les epoux et epouses.

"Les derniers doivent avoir au moins deux enfans l'un de l'autre, les seconds n'en ont qu'un, les premiers n'en ont pas. Ces titres donnent aux conjoints des droits progressifs sur une portion de l'héritage respectif.

"Une femme peut avoir à la fois, 1. o un epoux dont elle a deux enfans; 2. o. un geniteur dont elle n'a qu'un enfant; 3 o. un favori qui a vecu avec elle et conserve le titre: plus, de simples possesseurs qui ne sont rien devant la loi. Cette gradation de titres établit une grande courtoisie et une grande fidélité aux engagements. Une femme peut refuser le titre de geniteur à un favori dont elle est enceinte: elle peut dans les cas de mécontentement, refuser ainsi à ces divers hommes le titre supérieur auquel ils aspirent. Les hommes en agissent de même avec leurs diverses femmes. Cette méthode previent complètement l'hypocrisie dont le mariage est la source."

On page 180, he says, "*en thèse générale*,"

"Les progrès sociaux et changemens de période s'opèrent en raison du progrès des femmes vers la liberté; et les decadences d'ordre social s'opèrent en raison du décroissement de la liberté des femmes."

And again:

"En resume, l'extension des privileges des femmes est le principe général de tous progrès sociaux."

On page 193, we find the following:

"Les Demoiselles ne seraient aucunement dégradées pour avoir eu des amans, puisqu'elles auraient attendu pour en prendre, l'âge de 18 ans exigé par les lois. On les epouserait sans plus de scrupule qu'on n'en a d'epouser une veuve qui a des enfans. Si c'est un affront que d'être second possesseur en mariage, pourquoi les hommes sont ils si friands d'epouser une veuve riche, et se charger de l'éducation des enfans d'autrui; enfans qui peuvent provenir de differens pères, si la veuve a été galante?"

Those who read French will perceive that the *Observer* has literally translated Fourier's own words, deliberately expressed, though we have given some extracts that the *Observer* has not seen fit to translate. Objectionable and disgusting as this is, it is due to the cause of justice and virtue that the whole should be stated, that those partially tempted to embrace the theories of Fourier, so plausibly and seductively set forth by their advocates, under the guise of philanthropy and a higher, purer morality, may know whither all these things tend. These conclusions of the master have been withheld from the public, or have been so covertly insinuated as not to excite alarm; but when the disciples are prepared for farther revelations, the whole scheme in all its enormity will be unfolded.

The Tribune says, "Fourier expressly declared, as have his followers after him, that all questions regarding marriage, and the relations of the sexes, should be settled by the ministers of religion and women of a nobler and purer era." What is meant by this phrase, "nobler and purer era," and how Fourier recommends that marriage and the sexual relations shall be settled, can be seen by the above extracts from his writings, and the translation therefrom by the *Observer*. The Fourieritish work now going on in this country is the necessary preparation for the blissful era, when lust shall be reduced to a science, and its dominion be supreme. It cannot be that the editor of the Tribune, with all his advocacy of Fourierism, has ever studied it to its end,

or has been admitted farther than the portals of a theory that contemplates such vile and monstrous conclusions. He would recoil with horror from such a society as Fourier proposes. But there are those who, in their advocacy of the system, cannot plead ignorance. They know it but too well, and with the wile of a serpent, are insinuating its poison into the very heart of the people. We owe an apology to our readers for spreading such details before them, but when we find the writings of George Sand commended for their moral tone by prints of wide spread circulation and influence, and regular missions planned for disseminating Fourierism throughout the land, it is time the subject were met and exposed by the press.

" THE VESTIGES OF CREATION. "

NOTE K.—Since writing this work, the author had the happiness to attend the lectures of Prof. Agassiz, delivered in New York, and the following is his opinion of a work of which it is reported twenty-five thousand copies were sold on its appearance. So much does the world love any theory, however false, if it be but specious, which goes to overthrow the inspiration of the Scriptures. The citizens of New York were all alive to hear what the professor would say to the (to most of them) *New Theory of Development*. And not a few were in dismay when the following sentence was delivered by the professor in his sixth lecture, which at once demolished all their hopes of his confirming them in their belief that the Bible was a fable.

Doct. Houston, reporter for the United States, whose accuracy is unquestioned, reported these lectures, which were published at the time in the *New York Tribune*. In referring to the theory, new-vamped for the admiration of the would-be pantheists of our day, the professor said:—

"These views, to which I shall recur when I come to speak of the position of Man in Nature, and of his relations to the Animal Kingdom, disagree entirely with the views, and have not the slightest alliance with the views, of a work which is very much spoken of, but which I consider entirely unworthy of notice by any serious, scientific man, because it is made up of old fashioned views which have been before the notice of the public for half a century by the French school, and are supported only by antiquated assertions, and by no means by facts, scientifically ascertained.

"It must be owing to some particular circumstance that this work has been so much noticed, because really it is not worthy a critical examination by a serious, scientific man."

P. S.

THE END.

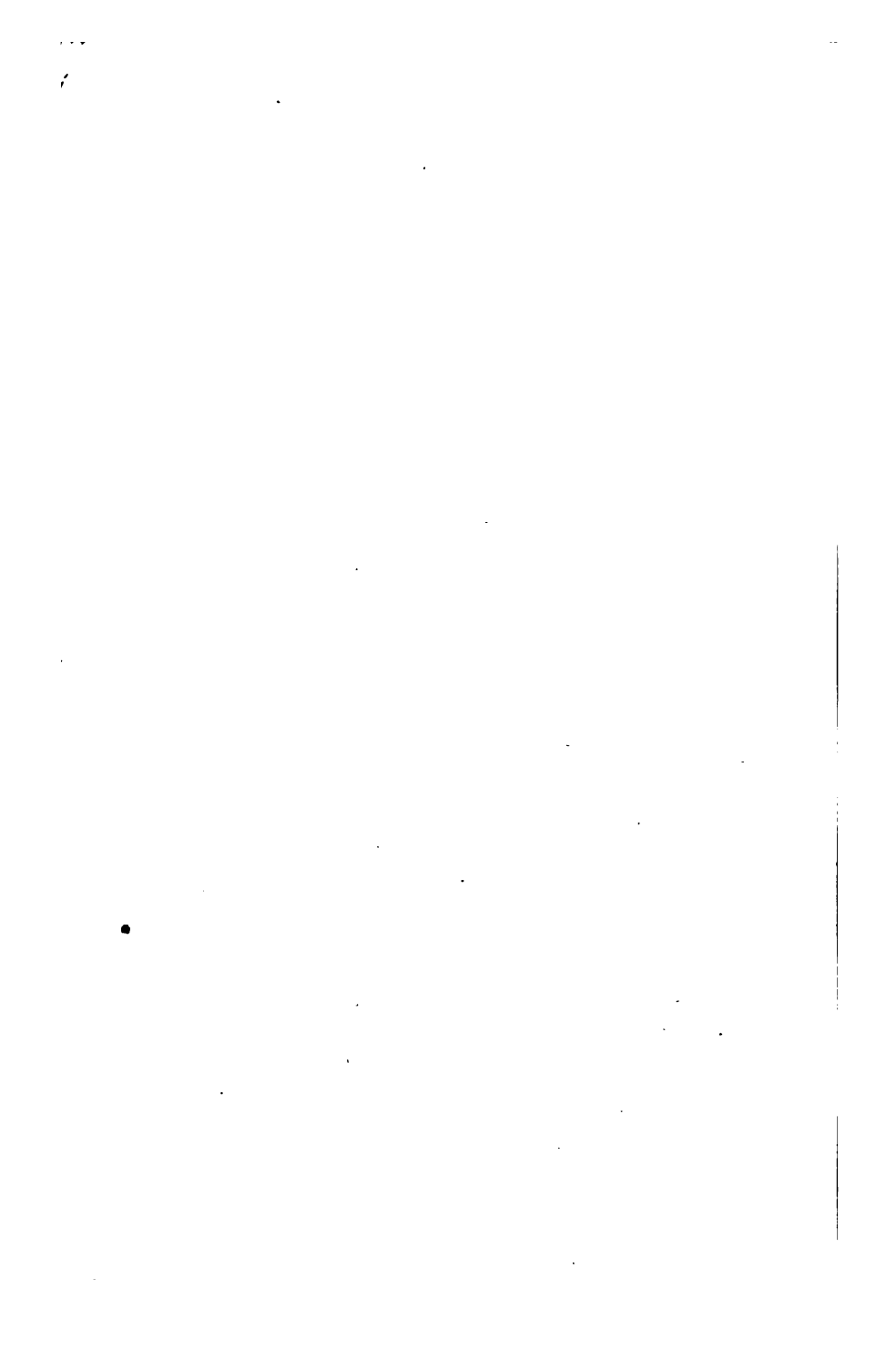


### TO THE READERS OF PETER SCHLEMIHL.

THIS work has been printed in a distant city, and the Author has had no opportunity to do more than to read the first proof sheets, unaided by his manuscript. There are some few errors in the sheets as printed, which have either escaped his notice or the correction of the press. These, however, it is hoped, will readily be corrected in the reading.

The papers forming the Appendix will satisfy the readers of Peter Schlemihl that there has been no exaggeration in treating of the subjects to which they refer.

THE AUTHOR.



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